

# WHY RUSSIA IS BEATING CANADA IN THE NORTH

an on-the-spot report  
BY PETER C. NEWMAN

EXCLUSIVE: PREVIEWING the 1960s

A lively new view of Sir Winston at war

# MACLEAN'S

COVER BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE Noonday gun, Halifax

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# More\* to it....



The Grey Cup Parade: More of the colour and excitement Canadians like best.

## so more like it!

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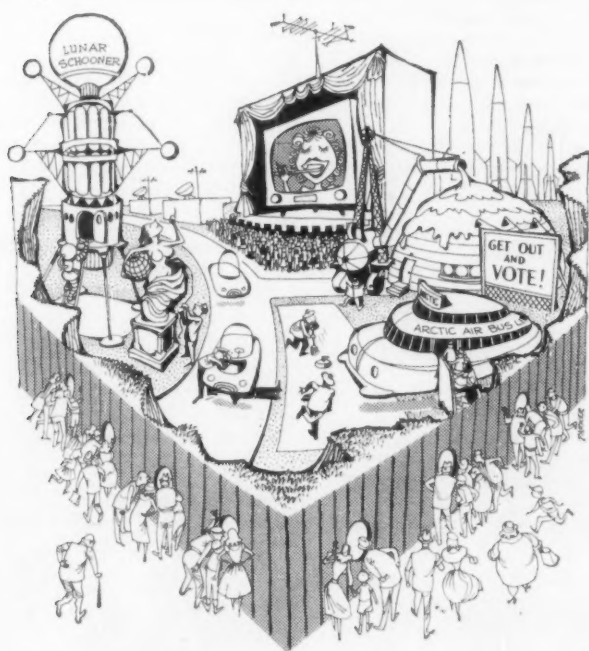


"MABEL  
BLACK  
LABEL!"



# PREVIEWING the 1960s

In a few weeks, one of the most exciting decades man has ever known will end. What will the 1960s bring? What planets will man conquer? What new breakthroughs will we achieve in medicine? How will we live? Behave? Eat? Dress? Travel? Amuse and entertain ourselves? And who will guide Canada where in a tense and turbulent world? Here, in a six-page Preview of the decade ahead, Maclean's presents the best guesses—from the people who are best qualified to make them



## Cities and towns

As giants battle bigness, 8 others will prosper

For decades a list of Canada's important cities didn't go much beyond Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver and Winnipeg. In the 50s, Calgary and Edmonton shot to fame on a geyser of oil. What will the next ten years mean to those cities? And which others will rise to similar heights?

First, say the nation's top town planners, the giants may have grown too fast. Without hard-headed control, Montreal and Toronto may soon be planners' nightmares — megalopolises, traffic-choked, water-short snarls of humanity. Their mushrooming (metropolitan Toronto topped 1½ million in the 50s) "must be stopped," says planning consultant E. G. Faludi. Will it? No one knows for sure but "there's a growing awareness of how urgent is the need for planning," says Eric Beecroft, national director of the Community Planning Association of Canada.

Whatever happens to the giants, here are eight areas to watch in the 60s:

**Hamilton-Niagara:** Hamilton's in some danger of being swamped into one megalopolis with Toronto. But a well-zoned merger (with some land for farming) of Oakville and Trafalgar — now a no man's land — could act as a buffer. Niagara's big problem: industry growing so quickly it may eat up too much rich farm land.

**Winnipeg:** The prairies' biggest shipping centre is preparing for a controlled boom. "It could be a planner's dream," says Beecroft.

**London:** "The cultural and marketing centre our next key industrial area and a beautiful city," says Faludi.

**Galt-Guelph-Preston:** If these towns can work together — even with Brantford and Kitchener — they'll soar.

**Kingston:** Halfway between our two biggest markets, it'll be a flourishing cultural centre.

**Vancouver:** With some physical limitations, it's still growing. The present scramble for land up the Fraser valley will be intensified. "And there's tremendous life there," says Faludi.

**Sault Ste. Marie:** The new bridge to the U.S. will make it a tourist gateway and a major production outlet.

**Ottawa:** As its green belt develops, the capital could well become a modern Athens. — PETER GZOWSKI



## Manners and morals We'll relax our rules of conduct while we tighten our family ties

More than 3 million native Canadians will reach marrying age (now it averages 26 for men, 23 for women) in the 60s. With New Canadians added in, that means over 1½ million new families. What will they be like? And what about families already formed?

Our futures as astronauts, homeowners, spectators, patients, consumers, voters, gourmards or drivers can be sketched pretty accurately by experts with a solid technical knowledge. For a composite picture of an even more important aspect—man's future as *man*—Maclean's consulted a Sanhedrin of social scientists and religious leaders. Predictably, they balked at flat predictions—people's habits just aren't that easy to forecast. But here are some of the trends likely to affect you as a social animal of the next decade:

**Morality** will generally be less strict. The Most Rev. Howard Clark, new primate of the Anglican Church in Canada, admits there's already a "weakening of people's loyalty to moral standards." The Rev. A. C. Forrest, editor of the United Church Observer, makes a subtler distinction. "Morality is losing its black and white tones," he says.

**Conformity** will continue to be a cherished goal, it was

agreed by most of the sociologists Maclean's consulted. But, at the same time, there'll be more tolerance of the non-conformist. "People are gradually beginning to understand those who break the rules," says Dr. Jack Griffin, general director of the Canadian Mental Health Association.

**Children** will continue to be the centre of the home — probably even more so as shorter work weeks and improved transportation give fathers more time with their families. Their training? "The parent of the 60s will be more concerned with abstract values like honesty and responsibility than with rigid routines like eating habits," says one child psychologist.

**Adults** will be driven more and more by desire for material goods. Dr. Margaret Mead, U.S. anthropologist and author, told Maclean's: "In the last quarter century the middle-class mores were dominant. Now there's a trend to lower-class mores. People's future is uncertain. They'll want as many immediate satisfactions as possible—financing homes, traveling on installment plans."

**The aged** will find a new place in the sun. As our life expectancy creeps upward (Medicine, page 2) the elderly will be a bigger—and more vocal—section of society.

Our ideas about retirement will be drastically overhauled. Says Dr. Abe Neufeld, of Montreal's Queen Mary Veterans' Hospital: "There's going to be more realization that old people have a lot to contribute. This opinion is being shared more and more by the churches and the labor groups."

**The family** will live more as a unit. But, says Margaret Mead, there'll be less development of individuality. Will the family be bigger? The sociologists are divided. Some feel that the postwar babies — many of whom grew up with three or four brothers or sisters — will react by having fewer children.

Some other predictions:

✓ A slight but steady increase in the divorce rate. But no change in Canada's strict divorce laws. "Deceit makes them workable," says one sociologist.

✓ Similarly, little if any easing of the laws against abortion, euthanasia or sterilization.

✓ Blunter, franker speech. "Victorian conventions are crumbling," says Margaret Mead.

✓ A thaw in our attitude about emotion in public. No noon-hour smooching on the sidewalks maybe, but a little dignified crying at parades.—JUNE CALLWOOD

## PREVIEWING the 1960s

### Medicine



#### Cures for colds, heart attacks? Doctors hope so

What advances will medical science make in the 60s? Maclean's polled leading doctors, researchers and drug experts in Canada and elsewhere and heard these predictions:

Don't expect a cure for cancer, but watch for news of drugs that arrest some types and prolong life while alleviating pain from others. Improved "bombs" and better ways of using them will make radiation more effective too.

You'll also have less to fear from: **Heart and blood-vessel diseases:** Drugs may be developed to prevent: 1, hardening of the arteries; 2, diseases leading to rheumatic fever. "Deep-freeze" operations (for surgery to arteries) will be made easier, safer and commoner—possibly through the use of a single drug injection. Mechanical hearts will likely be used often while ailing hearts are recovering. "We're close to cracking some of the deepest mysteries of our No. 1 killer," says Dr. John B. Armstrong, medical director of the National Heart Foundation of Canada.

**Mental illness:** Some researchers hope to find a toxic substance (produced by the body) to blame for some serious mental illnesses. "We've already got valuable clues as to what this substance may be,"

says Dr. Humphry Osmond, of the Saskatchewan Committee on Schizophrenia Research. Brain surgeons may improve on "knifeless surgery," using a proton ray to remove unwanted brain tissue by bombardment. Other possibilities: drugs to correct mental deficiencies before birth, others to improve a person's brain power or control his behavior for long periods.

**Allergies:** Doctors may be able to protect a child for life against a wide range of allergies, either by inoculating his mother during pregnancy or injecting an "allergy cocktail" into him at birth.

**The common cold:** Doctors hope by the early 60s to have vaccines to prevent 70% of all types of colds—caused by streptococcus bacteria. Tougher to conquer, colds due to allergies or psychosomatic causes will still be widespread.

Doctors will lose many of their inhibitions about treatment by hypnosis, and you may be trying pills for new purposes—to keep warm in winter or cool in summer.

Will new preventives and cures pay off in longevity? Over the next 25 years, life expectancy will increase by 10 years to 76 for men, 81 for women.

—SIDNEY KATZ

### Education

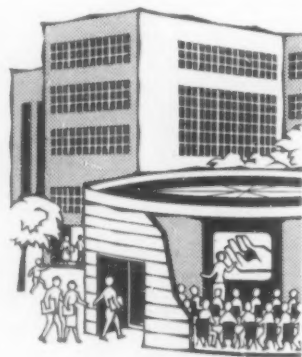
#### Higher costs for tougher courses in better schools

Except after occasional shocks from a Sputnik or a Hilda Neatby, education, by tradition, changes slowly. Not in the 60s. Here, from an informal survey, is what Canadian educators expect.

**The school** will rise again—to three to six stories. Soaring land costs and burgeoning enrolments—there'll be 25% more students by 1969—are making today's sprawling boxes impractical. Watch for round, windowless architecture. And schools will be cooler; teachers want classrooms at 72° but pupils learn better at 68. Pupils will win.

**The teacher** will be better—and richer. The drastic shortage of the 50s has scared school boards into upping salaries. The importance of being earnest about science, dramatized by Sputnik, has upped prestige. Result: better recruits, better training. Top teachers of '69 could be making \$20,000 a year.

**The lessons** will be tougher. We're already jamming more maths and science into high-school timetables. Molecular physics and thermodynamics will soon be major subjects. French will be taught in increasingly lower grades in English-language elementary schools. And Russian will crowd out German as a third language. By the late 60s, classrooms will have one wall's chalkboard replaced by a giant TV screen. But TV won't replace the teacher, just help him.



**The books** will be better-written, and brighter than the traditional stodgy, stereotyped text. Not all educationists agree, but those who advocate abolishing formal texts altogether in subjects like history and geography seem to be winning.

**The student** will have a better chance to study further. With more money coming from government, industry and private pockets, the universities should be able to handle 25% of all young people instead of today's 7%.

**Vacations** won't get longer and homework is here to stay.

**Report cards** may not revive the old practice of setting down actual class standings, but they will give a better idea of how the student stands among his peers. Competition will be put back into the classroom.

What will it all cost? You can't get more education for less money. Education costs will keep right on going up.—FRED BODSWORTH

### Space

#### Mars by '63 / Eros in '66

In the breathtaking Years I and II of his space age (born on Oct. 4, 1957) man rocketed more than a dozen preliminary feelers into the universe. One of them even touched earth's nearest neighbor, the moon.

Will the pace of his achievement keep up? Maclean's asked Willy Ley, the continent's best-known space authority for an educated flyer on the next steps. His forecast:

##### III (1960):

✓ Test flights of U.S. Project Saturn (eight Thor engines clustered to produce a thrust of 1½ million pounds) putting 15 tons into orbit. Its first assignment is to put a telephone-relay satellite into 24-hour orbit 22,300 miles up, where it will appear to stand still.

✓ First easily visible satellite for ships and aircraft to steer by. The U.S. project is called Transit; there's probably a Russian one too.

**Possibilities:** A Russian in orbit; a U.S. bull's-eye on the moon.

##### IV (1961):

✓ Two men in orbit, in capsules that can't be steered.

✓ Experimental TV relay satellite.

✓ Shots at Mars and Venus.

##### V (1962):

✓ An orbital flight in a controlled vehicle (the U.S. project is called Mrs. V—for Maneuverable and Recoverable Satellite Vehicle).

**Possibility:** First successful "soft landing"



PATHFINDER LEY

(of instruments) on the moon. Russians land a miniature tank with TV camera mounted on mast.

##### VI (1963):

✓ Experimental space stations—U.S. and Russian manned satellites carrying half a dozen men each—are launched.

✓ Flight around the moon in a manned ship. After looping the moon it returns to orbit the earth before re-entering our atmosphere.

✓ TV-equipped interplanetary "probes" to Mars and Venus.

##### VII (1964):

✓ Flight into deep space by a manned ship, shot from an orbit around the earth. In 14-month trip, its scientists pass close enough to examine the asteroid Eros, which has come within 16 million miles of earth, and the mysterious, glimmering Gegenschein.

##### VIII (1965):

✓ Commercial operation of telephone and TV relay satellites.

✓ A large-size space station orbiting the sun.

##### IX (1966):

✓ Attempts to land on Eros.

✓ Uranium-fission-powered rockets in test flight.

✓ Man lands on the moon.

##### X (1967):

✓ Moon-base established.

Beyond that? Scientists won't even guess.



### Business

#### A 35-hour week—but still under U. S. bosses

Big manufacturers will get bigger in the 60s and many small ones will disappear as more automation demands more capital spending.

As our industrial output grows in volume, will we remain largely "hewers of wood and drawers of water"? Not exactly, but predictions of a flood of new secondary industries are pipe dreams.

Over the bargaining table, bosses will face fewer demands for wage increases than in the 50s, as labor tries to consolidate past gains. "A substantial number of organized workers will win a 35-hour week," predicts Stanley Knowles, executive vice-president of the Canadian Labor Congress.

You'll see more big supermarkets, fewer clerks. Packages and displays will answer nearly all the customer's questions. More supermarkets will resemble miniature department stores, as operators try to recoup their huge capital outlays by marketing hardware, dry goods and other items yielding better profit margins than groceries.

Will the little retailer get squeezed out? No, says William Sherman, a vice-presi-

dent of Steinberg's supermarket chain. "There'll always be a place for him." But he'll do more morning business as shopping centres shift toward eventual noon-to-10-p.m. operations.

Appliance makers will flood the market with new gadgets; to pay for them, we'll be shelling out \$4 of every \$100 we earn (it's \$3.25 now). Manufacturers will set up clinics training housewives how to use such labor-savers as power-driven pot-scrubbers and self-rinsing sinks with foot-operated water taps.

During the decade, contractors will supply houses and apartments for an extra 2.7 million city dwellers, making total excavations equal to the whole St. Lawrence Seaway dig.

American capital will be pouring into Canada at a rate of \$3 million a day—unless there's a depression or new Canadian legislation to slow it. By '69, two thirds of Canadian business profits will be going to Americans. In the 60s, Canadians will buy nearly 3 million cars, smoke 420 billion cigarettes and guzzle \$15 billion worth of liquor.—PETER C. NEWMAN



## Sport

### A big surge for baseball

With more time for fun, you'll play more games—golf, curling, tennis, badminton—in the 60s. But you'll probably see more sports too.

Watch for these trends:

**In football,** bigger crowds in expanded stadiums from Montreal to Vancouver—but big-league teams in only the nine cities that have them now. Surprisingly, few football executives predict a third league or extra teams for the Big Four or WIFU. East-west Grey Cup rivalry will probably cool as interlocking schedules give fans from Winnipeg a mid-season look at the Hamilton Ticats—beginning in three years, says Commissioner Sydney Halter. Except for more blocking, our game won't become any more American. All teams will look harder for more talent at home, but don't expect an end to importing.

**In baseball,** certainly a third and perhaps a fourth major league—with solid Canadian representation. Branch Rickey, president of the embryonic Continental (third) League, told Maclean's: "Toronto and Montreal are in for sure. Vancouver would have been if we'd had 12 openings. Calgary's tremendously interested." But more important, says Rickey, there'll be an all-Canadian minor league. "And we'll need new players from Canada."

**In hockey,** few changes. "Why change a perfect game?" boasts Montreal Canadian president Frank Selke. There'll be more U.S. players in the NHL—"Saturday afternoon TV is really boosting us in the States," says Tommy Ivan, Chicago Black Hawk general manager. But not enough for a second big league.

**In racing,** a healthy upsurge everywhere. With fat wallets for bigger purses, Canadian owners will strike out for more and more international laurels. "And we'll have a triple crown of our own—the Queen's Plate at \$100,000 and the Breeders' and Prince of Wales Stakes at \$50,000 each," says Jim Coleman of Ontario's Jockey Club. Watch for east-west rivalry here, with more western horses running for the big eastern money. With a growing acceptance of evening cards, thoroughbred and harness racing could well become Canada's richest sports.

**In curling**—already luring youngsters from hockey—an even greater boom.

**In golf,** slower and slower rounds. Even professional optimists like Bud Donovan, public relations man for the Ontario Golf Association, admit there isn't enough land around the big cities to accommodate everyone who wants to play. Watch for more driving ranges.

**In soccer,** a steadier and headier following including more native Canadians. There should soon be some Canadian-born players in eastern leagues of the calibre they've been raising in B.C. for years, says Billy Simpson, secretary of the Ontario Soccer Association.

**In track and field,** unless there are drastic changes in our thinking about fitness, a continuing parade of also-rans.

**In boxing,** a loss of gates for local shows. TV will handle all the public wants.

**Of pro wrestling,** the end.

—TRENT FRAYNE

## House and home

### Picture windows will look inward

If you can avoid the stampede to apartments that many architects and planners say will follow the 50s' trek to suburbia, your house of the 60s will probably look much like today's—turned outside in.

The reason's simple: Fed up with "communal living," Canadian families want some privacy. They'll find it by bringing lawn-and-patio space inside the house—to a walled-in courtyard. Says John C. Parkin, internationally known Toronto architect who built himself a house with a courtyard in the late 50s: "Front and back real estate is just waste space. At last we're beginning a sensible age in Canadian architecture."

Some other trends:

- ✓ High walls, as in middle Europe, for homeowners who want privacy but no courtyards.
- ✓ More glass, but fewer picture windows, except looking in at a walled garden.
- ✓ New shapes, particularly in roofs, with new construction methods—like a sprayed-on roofing—giving designers a freer hand.
- ✓ New materials—porcelains, plastics, more aluminum.
- ✓ Roof domes, providing bright interiors, even on cloudy days. Otherwise, ranch

and split-level styles are here to stay.

✓ More pre-fab. "By 1970," says one architect, "about 90% of the house will be built off the site."

✓ Look-alike blocks designed as blocks instead of today's every-man-for-himself streets.

Does all this mean the monster conformity's girding for another victory in the 60s? No, the architects claim staunchly. "Free choice doesn't make for beauty," says Parkin. When everyone in a subdivision tries to make his house different the result is just a hodge-podge. "Properly handled, walls can be beautiful."

Inside? Smaller living rooms, smaller, lighter furniture, smaller bedrooms with built-in storage and each with its own bathroom. The dining room's future is uncertain; some designers say it will

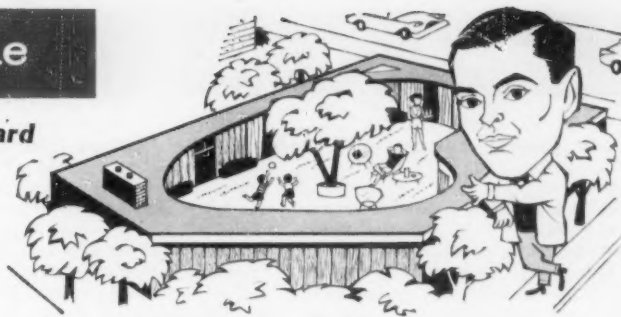
shrink to a folding table in the family room, others insist the formal dining room will make a strong comeback.

"And that atrocity, the basement 'recreation room,' will die—and about time," says Joanne Brook of Toronto's swanky J. & J. Brook designers.

Stoves, refrigerators, dish-washers, washing machines, driers and garbage disposals will be part of the house, as the furnace is today. Many houses won't have furnaces at all—just warm wires in floor, walls and ceiling or a heat-pump whirring in the garage.

You'll see walls that glow with light and change color at the twist of a dial and rooms lit for effect—like a stage.

But there's one gloomy trend. More architects and builders agree that housing costs will keep going up—faster, even than income. —JIM KNIGHT



TRENDSETTER PARKIN AND HOUSE OF THE 60s

## The printed word

### Are newspapers, books doomed by TV?



"The real danger of television is that it will take the place of reading. TV's all very well for this generation—it's been taught to read. But what about the next?" —GILBERT SELDES, possibly North America's No. 1 expert in cultural communication, in a Maclean's interview.

Will Seldes' fears materialize in the Canada of the 60s? Answer—from Canadian leaders in the newspaper, magazine and book trades: no. Maclean's found most agreeing that, instead, TV will aid, inspire and—to some degree—reshape the publishing industry.

Newspapers will have:

- ✓ few exclusive news stories, fewer "stop press" bulletins as they continue their trend toward more background and comment.
- ✓ less razzle-dazzle, more highly educated writers and editors, many of them recognized authorities in science or social problems.
- ✓ frequent splashes of colored photos and ads.
- ✓ more women's news, but "it will blend more and more with general news," says columnist-MP Margaret Aitken. Women's pages will carry more items to interest men (e.g. gourmet recipes).
- ✓ fewer circulation wars, as high overhead creates more one-paper cities and towns. Some newspaper chains will grow

but "not at the rate they did in the 50s," says Ken R. Thomson of the Thomson chain. Many city dailies will shrink to tabloid size to give commuters elbow room.

✓ fewer giveaways gimmicks or trumped-up "scoops" as circulation boosters.

✓ swifter, but essentially unchanged, distribution methods, though a few big U.S. dailies will try electronic transmission of facsimile newspapers into homes. ("But these won't be a commercial success," says Gillis Purcell, general manager of the Canadian Press.)

**Magazines,** finding newspapers invading their interpretive field, will in turn encroach on books by:

- ✓ picking subjects too complex for newspapers and TV. They'll get more off-beat and do more crusading than rival media.
- ✓ digging harder for more original material.
- ✓ researching articles more exhaustively than ever.

General magazines will strive hard for individuality (unusual type, radically different "departments," odd-sized pages, trick folds, novelty inserts).

Ads? "They'll be more light-hearted," says Canadian Advertising Agencies Association president D. E. Longmore, who sees sophistication gaining a permanent edge over the hard sell. Art work and

written copy will be better, too.

**Books** will be more eagerly bought, more widely read than ever—partly because of promotion on TV (commercials, free plugs, simultaneous broadcast-and-publication of scripts); mostly because of widening public interests.

Hard-cover books will *not* disappear, though the \$6 best-selling novel will. ("I'll celebrate that event," says Toronto Star book critic Robert Fulford.) "All fiction will be initially published in paperbacks," says Jack McClelland of McClelland and Stewart.

People who now only read paperbacks will surprise themselves by buying hard covers—for their intellectual content and the snob appeal of elaborate bindings.

Several "name" novelists will switch to an "oral" style tailored for "talking books" (actors reading stories and plays on records bound in book form).

Censorship? "I don't think it will be officially any stronger than it has ever been," says Montreal novelist Hugh MacLennan. Most writers and publishers think the blatantly pornographic will tend to lose appeal anyway among a more sophisticated public, while artistic works on "taboo" themes will win most court cases—on legal precedents established in the 50s.

## Food and drink

### New exotic foods will make more global gourmets

Meal preparation will be simpler than ever in the 60s, but the end result will be more complex.

How so? With commercial preparation of "home-cooked" meals carried to the nth degree, your whole three-course dinner will be 90% ready before you even get it home. That will leave housewives time to try new variations of familiar dishes, plus exotic foods you don't often eat now (papaya, New Zealand white-bait).

You can also expect:

- ✓ improved transport of food to create many new global gourmets.
- ✓ better preservation methods (drying, freezing, and chemical, antibiotic, electronic and irradiational treatments) allowing you to store many common perishables — including meat — in ordinary cupboards.

- ✓ packages you'll eat — and even enjoy (e.g., a piliofilm covering for pre-cooked turkeys, which melts and glazes the bird while you're heating it in your oven).

- ✓ many household kitchens equipped with infra-red elements and ovens; others that cook foods by supersonic vibration.

You'll drink wine oftener with home meals and, on special occasions, settle for Canadian champagne, which is already rivaling the French product.

Dining out oftener than now, you'll have fewer tough decisions over menus: what you order will depend on what specialty house you go to; there'll be many more serving only one basic dish

or group of dishes (steaks or chicken or roast beef).

Chinese food will give way to a fad for Polynesian dishes (already begun with a flourish in New York and in the Kon-Tiki Room of Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel).

"Canadian taste will include a wider variety of European dishes," says Toronto restaurateur Oscar Berceller. But today's familiar French foods will still be basic fare in most high-class restaurants.

You'll find the widest variety of menus in cafeterias and other eat-and-run establishments — but most of these will also be using spruced-up decors and more "atmosphere" as additional lures.

In high-priced places stressing impeccable service, your waiter will still have an accent because native Canadians will still avoid restaurant jobs.

"Canadians confuse serving with servility," says Toronto restaurateur Hans Fread.

There'll be more places where you can drink—with or without your meal—and you'll choose from a growing variety of sweet cocktails. "There's a trend toward less liquor on the rocks," says Clint Melville, managing director of the Ontario Hotel Association.

Enjoy it all while you can: scientists in food labs are already working on hush-hush projects to provide space travelers with meals made from processed plankton and synthetic fatty acids.

—KEN LEFOLII

## Art

### Higher prices for pictures—more amateur painters

To Canadians, "art" has—often as not—meant only silk screens of the Group of Seven. Will this trend continue? Maclean's took this and other questions to Alan Jarvis, recently dethroned director of the National Gallery, who's now editing Canadian Art magazine.

Jarvis predicts a livelier public interest than ever before, in nearly all the arts. He also forecasts:

- ✓ Picture prices, as well as sales, will soar—bid up by people now in their early 30s. Availability of better reproductions will boost—not decrease—demands for originals.

- ✓ Prudery over nudes will fade—"but only slightly." There'll be at least three public rows over nudes, says Jarvis—two of them in Toronto.

- ✓ Sculpture will become as fashionable in homes as it is in public places.

- ✓ Architecture and town planning will be hot conversation-starters, with newspapers employing architecture critics as commonly as theatre and art critics. Public buildings, influenced by Toronto's new city hall, will be more "romantic" and imaginative, less austere. (Architects agree. The magazine Canadian

Architect this year asked 20 leading architects to name Canada's 20 most significant postwar buildings. "We had a hard time thinking of any," says John Parkin (*Cities and Towns*, page 1). "But soon there'll be a dozen of the calibre of Seagram's new building in New York.")

- ✓ The war between modernists and traditionalists will abate in the mid-60s, then become a debate between nationalist and internationalist schools.

- ✓ Non-objective art will give way to naturalism—though not necessarily realism.

- ✓ Typography will be more tasteful in high-priced books and company and government publications but popular taste in book jackets and magazine covers will be unchanged.

- ✓ You'll get to the art gallery more often—drawn there by paintings you've seen on color TV. Present gallery crowds will double or even triple.

- ✓ You'll consider taking up painting as a hobby and may enter competitions that'll be getting national attention.

The 1969 president of the Royal Canadian Academy? Harold Town, says Jarvis.

## Entertainment

### Bullfights and Folies on color TV, as Hollywood fades

#### HOW CANADIANS WILL SHOW CANADIANS TO THE WORLD



**PRODUCER** David Greene, just one of a dozen or more Canadians with important off-stage jobs in leading entertainment centres around the world, hired Toronto actor Barry Morse for a Hollywood TV role.



**DIRECTOR** Henry Caplan, now a prominent name in British television, switched temporarily to West End theatre and signed up Barbara Chilcott as a leading lady. She's done some television work over there too.

Ten years ago there was no TV in Canada and not much in the U.S. Today the set's on an average of just under 40 hours a week in more than 3 million Canadian homes. The 60s won't bring that violent a wrench in our entertainment pattern. But there will be changes.

#### As a private viewer:

- ✓ You'll have mural TV, a flat screen on the wall operated by remote control from a small portable box. It will probably be in color. "Color TV will come into its own," predicts Robert Sarnoff, chairman of the board of NBC. But first there's got to be a key break-through in the labs—something as radical as, say, the transistor—to bring down the price of color sets and recoup the huge investments of electronic firms and major networks.

- ✓ At the beach or in the office you'll watch a transistorized portable set. Expensive experimental models are already on sale in the U.S. but in the 60s they'll be as common as portable radios.

- ✓ You should have as many as 10 choices—among free programs, a community antenna service and pay-as-you-watch shows. The industry is still split wide open on pay-TV's chances in the U.S. "There'll be none," says Sylvester (Pat) Weaver, ex-head of NBC. In Canada? Because of geography and our scattered population, "it has to come," says J. J. Fitzgibbons, chairman of Trans-Canada Telemeter.

#### Outside the home:

- ✓ You'll go to "hard-ticket" movies—reserving seats at high prices for big-event films that will run a year or more at downtown theatres.

- ✓ You'll see, says NBC's Sarnoff, "the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, the auto races at Monte Carlo, the bullfights in Madrid, perhaps even the Folies Bergère in Paris," as well as the World Series or Olympic Games piped in live to movie houses on closed circuits.

- ✓ You'll take the whole family to drive-ins year round, parking on paved ramps under Plexiglas roofs.

- ✓ You'll go occasionally to low-budget pictures at the few remaining neighborhood theatres, but only to get out of the house; the theatre will be piping the same feature to your house over pay-TV wires.

Broadway will flourish as a testing ground for mass-media material, with the movies, networks, pay-TV firms and closed-circuit operators bidding against each other to play angel in return for first display rights. Road shows will probably disappear. "Producers will be able to make more money in one night on closed-circuit TV than by touring the show as long as the audience lasted," says international commentator Alistair Cooke. The same factors will likely spell doom for traveling orchestras.

Where will all the competing entrepreneurs find enough material to keep us happy for 40 hours a week of passive entertainment? Answer: show business of the 60s will be global, not national.

- ✓ Almost all network shows will be videotaped so they can be peddled abroad.

- ✓ Foreign movies, dubbed in all languages, will open simultaneously all over the world. "The day of Hollywood as the hub of the movie universe may well be over," says Paul Lazarus of Columbia Pictures.

- ✓ The world will pool its entertainers as more and more fresh faces and talents are needed. Canadian producers in New York, Hollywood and London were already dragging Canadian stars after them in the late 50s.

With all these exciting new patterns, what about the two old standbys, radio and the CBC? Even the most rabid TV salesmen admit there'll always be a place for radio. The CBC? In spite of the year of crisis, criticism and investigation that closed the 50s, say its brass, the corporation is stable and healthy for any number of years to come, including the next 10. Will the CBC look for more sponsor money? Yes. Will this change program pattern and content? "Definitely not," says president Alphonse Ouimet. Will the CBC become a pawn for the party in power? Asked this question, Ouimet told Maclean's: "Look at me. Do I seem the kind of person who gives in to pressure?"—BARBARA MOON



## THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK by Blair Fraser

### Canada Will the Tories rule the decade?

It's a good bet that Canada will have three national elections, not two as custom would dictate, in the 60s. The first may well be called in 1961, two years before it becomes obligatory, and it will fix the shape of Canadian politics for the rest of the decade.

If the Conservatives win this first campaign decisively, their enemies concede them an excellent chance of remaining in power for a generation, like the Liberals before them. The Liberal party would be decapitated and demoralized by a third consecutive trouncing, and would have to be rebuilt from the ground up.

But Conservative chances of decisive victory, overwhelming a year ago, have lately declined somewhat. One astute Tory strategist thinks an election this winter would give the Liberals 100 seats, double their present strength. A recovery of that magnitude, with some revival of CCF and Social Credit at Conservative expense, would bring back a Liberal government before too long.

Earnest efforts will be made to change this situation in the coming year. For at least that long, and probably the next year too, the Conservatives will have prosperity on their side. Boom periods since World War II have lasted roughly three years each, so with any luck the current one should endure until late '61 or early '62. Then another recession is likely, perhaps a tougher one than the 1957-58 downturn. That's why 1961

appears a likely election year.

How can a government with a huge majority call an election after only three years in office? To an experienced politician this is no problem. All he needs is a grievance that he can state in clear, simple language, and if none exists he can easily contrive one.

Take, for example, reform of the Senate. Every party has paid lip service to that objective, ever since Confederation, so none would dare oppose it in principle. If a drastic Senate reform bill were to pass the House of Commons and run into veto in the upper chamber (as it assuredly would do if it were drastic enough) then what more natural than an appeal to the people?

This example is not fantastic. Conservative tacticians have given it some thought, and like it very well. It might even be combined with a likelier issue that has already begun to emerge—the control of money.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker has said with righteous indignation that "tight money" is no fault of his. If anyone has a tight money policy it must be the chartered banks, or the Bank of Canada, or both. If "they" are plotting to bar simple folk from a rightful share in prosperity, then "they" must be foiled by changes in the law. Such talk, on top of budget deficits and sliding bond prices, has made bankers and investment dealers speechless with rage. One visitor from Wall Street, watching in a Toronto

club the prime minister's TV performance on tight money, exclaimed: "Why, this man is worse than Roosevelt."

The remark neatly demonstrates the problem facing L. B. Pearson as opposition leader. In some ways it will be helpful to him that the Diefenbaker government has offended, affronted and appalled the business community (for one thing the destitute Grits should have an easier time raising money) but it could also be dangerous. Roosevelt, too, made enemies of bankers and businessmen, and made the fact his greatest political asset.

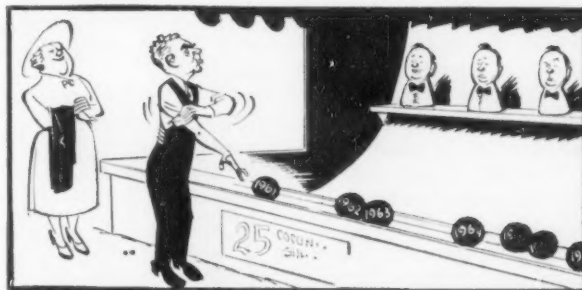
Pearson will take great care to avoid the trap that caught every Roosevelt opponent from Hoover to Dewey—the appearance of being a candidate of the bankers against the people, the rich against the poor. He will not be drawn into complicated arguments on monetary policy. He will stick to his general charges of mismanagement, ineptitude, incompetence, and let the government do its own explaining.

At this stage both parties are cautious in their predictions. The leader of the

opposition prophesies only "a return to stable, sound government through a party that represents all liberally minded people."

One leading Conservative says: "If we can hold the small-l liberal vote, we shall be all right." Pearson would be the first to agree that in 1957 and 1958 the small-l liberal vote did go Conservative. Even the big-L Liberals knew they had been too long in power, and their fight for another term was half-hearted. Next time it will be different. Win, lose or draw, nobody's going to be half-hearted.

But once the initial struggle for power is settled decisively, the outlook for some years thereafter is fairly smooth. The same economists who see trouble ahead, in the fairly near future, predict a return by the middle 60s to rapid and steady expansion with no great need for massive intervention by government. The party in office will take credit for the good times without the trouble and jeopardy of actually doing anything; the parties out of office will grow old and bitter in the wilderness.



With a huge majority, the Conservatives can choose their own time for an election.

## The world On the edge of a volcano, East and West will wage a continuing Cold Peace

No war, but no real peace either. Competition that's "peaceful" in the sense of not being open military conflict, but bitter and terrible conflict nevertheless. Grave defeats for the Free World unless there are radical changes of policy, of which very few signs have yet appeared.

That appraisal of the world situation in the 60s is shared by men in all three political parties in Ottawa and in the government service. They vary a bit in their emphasis, and especially in degree of optimism or pessimism, but substantial agreement runs across an amazingly wide political spectrum.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker, asked by Maclean's for a quick summary of the world's immediate future, put it into six words: "Peace — but with vigorous economic competition."

L. B. Pearson, opposition leader and former minister of external affairs, predicted in reply to the same question "a good chance of reaching a condition of stable insecurity, living on the edge of a volcano but with no real fear of falling in. Each side knows that if one falls in, the other will be dragged in too."

For obvious reasons the prime minister couldn't elaborate on his thumb-nail sketch of things to come—when prime ministers talk in public they are announcing policy. Three years ago the same inhibition would have silenced Pearson the minister of external affairs, but Pearson the opposition leader can talk more freely: "I think Khrushchov is quite sincere when he says 'Let's end

the cold war, let's have peaceful competition.' He's sincere because he has decided that another form of conflict will bring better results for the Communist side. That's our problem—how to meet this Communist assault in the economic field. Khrushchov obviously feels that his first successes in this new conflict will come in Asia and Africa, and that the West will then be surrounded by a Communist world."

What should we do about it? "Re-examine our whole concept of defense. Leave the big weapons, the deterrent, to the big powers like the U. S. and Britain. For us, the problem is how to shift our defense effort from Arrows to aid."

The amount of agreement among political parties on this point is startling. Whatever sham battles they may wage in Parliament, all take for granted a massive cutback in defense spending over the next few years, and sooner rather than later. This won't mean pacifism, or total disarmament, still less a naive reliance on the good faith of the Soviet Union. But there's a growing distaste for investment in surface warships that can no longer catch submarines and air-breathing weapons that are useless against ballistic missiles. At least some of this effort will be diverted to the "new conflict" of so-called "peaceful competition."

But this diversion won't be simple or easy. Nobody quite knows how the new conflict should be waged. There is widespread disillusion with conventional foreign aid (e.g. Colombo Plan). No party's



Both sides will divert their efforts into the new conflict — peaceful competition.

likely to suggest scrapping the Colombo Plan, but nobody argues any longer that mere multiplication of Colombo Plans will do the trick. Some fresh approach is needed—but nobody seems to have figured one out yet.

It's also recognized on all sides that a military danger will still exist, even if neither side actually plans an attack. There's still the risk of explosion by accident or miscalculation—a danger vastly increased when forces such as infantry battalions have atomic weapons. Says Pearson: "If atomic war does come, we won't dive into it—we'll slide in."

That was as close as anyone came to expressing the fear that obviously lay at the back of everyone's mind: that military action might begin from our side.

It's a fear that's rooted in pessimism. I talked to no one who expected serious

trouble in Europe (barring the possibility, which most thought remote, of a real flare-up in Berlin) but they all regarded trouble in Asia and Africa as a certainty. Some or all of the following things will happen in the 60s: another Arab-Israeli outbreak. Rebellion in Iran, like last year's in Iraq. Violent division in Formosa when Chiang Kai-shek dies. Collapse — economic and political — in Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, maybe India. Collapse into utter chaos in Indonesia. Collapse or rebellion in Turkey — a NATO ally that's already very shaky. Massacre in Africa.

If several of these calamities come together, and if some or all lead to Communist take-overs, will the West be able to keep its hand steady on the trigger? That's the doubt hanging over the expected "peace" of the 60s.

## Editorial

### A five-point program for getting through the Sixties alive

Anxiety is among the natural lots of man. Never more so than now, as the human race prepares to emerge, half scared to death but still miraculously alive, from the Fearful Fifties.

This will be remembered as the decade of the un-dropped H-bomb, the unfought world war, the trigger finger that somehow controlled its constant itch. If we survive long enough to see it in a calmer perspective, we may also remember the Fifties as a time of great progress in science, medicine and social justice.

What, now, of the Sixties? What will be the things man remembers most—granted he's still extant at the end of it—of the decade that lies ahead?

One thing seems certain. The cold war cannot stay cold for another ten years. It will either end or it will explode. In this belief we have tried to block out a personal program for the Sixties. It consists of five points, most of them slightly more hopeful than anxious.

1

We don't intend to build a bomb shelter in our basement, even though the minister of National Defense says we ought to. There's a considerable difference between living and only staying alive. This country is full of people—as is the world—who'd more gladly die with their eyes on the sky than live buried in the ground.

2

We will continue to oppose all military spending not directly and clearly related to the internal security of this country or to defensive police actions approved by the United Nations. We will not willingly help pay for bigger bombs, faster military planes, surer rockets or farther Sputniks. These are all the stuff of destruction and the idea that they are the stuff of safety or salvation is, to put it mildly, a misapprehension.

3

We will continue to regard the United States—after Britain—as our greatest and most dependable friend. But we will not assume it is always and automatically in the right.

4

We will continue to regard the Soviet Union—with its satellites and allies—as our most dangerous enemy. But we will not assume it is always and automatically in the wrong.

5

We will hope and expect that the Sixties turn out to be a less nervous decade than the Fifties. If this proves so, man will make it to the Seventies and be on the way to demonstrating that he is what God meant him to be—an animal that can think and reason and lift his gaze far higher than any machine or any moon.

## What you'll wear

In the restless world of fashion, anyone who could predict next year's hit lines would be a millionaire. The next decade's? A slightly easier job.

Maclean's solicited predictions from Arnold Scaasi, the 28-year-old Canadian who's the hottest property in New York designing circles (Mamie Eisenhower's a client). Scaasi foresees:

✓ In both men's and women's clothing, a revolution to "all-in-one"—dresses or suits with built-in underclothing.

✓ Complete wardrobes of uncrushable, un-mussable synthetic materials — including dozens like Milium, resistant to both heat and cold.

✓ One-world design, with the emphasis taken away from country-to-country variations. A Canadian coat, say, will be precisely like the one worn in Spain, but with a zip-in lining.

✓ Bad times for the button and zipper as self-adhesive materials like Velcro grow popular.

✓ For women, vivid colors, new textures and bolder, simpler silhouettes. The wardrobe accessory, says Scaasi, will become most important—"perhaps a jacket or stole of glitter to be worn over a simple, any-



SCAASI AND ONE-WORLD DESIGN

hour dress, or a parka or tailored coat to make a summer dress do in winter."

✓ For men, more colorful clothes, brighter, with more detail and more exaggerated lines. Perhaps a flared tunic jacket. Ties? "If we're still wearing them, more flamboyant," says Scaasi.

Shoes will be more comfortable, lower-heeled for women, softer and more casual for men, predicts Beth Hammond of the Canadian Shoe Information Bureau, Montreal.

## How you'll look

Quite apart from the way you're dressed, you'll actually look different in the 60s, using many of these new twists:

Both men and women will pay more attention to their hair-dos. Women will soon be changing theirs with their costumes. "Every cut will have to accommodate several styles," says top Toronto hairdresser Gus Caruso. "Old-time permanents and kinky curls will be out. Three of ten women will own at least one wig." By the late 60s, women will change hair color—to pink, blue, green—as often as they change nail-polish now. For men, baldness will probably be more embarrassing. "Young men are flocking in already to cover up bald patches,"

says wig-maker Robert Ryka, of Toronto.

Women, preferring a more natural look, will turn their backs on the scrawny female of high fashion, most beauty experts agree. With this naturalism there'll be a trend away from blitz diets and mechanical reducers, toward "sensible exercise."

Most other changes in how you'll look will be around your eyes. Contact lenses—many of them tinted to change eye color—will be more common than glasses. Women's eye make-up will be more colorful. And all women's complexions will be smoother—"because of better preparations and better education in how to use them," says Bernice Coffey, of Elizabeth Arden.—VIVIAN WILCOX

## What you'll drive

Interest in compact cars will be eclipsed early in the 60s by more revolutionary news: the comeback of the electric auto.

Three manufacturers (including Stinson Aircraft in California) are already making electrics and two (Chrysler and American Motors) are developing others. Equipped with chargers that will plug into ordinary house outlets, their batteries will be more compact and powerful than those of the early 1900s. They'll do 80 to 150 miles on an overnight charge costing the price of a gallon of gas. Speed: up to 50; capacity: two or four passengers; cost: \$1,500 to \$2,800. Advantages: silent running, low operating cost, no exhaust fumes. Drawback: short range. Likeliest first users: meter readers, whose utility companies will be anxious to use their own product as "fuel."

You'll also see — or drive:

"Air" cars — suspended above ground by jets or fans that propel, steer and brake. Ford's present jet model will likely be developed for highways equipped with tracks or



rails providing automatic steering at high speeds (up to 500 mph). Curtiss Wright's car, riding on a cushion of fan-driven air, will bid for heavy-duty off-highway use — over water and rough terrain.

Gas turbines will be ready for public use, but their makers (Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, Rover) aren't sure if the advantages (smooth operation, low-cost fuel) will catch the public fancy.

Likeliest improvement in conventional cars will be bushings of Teflon, which never need greasing (they've already tested well in Baltimore taxicabs).

Will cars get bigger or smaller? Both. If you don't want a compact or smaller car you'll be driving the longest, lowest, widest car yet. — ERIC HUTTON



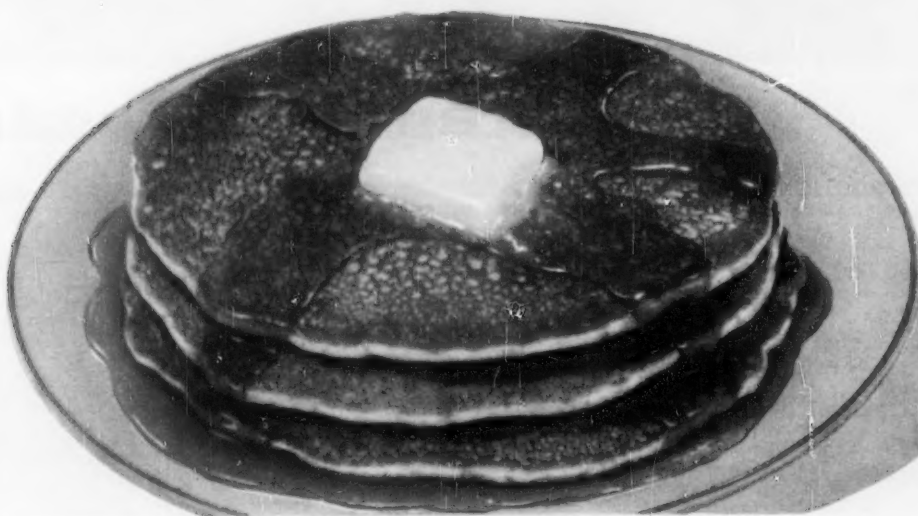


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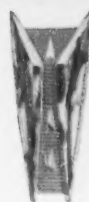
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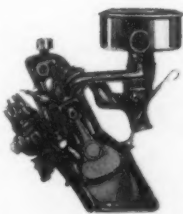


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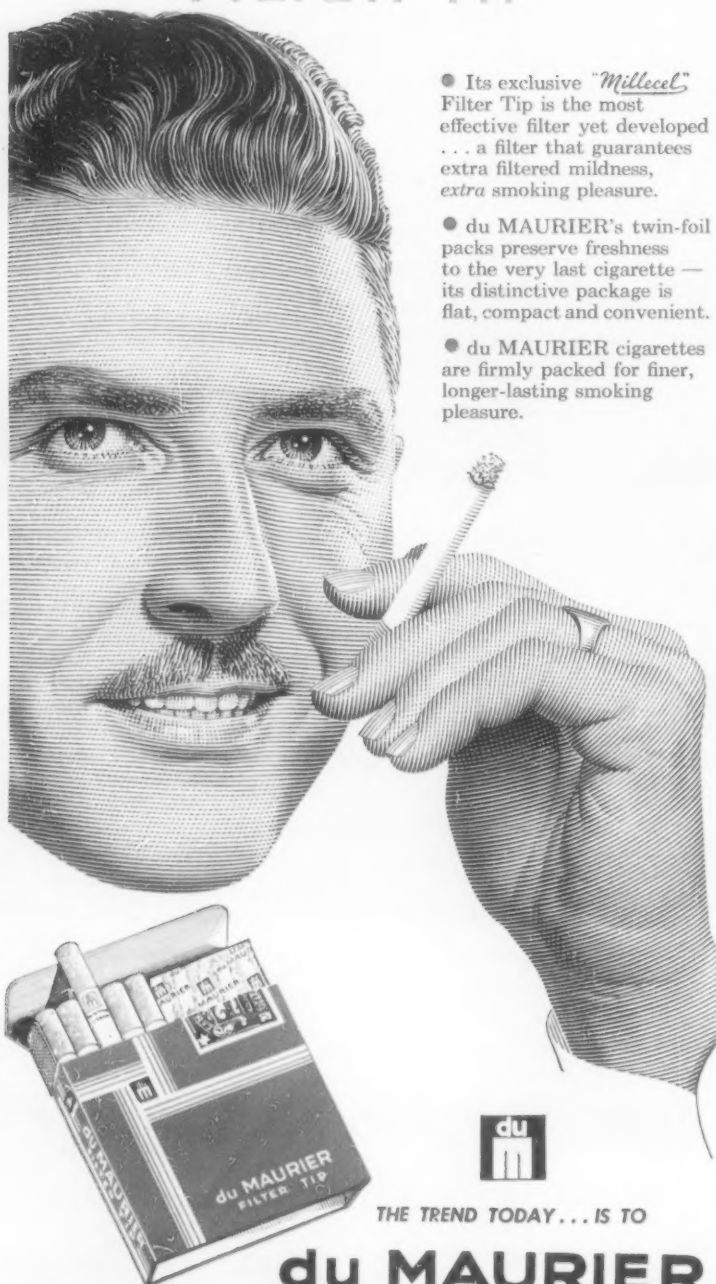


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### THE COVER

Franklin Arbuckle was going to paint Citadel Hill's Noonday gun in Halifax as it is in tourist time — surrounded by commissionaires in colorful olden-time uniforms. But, he reflected, why not salute the faithful, lonely chap who still fires it in the chilly autumn rain?

### PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

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## For the sake of argument



RALPH ALLEN SAYS

### Quebec's nationalism won't die with Duplessis —and perhaps it shouldn't

When Maurice Duplessis died a whole generation of liberal-minded, anti-segregationist Canadians sighed with relief and hope. It was too bad about Duplessis himself, a man of vast strengths along with his vast failings. But the province he loved, cajoled, ruled and bullied for twenty years was certain to be better off. So was the Dominion he held at arm's length from his province. The Duplessis brand of nationalism was sure to die soon after its leading advocate. That's what large numbers of small-l liberals were saying on the day Duplessis died.

All of what they were saying may be so. Perhaps it will be to the ultimate advantage of Quebec and Canada if it so turns out to be. But let's not start betting on it. Above all let us not fall into the error of believing that Duplessis' kind of nationalism is a spent and altogether useless force.

#### The futility of hand-wringing

Nationalism, for better or for worse, is one of the great feeders of our political and military history. In a confused and dangerous world it is one of the few defenses left for minorities. It is also one of the commonest excuses for strong-armed majorities. In the aggregate it is a more powerful influence on man's affairs than Communism, Christianity and democracy combined.

On the debit side nationalism is the force that has set the allegedly peaceful people of Asia at each other's throats—the Indians against the Pakistani, the Chinese against the Indians, half of Latin America against the other half, the Algerians against the French, the Russians against nearly everybody, the Egyptians against the Jews, the people of Canada — in thank Heaven a more limited and less passionate way — against the people of the United States. It can be

claimed that what all these antagonists are partly antagonistic about is politics, but it cannot be denied that what they're wholly antagonistic about is boundaries, land, race and, in short, nationalism. On the credit side it can be claimed that millions of people have survived and grown only because they had boundaries to protect them.

To wring our hands, and only wring our hands, over the evils of nationalism will accomplish as little as we have accomplished by wringing our hands over sex and alcohol. A much greater man than Maurice Duplessis once put the case for nationalism better than Duplessis ever did. The person who speaks is Henri Bourassa, just before the first world war: "What I would wish is that between the old English frigate about to sink and the American corsair preparing to pick up the wreckage we should manoeuvre our barque with prudence and firmness, so that it will not be swallowed up in the vortex of one nor be carried away in the wake of the other. Let us not sever the chain too soon, but let us not rivet the links too closely."

Bourassa—like Duplessis but in an infinitely grander style—was a nationalist on two levels. He sought to isolate Canada from the dangerous and disreputable turmoils of the outside world. He also sought to isolate Quebec from the romantic, bloody and, in his eyes, often foolish affairs of Canada.

Bourassa, the parliamentarian, the editor and the orator, understood nearly everything about Canada, and he understood it in both languages. He came along at a propitious time for a real fire-eating nationalist, a time when hundreds of thousands of Canadians who detested everything Bourassa stood for—detested his race, his religion and his politics—were arriving at conclusions similar to his for reasons not

continued on page 58

RALPH ALLEN IS THE EDITOR OF MACLEAN'S





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so safe, so very gentle ... you can shave as often as you should!

Are you afraid of your blade razor ... afraid of cutting and irritating your skin, especially under the arms? Today, there's no need for this fear.

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ELECTRIC SHAVERS  
*always a perfect gift!*

SCHICK (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO 28



shaves so much smoother ... cleans!



New Futura Models in Frost White, Flame Red, Blush Rose and Turquoise



**"Insure me? Nobody would now!"**

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## London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

## What life was like in that "other war"

If memory lasts that long you may recall that a recent London Letter dealt with the visit of Bruce Bairnsfather to the House of Commons where he was my luncheon guest.

I wondered at the time if people would remember him and his fabulous "Old Bill" who became the very incarnation of the Cockney Tommy laughing in the jaws of death and mocking the Prussian superman across no man's land.

The doubts were soon dispelled. Letters are still straggling across the Atlantic from Canadian veterans of the Kaiser's war. Old Bill is definitely an immortal.

One of the letters was from Mrs. Jean Bigelow, of Long Valley Ranch in Alix, Alberta. Accompanying the letter was a copy of *The Bystander*, a famous weekly British magazine, dated August 15th 1917, which contained the

regular full page drawing of Old Bill on the western front.

Let us now turn both the years and the pages of that magazine as it went to press, when the fate, not only of Britain but the civilized world, hung upon a thread.

Believe it or not, the three opening pages deal with illustrated announcements by estate agents. Under a heading "The Pick of the Market" we are offered for £1,000 "a picturesque old-fashioned residence and about 8 acres situate in a pretty Essex village three miles from market town and station; 3 reception, 6 bedrooms and 2 attics, stabling for 2 and garage; tennis lawn, 2 orchards and 3 meadows."

Over in France the young men from Britain and the Dominions were paying with their blood for the doubtful **continued on page 104**

How things looked to *The Bystander* forty-two years ago



Officer: "Your reports are not quite clear, sergeant. You should make them out so that the most stupid person could understand them."

Sergeant: "Is there anything I can explain to you, sir?"



Ads for the weird hats and dresses of the day (left and right) are plugging colors like taupe, mole, tomato and jade. The slinky ballerina is a certain Madame Astafieva, a Russian, then wowing London audiences.



For those very special  
**Christmas Gifts**  
 give the world's most wanted pens...

# Parker

Give the gifts your friends will use and treasure... choose from these exciting new Parker Pens! You just can't miss when you give "the world's most wanted pens". Whether you choose the fabulous *Parker 61*, the pen every man would be glad to own, or the distinctively feminine *Parker Princess*... there's a Parker to delight everyone on your Christmas shopping list.

**PARKER 61 JET FLIGHTER**—New, perfect gift for the air traveller, proved trouble-free from sea level to 40,000 feet. Pen \$22.50, Set \$32.50\*

**PARKER "61"**—The fabulous new pen that even fills itself by itself. A superb gift. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$27.50, Set \$40.00. Sterling silver and Gold-filled cap, Pen \$25.00, Set \$35.00. Nickel and Silver-plated cap, Pen \$22.50, Set \$30.00\*

**PARKER "51"**—Outstanding among all pens. Millions acclaim the famous "51" as the world's finest writing instrument. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$18.75, Set \$26.75. Lustraloy cap, Pen \$16.50, Set \$24.00\*

**PARKER SLIVER "21"**—Designed with many advanced Parker features—electro-polished point for smoother writing. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$12.00, Set \$16.75. Lustraloy cap, Pen \$8.95, Set \$13.50\*

**V.I.P. JOTTER SET**—Beautiful Sterling Silver, ribbed design with plaque for initials. Pen \$8.75, Set \$17.50\*

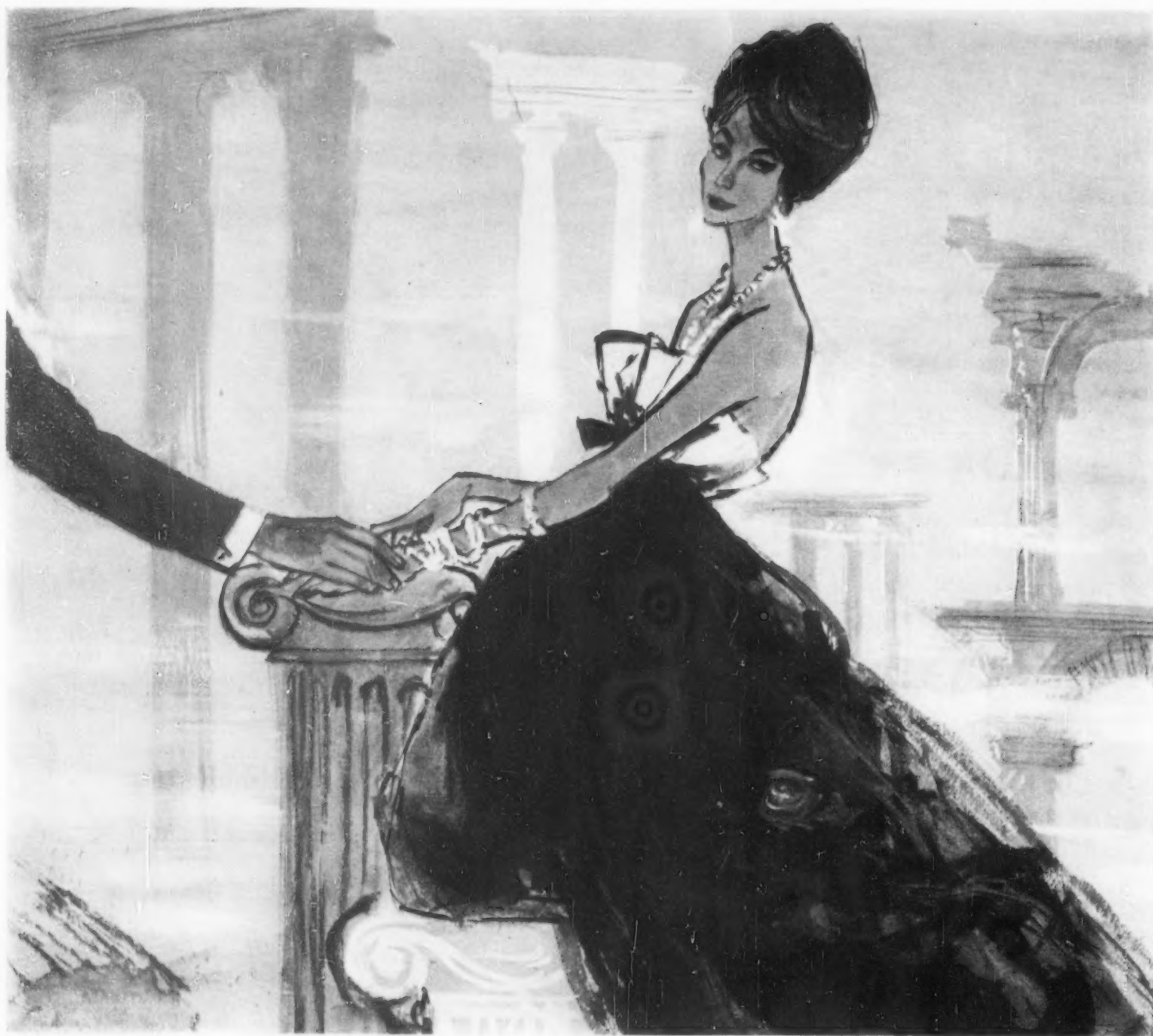
**PARKER PARTNERS SET**—T-Ball Jotter pen & mechanical pencil, stainless steel caps. Pen \$1.95, Set \$3.95

**PARKER PRINCESS**—Distinctively feminine Enamel with golden highlights, choice of colours. \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$10.00\*

**PARKER MINIM**—Petite and elegantly styled. Fits small purse. \$5.00\* to \$25.00

\* Suggested retail price.

⊕ PARKER PEN CO., LTD., DON MILLS, ONTARIO (METROPOLITAN TORONTO)



*Theme of a dream—love among the ruins of the Greek gods' playground*

## When you're too bewitched for words

You know how it happens—suddenly, The Moment. You're speechless—too bewitched for words! That's when Black Magic takes over, does the talking for you, sums up the delicious importance of the occasion.

Those famous chocolates will have her down from that pedestal in no time . . . for it's only

human to enjoy Black Magic together! Open the distinctive black box (so simple yet so elegant) . . . choose from 12 sumptuous centres—like Strawberry Cup or Hazel Cluster—each lavishly coated with Rowntrees' rich, dark chocolate. A Black Magic-al experience—perfect for enhancing romancing!



# BLACK MAGIC by Rowntrees

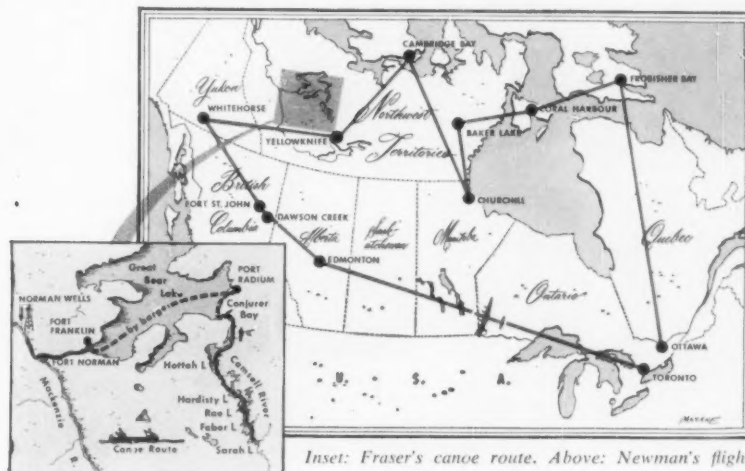




NEWMAN



FRASER



Inset: Fraser's canoe route. Above: Newman's flight.

Two senior Maclean's editors have just taken a close look at Canada's north from two intriguingly different viewpoints. Blair Fraser, whose story begins overleaf, covered four hundred miles the hard way — every foot of it either paddling or carrying a canoe. Peter C. Newman, as the companion of a federal cabinet minister, flew ten thousand miles across the million and a half square miles of our Arctic and then spent weeks asking questions about the reality behind the Conservatives' northern vision. Now,

#### PETER C. NEWMAN REPORTS

## What we are really doing in the north

- \* Russia is twenty-five years ahead of us in her north
- \* Government spending merely opens the north; it's up to private enterprise to exploit it
- \* So far, private enterprise has shown little interest because of the enormous expense and difficulty of exploiting northern resources
- \* And we're still treating the northern native—the Eskimo—as a second-class citizen

EVER SINCE John Diefenbaker first conjured up his vision of northern development during the 1958 election campaign, the average Canadian who ventures no farther "north" than his summer cottage, has vaguely felt that the upper regions of this country may be undergoing an unprecedented boom, with weekly mineral and oil strikes, feverish construction activity, and the early prospect of lavish skyscraper settlements in the Arctic. Such impressions have been strengthened by the frequent speeches of Conservative politicians both in and out of parliament. These politicians have been repeating

variations of Diefenbaker's election boast: "We are fulfilling the vision and the dream of Canada's first prime minister—Sir John A. Macdonald. But Macdonald saw Canada from East to West. I see a new Canada. A Canada of the north!"

Are we indeed implementing a dynamic policy that is unlocking our northern potential, or has the Diefenbaker vision remained largely a political mirage? How do our accomplishments in the Arctic match those of the Russians? What's the significance behind the recent discovery of oil in the north? Have the Eskimos

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Defense spending for installations like this DEW line base at Cambridge Bay does little to develop the land.



Transportation facilities are still better typified by the supply ship Banksland than by any fleets of airliners.



Most Eskimos still eke out desperate livings hunting and fishing. They consider this wretched shack luxurious.

At Frobisher Bay writer Peter Newman was told it costs \$100 a day to keep an unskilled man up north.



## WHAT WE ARE REALLY DOING IN THE NORTH *continued*

been caught up in the vision? And what's the attitude of the Americans who have spent a billion dollars integrating into their defense system a region which has suddenly become politically valuable to Canada?

In an attempt to answer these and other questions I recently accompanied George Hees, the minister of transport, on his annual Arctic inspection tour. We flew ten thousand miles, visiting nearly every sector of the million and a half square miles of the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. I then spent several weeks discussing northern economics with this country's leading government and private Arctic experts.

My main conclusions are these:

- ◆ There is a great deal more activity in the Yukon and Northwest Territories today than at any time during this century. But with some important exceptions—such as the "roads to resources" program—Diefenbaker has merely accelerated the development policies of his predecessors. Northern Affairs Minister Alvin Hamilton told me: "About all I've done is to take the Liberal program and bring it from twenty-five years down to five."
- ◆ Within the context of an economy that is among the world's most primitive, the Conservative achievement is impressive, especially in the way it is attempting to make the region more accessible. At the same time, the Canadian north remains desperately remote, exorbitantly costly to reach and exploit. It is a virgin land. An area as large as Ontario and the four western provinces combined is occupied by a scattering of pioneers, who, if assembled in Montreal, would scarcely suffice to fill Molson Stadium.
- ◆ The opening up of the Canadian north is only in a limited sense a function of the government. The role of government is merely to provide basic facilities which business firms must then utilize to exploit the land's resources. Except for the petroleum prospecting boomlet, private enterprise has so far shown remarkably little interest.
- ◆ The only event of economic significance in the north today is the oil exploration of the Mackenzie River delta, the Yukon and the Arctic islands. Spread over a slab of wilderness larger than France and Germany, it is, in terms of the land surface involved, the world's largest petroleum hunt. With today's marketing and

technological conditions, there is little immediate chance that any of the oil will get to market. But the companies participating in the search already have pledged that they will spend more than a quarter of a billion dollars for northern petroleum prospecting during the next decade.

◆ The Diefenbaker vision has prompted a costly buildup of Canada's northern civil service, but the Eskimos who might have been expected to be among its first beneficiaries are only slightly better off. According to a United Nations survey we now spend an estimated twenty-three hundred dollars a year per Eskimo in health and welfare payments—an amount equivalent to the theoretical cost of wintering Canada's entire Eskimo population at the Chateau Laurier Hotel in Ottawa—yet most Eskimos still live in unimaginable squalor. Dr. Edmund Carpenter, former University of Toronto anthropologist who is one of the leading experts on the Canadian Eskimo, told me: "The civil service has used the vision as an opportunity to multiply itself, and businessmen have used it to make a profit. But it has not yet gone north."

◆ Although disembarking U. S. air force colonels at Frobisher Bay continue to express genuine astonishment that they're on Canadian soil, there appears to be little serious sovereignty conflict with the Americans. Since 1940, the U. S. has spent more than a billion dollars fortifying our north, but the Americans recognize Canadian ownership of the region. The downgrading of the Distant Early Warning Line's strategic importance has reduced the formerly rigid clearance arrangements to a simple reporting procedure.

◆ Canadian and American efforts in the Arctic lag at least twenty-five years behind those of the U.S.S.R. For every Canadian working in the Arctic, there are five hundred Russians. This imbalance will be increased by the Kremlin's current seven-year plan which includes a hundred-billion-dollar budget for Arctic development.

The north is so poor and backward that half the revenue collected by the Northwest Territories Council comes from liquor taxes. The government hopes economic development will boost revenue. But, apart from that, Diefenbaker talked so much about helping the north grow that thousands *continued on page 106*



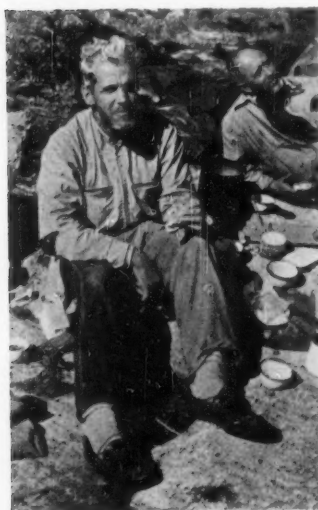


"You get a sense of contact with the past and with eternal reality," Sigurd Olson, one of Fraser's companions, gazes across isolated Hardesty Lake.

## BLAIR FRASER REPORTS

# WHAT THE NORTH REALLY LOOKS LIKE

All man's works are swallowed without a trace in the glacial vastness of the Canadian Arctic. For all the money and material that's been poured into it, the north for mile upon mile is just as primitive as it was when Mackenzie found it. You can paddle for weeks without seeing a soul or a sign of life



Fraser munches bully beef sandwiches with Eric Morse, the national president of the association of Canadian Clubs.

AMONG TRAVELERS who go by air to its raw little towns and stay in its overheated houses, the phrase for the Canadian north is "land of tomorrow" — land of the limitless future, of undoubted though undiscovered wealth, of progress inevitable and imminent. To a smaller number of visitors who see the north at ground level, away from the handful of tiny settlements that dot its million-and-a-half square miles, it seems more a land of yesterday, a land that time forgot. Few places still look quite so much as they looked to the first white men who ever saw them, two centuries ago.

It was this survival of the past, not any promise of things to come, that lured eight of us to the Northwest Territories last August, through four hundred miles of shallow lake and rapid river by canoe. For the first two

weeks of a three-week trip we did not meet one living soul. Even the signs of human habitation were few. We saw no dwellings except for three abandoned mines, and sometimes the cone of bare tent poles that marked a former Indian encampment. The only daily reminders of the twentieth century passed overhead — six jet bombers of the U. S. Strategic Air Command that went over every morning, headed north. (We never saw them returning; for all we could tell, World War III had started.) Around us was desolation as wild and empty as when Samuel Hearne marched with his unruly mob of Indians across the barrens, a few miles east of our canoe route, to the Arctic Coast in 1772.

Ten days out from our starting point in Sarah Lake we came **continued on page 113**



Shari's collection of rare hand puppets fascinates visitors to her New York home.

# The girl who can do e

SHARI LEWIS,  
the mighty midget  
from the Bronx, can  
SING  
DANCE  
MIMIC  
MAKE PUPPETS LIVE  
AND TALK BUSINESS  
LIKE A BANKER

Will her made-in-Toronto  
TV Shariland bring Canada th



**BUSINESS** comes as easily as performing. She employs two writers and a producer and drives them as tirelessly as she drives herself. Here she sips coffee at a staff meeting.



o everything

la that elusive star billing?

BY BARBARA MOON

IF TORONTO BECOMES a major international TV film production centre, as some people predict, one of the reasons will be Shari Lewis, a twenty-five-year-old, thimble-sized redhead from the Bronx. Another will be a British Board of Trade order that drastically limits the showing of "foreign-made" films — but not films made within the British Commonwealth — on Britain's booming commercial networks.

Canada is the part of the Commonwealth handiest to the U.S., and pert Miss Lewis of the Bronx is commuting regularly to toss her rusty pony tail defiantly at the British Board of Trade in Shariland, a new TV series being filmed in Toronto by Trans-Video Productions Limited for distribution in the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada and other countries.

Shariland isn't the first TV series to be put together in Toronto to frustrate the British Board of Trade, but the others were potboilers like *The Last of the Mohicans*, *Tugboat Annie* and *Cannonball*. The fact that twenty percent or more of the outlay could be recouped by a sale to U.K. networks made the commercial prospects in Toronto look good, but that's about all they did do.

Shariland, on the other hand, is a show with prestige attached, for Shari Lewis, puppeteer, ventriloquist, a girl of many talents, is one of the fastest-rising stars of North American TV. Robert Maxwell, the Hollywood producer who created the *Superman* series and who also turned *Lassie* into a twenty-million-dollar property, has sold his Hollywood company and moved to Canada, convinced of Toronto's TV film future. Shariland is his first big bid for a Canadian-made hit.

And Miss Lewis is the girl he's gambling on to make it go. It looks as though she will: though only the pilot and parts of the first ten shows had been completed by October 1, network sales were already being closed in the U.S., Canada and England.

This is exactly what Maxwell expected. Miss Lewis is remarkable, among other reasons, because almost everyone who sees her perform is instantly ready to stake his reputation, and even his money, that he's seeing authentic star quality.

Her career is already strewn with contracts offered by people who just happened to catch a single performance. For example Miss Lewis, who had hitherto performed only on local New York TV, made her U.S. network debut one Sunday in June, 1958, on the Steve **continued on page 100**



**DANCING**, she displays the versatility that makes experts think she has "star quality."



**SINGING** in an easy pop style isn't hard for a voice trained by her ventriloquism.



**PUPPETS** are her aces. Here she talks to a favorite character, Hush Puppy, a southern-drawling hound.



Under Hitler's bruised and tattered war eagle, Churchill and Alanbrooke drink a toast to their now certain victory along the road to Aachen. U.S. General Simpson is on left.

## THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME

# My war beside—and sometimes against WINSTON CHURCHILL

"Brilliant," "impossible"  
"right," "wrong"  
"nice," "unbearable"  
"optimistic," "gloomy"  
"charming," "rude"  
"an astounding mixture!"



Cairo Conference, 1943.

The soldier who headed the Commonwealth's armed forces in the Second World War continues his memoirs of a great man and how he acted in the midst of great events

Here continue the wartime diaries and subsequent reflections of Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, Chairman of the British Chiefs of Staff Committee—the senior officer of the British Commonwealth's armed forces. The diaries have been edited and annotated by Sir Arthur Bryant and are being published in book form by Collins under the title *Triumph in the West*.

*Passages enclosed in quotation marks are excerpts from the diaries Alanbrooke kept from day to day during the war. Passages in indented type and quotation marks are Alanbrooke's amplifications and afterthoughts on his diaries. Words not enclosed in quotations are Arthur Bryant's.*



## The diaries of FIELD MARSHAL ALANBROOKE as edited by SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

In planning strategy Churchill and Brooke, now Viscount Alanbrooke, were the complement of one another. Churchill's task was to mobilize a whole people, inspire it with his resolve for victory and ensure that its effort was used with maximum force and effect. That of Brooke and his fellow Chiefs of Staff was to bring to the council table first-hand experience of the techniques of modern war and prepared plans which, before they could be translated into action, they had to pit—often for many weeks of argument—against their chief's brilliant, though at times insufficiently thought-out proposals.

It was the essence of Churchill's relationship with his military advisers that he expected them to resist him stoutly while he tried to argue them into courses of which they disapproved—to commit the country to major operations in Sumatra and Burma. This was at the moment when it was pledged to throw all its resources into liberating France and, as a necessary preliminary, to maintaining unremitting pressure in Italy.

♦ **Alanbrooke diary entry:** "Cabinet at 5.30 p.m. We did practically nothing, or at any rate nothing that could not have been finished in an hour. He was convinced that we are finding every excuse we can to avoid doing the Sumatra operation."

♦ **"October 1st.** Meeting with P.M., Chiefs of Staff, Dickie Mountbatten and Pownall. An hour's pitched battle between me and the P.M. on the question of withdrawing troops from the Mediterranean for the Indian Ocean offensive. I was refusing to impair our amphibian potential power in the Mediterranean to equip Mountbatten for ventures in Sumatra. P.M., on the other hand, was prepared to scrap our basic policy and put Japan before Germany. However, I defeated most of his intentions in the end!"

Part of the Prime Minister's eagerness to dissipate Britain's resources on this distant venture, Brooke suspected, sprang from a generous wish to make amends for the wrong done his old colleague, Prince Louis of Battenburg, at the Admiralty thirty years by giving his brilliant son the chance to win his spurs.

It sprang still more from a political motive. For Churchill, who like Brooke had spent his early soldiering years in India, the British Raj exercised an irresistible fascination. With his historic vision he saw its beneficent purpose and achievement in preserving peace and order over a large area of the globe. Before the war he had staked and, as many thought at the time, sacrificed his career in an attempt to oppose the spirit of the age in order to preserve British rule in the sub-continent and maintain the century-old partnership of the Royal Navy and Indian Army in safeguarding the peace of Asia. The succession of disasters suffered by these stabilizing forces at the hands of the Japanese had aroused all his instincts of recoil, and he was resolved at the earliest moment to use the nascent power of Britain to expunge her defeats in the East. For this reason, while wishing to avoid a jungle campaign in the Burmese interior, which he described as "like going into the water to fight a shark," he was demanding operations in the Indian Ocean and off the Burmese coast, in particular in Northern Sumatra, to cut, as he hoped, the enemy's sea communications with Burma. His sense of the far-reaching effects of such a campaign made him reluctant to recognize either its logistical and strategic impracticability or the drain it would make on the Allies' amphibious resources in Europe.

The American president, pursuing a different ideal—that of the co-operation under American leadership of the awakening nations of Asia—also wished to commit Britain to a major Burmese campaign. But it was to be fought, not on the coast, but in the inaccessible mountains of the interior with a view to re-opening the land supply-route to Chiang Kai-shek's China, in whose future and fighting capacity he had an almost mystical faith.

Brooke's view was that without far larger resources in air transport and landing-craft than either the British or Americans could yet assemble in India, neither the amphibious operations in Burma envisaged by the Prime Minister nor the mountain and jungle ones propounded by the Americans had the slightest chance of success. They would merely deflect resources which were urgently required in the Mediterranean if the conditions for a

successful invasion of France in 1944 were to be fulfilled.

The Russians could no more grasp the significance of what Brooke was trying to achieve than the Americans. To the Red Star generals, in their ignorance of amphibious operations, the only really worthwhile way in which their Western allies could help them was to throw the largest possible force across the Channel at the earliest possible moment. That such an operation involved any harder problem than a crossing of the Volga or Dnieper never seemed to occur to them. They continued to blackmail Britain and America by dropping hints that unless a "second front" in France were opened speedily they would be unable to continue the war, demanding a share of the Italian fleet—in whose capture they had played no part—and insisting, in the rudest terms on an immediate resumption of the till now almost suicidally sacrificed Arctic convoys.

♦ **"October 6th.** Our C.O.S. meeting was taken up by examining the situation created by the German attack on Cos island and its capture by them, the P.M.'s anxiety to recapture this wonderful trophy, and the effect of its loss on the proposed operations to capture Rhodes. It is quite clear in my mind that with the commitments we have in Italy we should not undertake serious operations in Aegean.

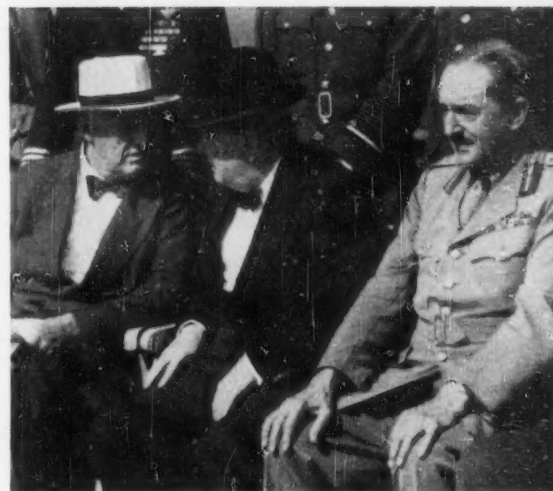
"At 3.15 p.m. we were summoned to a Staff Conference with the P.M. P.M. determined to go for Rhodes without looking at the effects on Italy, refusing to look the implications square in the face. I had a heated argument with him . . ."

♦ **"October 7th.** Another 3 p.m. conference; another one-and-a-half-hours' battle with P.M. to hold on to what I think is right. The same arguments brought up again and again. And then finally sent for at 10.30 p.m. to try and swing me and get me to agree in a tête-à-tête interview. However, I arrived in the middle of an air-raid. As I walked in, Winston was dashing out with Mary, who was on leave, to take her back to her A.A. Battery in Hyde Park. I was whisked off with them. By the time we arrived the raid was over. We walked round the battery position for half-an-hour. Winston started reminiscing and told me this was the very spot Mrs. Everest, his nurse, used to take him to when he was a small boy whilst he was longing the whole time to get back to his soldiers. And now it was a battery position in which his daughter was serving."

♦ **"May 7th. Chequers.** In the morning we went to church with Clemmie and Mary. After lunch did some work and after tea we went for a walk. Dinner was followed by the usual film, after which Winston took me down to the little study where the secretaries work. There he sat by the fire and drank soup. He looked very old and very tired. He said Roosevelt was not well and that he was no longer the man he had been; this, he said, also applied to himself. He said he could still always sleep well, eat well and especially drink well, but that he no longer jumped out of bed the way he used to, and felt as if he would be quite content to spend the whole day in bed. I have never yet heard him admit that he was beginning to fail."

"He was an astounding mixture, could drive you to complete desperation and to the brink of despair for weeks on end, and then he would ask you to spend a couple of hours or so alone with him and would produce the most homely and attractive personality. All that unrelenting tension was temporarily relaxed, he ceased to work himself into one fury or another, and you left him with the feeling that you would do anything within your power to help him to carry the stupendous burden he had shouldered."

♦ **"May 17th.** Started with usual C.O.S. meeting, then P.M. sent for me. He was in bed, obviously very tired, having been up till 3 a.m. at a dinner with Anthony Eden. He was very disturbed at statements made by Humphrey Gale and Graham at the Monday meeting at the St. Paul's School connected with a thousand clerks of the 3rd Echelon and the fact that the invasion catered for one lorry for every five men. It took me three-quarters of an hour to pacify him, and I cursed Gale and Graham and all their ancestors before I had finished." ★



Roosevelt, Churchill and Alanbrooke at the Quebec Conference. "The president was pursuing a different ideal."



A confident Churchill and an anxious Alanbrooke start a journey to the front. "He could drive you to despair."

THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME CONTINUED

## A LION AT BAY



**"I was awakened  
by a series of mournful  
'Hulloo, hulloo, hulloo!'  
I said, 'Who the hell is that?'"**

"November 18th, 1943. Malta. It had been decided last night with the P.M. that we should have a meeting with him at 11 a.m., and that at 2 p.m. he should start off with Alex and me for Italy. This morning all plans were changed. First of all, the P.M. had a cold and, therefore, could not go to Italy; secondly he wanted to have a talk with Alexander in the afternoon, therefore Alex and I could not start for Italy; and thirdly the President had wired that, in view of the fact that security had been violated and the Germans had already published the fact that we were all meeting in Cairo, we should have to find another place. He suggested Khartoum. P.M. suggested Malta, and Gort was horrified at the thought of it. Wires flew in all directions, and I think that in the end we shall be going to Cairo.

"Had a talk of about one hour with Alex in the garden which was good value. We then had our conference with the P.M. in bed, Chiefs of Staff, John Cunningham

Churchill just before his critical bout of pneumonia. "He was dressed in his grey zip suit and vast Mexican hat."





and Tedder. P.M. gave long tirade on evils of Americans and of our losses in the Aegean and Dalmatian coast. He was not at all at his best, and I feel nervous as to the line he may adopt at this conference. He is inclined to say to the Americans, 'All right, if you won't play with us in the Mediterranean, we won't play with you in the English Channel.' And if they say, 'All right, then we shall direct our main effort in the Pacific,' to reply, 'You are welcome to do so if you wish.' I do not think that such tactics will pay."

"Since the strength of the American forces was now building up fast and exceeding ours, Winston hated having to give up the position of the predominant partner which he had held at the start. As a result he became inclined at times to put up strategic proposals which in his heart he knew were unsound, purely to spite the Americans. He was in fact aiming at 'cutting off his nose to spite his face.' It was usually fairly easy to swing him back on to the right line. There lay, however, in the back of his mind the desire to form a purely British theatre when the laurels would be all ours."

✦ **"December 9th, 1943. Cairo.** I was ordered for a tête-à-tête lunch with the P.M. We lunched in the garden; he was looking very tired and said he felt very flat, tired and pains across his loins. However he swatted flies with his flap throughout the lunch and counted their corpses. We discussed command in the Mediterranean. He kept on harping back and repeating details which were of no consequence, and I saw that it was useless in his tired state to discuss large issues."

"Half-way through lunch he asked me whether I did not think I had better be made a Field-Marshal in view of all the responsibility I was carrying! I told him there was nothing I would appreciate more when he considered I deserved it. He said he would speak to the King about it."

"I shall always remember that lunch as a bad nightmare. He was dressed in his grey zip-suit, with zip-shoes, and his vast Mexican hat. We sat amongst the flower beds at a small card-table and were served with an excellent lunch by two Egyptian liveried waiters. He held a fly-whisk in his hand. After two spoonfuls of soup he started discussing the question of the Command of the Mediterranean and said, 'It is all quite simple, there are . . . ' then down came the fly-whisk with a crash, and a fly corpse was collected and placed in a fly mortuary near the corner of the table. He then had two more



Celebrated convalescent in his dragon dressing gown.

spoonfuls of soup and said: 'This is the most delicious soup,' followed by another spoonful. He then started again: 'As I was saying, it is all quite simple, there are just three areas . . . ' Crash, down came the fly-whisk and another corpse was conveyed to the mortuary!

"This procedure went on through most of the lunch, but we never got beyond the 'three areas' before having to convey another fly to the mortuary. The interesting part was that there were not 'three areas' in this problem of command, and yet I knew well that in his present worn-out condition it was quite impossible to make him grasp this fact. I let him go on killing flies, knowing well that there was no possibility of doing any work. I felt desperately anxious about him at that lunch. I began to wonder how near he was to a crash and how serious that crash would be."

"It was most unfortunate that morning that we had come down on the wrong aerodrome, as they took him out of the plane and he sat on his suitcase in a very cold morning wind, looking like nothing on earth. We were then about an hour before we moved on and he was chilled through by then. I felt that a trip to Italy in December with snow and seas of mud, living in cold caravans, would finish him off. I discussed the matter with Moran (Lord Moran, Churchill's physician) who entirely agreed. I therefore tackled Winston in the evening and told him he was wrong in wanting to go to Italy. I granted that the troops would be delighted to see him and that he would enjoy the trip, but said that I did not think he had any right to risk his health in this way when he had such far more important matters in front of him connected with the war. I was beginning to make a little progress, and then I foolishly said: 'And what is more, Moran entirely agrees with me.' He rose up on the elbow in his bed, shook his fist in my face and said: 'Don't you get in league with that bloody old man!'"

"After that there was no alternative but to leave the matter alone for a bit."

✦ **"December 12th. Carthage.** I was dog-tired last night and sleeping like a log at 4 a.m. when I was woken by a raucous voice re-echoing through the room with a series of mournful, 'Hullo, Hullo, Hullo!' When I had woken sufficiently I said, 'Who the hell is that,' and switched on my torch. To my dismay I found the P.M. in his dragon dressing-gown, with a brown bandage wrapped round his head, wandering about in my room. He said he was looking for Lord Moran and that he had a bad headache. I led him to Moran's room and retired back to bed. But for the next hour the whole house resounded with the noise of people waking up and running round. This morning on getting up I discovered that the P.M. had a temperature of about 102 deg., and is not in a good way at all. Moran is uncertain as to what the trouble is but is anxious to get him home as quickly as possible. I asked Moran what he diagnosed the trouble was. He said that as far as he could judge at present it might be another go of pneumonia or it might just be a case of flu. I asked him what he would require if it was a case of pneumonia and he replied that in that case he would have to have a pathologist, two nurses and a portable X-ray set. I asked him where these would have to come from and he said the two former from Cairo and the latter probably from Algiers. I told him these would take some time to get and that we should wire at once for them; if it was pneumonia we should never forgive ourselves for having wasted twenty-four hours."

✦ **"January 5th.** A C.O.S. meeting at which we were employed trying to sort out a tangle existing in the Mediterranean. Most of the difficulties are caused by the P.M. at Marrakesh convalescing and trying to run the war from there. The latest suggestion arrived tonight is that I should fly out to Marrakesh for a conference this week-end with Alexander, Bedell Smith, etc."

✦ **"January 7th.** A difficult C.O.S. meeting as Winston sitting in Marrakesh is now full of beans. As a result a three-cornered flow of telegrams in all directions is gradually resulting in utter confusion. I wish to God that he would come home and get under control." ★

## Churchill and "that bastard thing"



"Sawyers, you fool, cut off the damned thing!"

**"November 13th. Besançon.** Woke to find the whole country we were traveling through covered with snow. And a grey morning with snow falling fast."

"We arrived in Besançon well up to schedule by 10 a.m. There we were met by General de Lattre, the *Préfet*, the mayor and a mass of other officials. Outside the station a band, a guard of honor and a large crowd. We solemnly stood in the snow whilst most of 'God Save the King,' the 'Stars and Stripes' (*sic*) and 'La Marseillaise' were played through."

"As we arrived in the station which was filled with generals, bands, guards of honor and dignitaries of every description, Winston was expected to alight from the train gracefully. However, at this moment Winston was still only half dressed, and as he completed his toilet, a process that lasted a full quarter of an hour, General de Lattre and all his comrades were rapidly being converted into Father Xmas! Finally Winston emerged in the dining-carriage dressed as an airman. There Sawyers, his valet, proceeded to adjust his coat whilst he admired the general effect in the glass. At the correct moment Sawyers handed him from behind the two ends of the belt. This produced a thunderstorm of abuse: 'Sawyers, you damned fool, why have you not removed that bastard! You know I never want that bastard round me again! Cut off the damned thing!' Mary was standing beside me at the door that led into the corridor, and, not knowing what further language the paternal anger might produce, withdrew gracefully down the corridor with a smile."

"Finally and at last Winston was ready and out he stepped into the snow with a smile on his face, large cigar, and his coat no longer adorned by that 'bastard thing.'" ★

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Churchill on the Rhine. "The bridge had been broken but Winston at once started scrambling along it. I honestly believe that he would have liked to be killed on the front at this moment of success."

THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME CONTINUED

## A great warrior goes to visit the front

"June 10th, 1944. The P.M. had called me up, stating he proposed to visit Monty on Monday and wanted me to come with him. Smuts also coming. We are to leave by train on Sunday night and make an early start by destroyer on Monday."

On receipt of this information Montgomery sent a telegram to Brooke: "Note that you and P.M. coming over Monday 12th June. Will meet you and give you full picture. Roads not — repeat — not one hundred percent safe owing to enemy snipers, including women. Much enemy bombing between dusk and dawn. Essential P.M. should go only where I take him, and you must get away from here in early evening. Am very satisfied with progress of operations."

♦ "June 12th. I drove to Ascot station where I picked up the P.M.'s train."

"We continually passed convoys of landing-craft, mine sweepers, bits of floating breakwater (Phoenixes) being towed out, parts of the floating piers (Whales), etc., and, overhead, a continuous flow of aeroplanes going to and coming from France. It was a wonderful moment to find myself re-entering France almost exactly four years after being thrown out, for the second time, at St. Nazaire. Floods of memories came back of my last trip of despair, and those long four years of work and anxiety at last crowned by the success of a re-entry into France."

"Monty met us on the beach with a team of jeeps

which we got into and drove off on the Courseulles-Bayeux road to about half-way to the latter place. There we found Monty's H.Q. and he gave us an explanation on the map of his dispositions and plans."

"After lunch we returned to Courseulles and did a trip along the sea-front."

"Close by was a monitor with 14 in. gun firing away into France. Winston said he had never been on one of His Majesty's ships engaging the enemy and insisted on going aboard. Luckily we could not climb up owing to seaweed on the bulges, as it would have been a very noisy entertainment had we succeeded. Then we returned to our destroyer and went right back to the east end of the beach where several ships were bombarding the



Germans. Winston wanted to take part in the war and was longing to draw some retaliation. However, the Boche refused to take any notice of any of the rounds we fired. We therefore started back."

♣ "July 19th. 9.30. P.M. sent for me. I found him in bed in a new blue and gold dressing-gown but in an unholy rage! What was Monty doing dictating to him; he had every right to visit France when he wanted? Who was Monty to stop him? As Defense Minister he had full right to visit any front he wanted! Haig had always allowed him in the last war when he was Minister of Munitions. He would not stand it. He would make it a matter of confidence, etc., etc. I found it hard to discover what the trouble was, or to put in a word edge-ways. At last I discovered that Eisenhower had told him that Monty has asked not to have any visitors during the next few days, and the P.M. had argued out that Monty had aimed this restriction mainly at him. Nothing that I could say would make him believe otherwise . . .

"I assured him that I could put the whole matter right in five minutes with Monty and left him. Tedder had very kindly lent me his plane in which I had an excellent crossing to an improvised landing-strip near Monty's H.Q.

"I had a long talk with Monty. First I put matter of P.M.'s visit right by getting Monty to write a note to P.M., telling him he did not know that he wanted to come and inviting him. Then warned him of tendency of P.M. to listen to suggestions that Monty played for safety and was not prepared to take risks."

"Got back to flat to find a letter from Secretary of State showing that P.M. had been unbearable all day on the question of Monty trying to dictate to him. He (P.M.) had finally drafted a letter which he wanted S. of S. to send to Eisenhower notifying him of the intended visit of the P.M. and of the fact that he would not see Monty. S. of S. called me up on the telephone.

I told him what I had done, and while we were talking he received a message from the P.M. stating that the letter to Eisenhower was not to be sent.

"Shortly afterwards P.M. called me up and said that he was delighted with Monty's letter and felt rather ashamed of himself for all he had said."

"Winston had never been very fond of Monty; when things went well he put up with him, when they did not he at once became 'your Monty.' Just as this time Eisenhower had been expressing displeasure and accusing Monty of being sticky, of not pushing sufficiently on the Caen front with the British whilst he made the Americans do the attacking on the right. Winston was inclined to listen to these complaints.

"When I saw Monty I asked him what he was doing stopping the P.M. from coming to France. He assured me that he was doing nothing of the kind. I then told him that whether he was or not did not matter, but the important thing was that the P.M. was certain he was.

"Monty then told me that Stimson had visited Bradley's H.Q. and had remained with him so long that orders for an attack could not be got out, and the attack had to be postponed for twenty-four hours. Monty had therefore asked Ike to stop visitors for the present. This message had been passed on to the P.M. by Ike.

"I, therefore, told Monty to go into his caravan and to write a letter to the P.M. on the following lines: 'The C.I.G.S. has just informed me that you are under the impression that I am trying to stop you from coming to France. This is the very last thing I should do, and I will always welcome your visits. I shall always have a caravan available for you, and if my duties prevent me from coming round with you personally, I shall always have a staff officer at your disposal. I only hope you will pay me a visit soon.'

"The letter worked like magic. I think Winston had forgotten that I had gone to France when he

called up and said: 'I have had such a nice letter from Monty; he wants me to come to France whenever I like, he will meet me himself when he can, if not he will have a staff officer at my disposal, and he will also always have a caravan at my disposal.'

♣ **The Rhine at Wesel**—"the greatest water obstacle in Western Europe"—was five hundred yards wide, and a million men had been assembled to cross it. Facing them was the flower of what remained of Hitler's Western Army. That he should be present was the Prime Minister's intense desire and, after his disappointment over D-Day, he did not mean to be thwarted. Brooke, who in military matters was nearer him than any other man, was well aware of this. Immediately after their return from Germany he had written to Montgomery.

"As regards the P.M.'s proposals for his next visit, do not take this matter too light-heartedly; there are seeds of serious trouble ahead. In his mind you stopped him before the start of Overlord visiting troops, you tried to stop him in Normandy, and now you are attempting to do so again! Note that I said 'in his mind'; but that is the important point, as when he gets such ideas nothing on earth can get them out.

"He is determined to come out for the crossing of the Rhine and is now talking of going up in a tank! I feel the safest way would be to find some reasonably secure view-point (not too far back or there will be hell to pay) to which he can be taken and from which he can see and have explained what is happening.

To this Montgomery replied:

"P.M. If he is determined to come out for the Battle of the Rhine, I think there is only one course of action: and that is to ask him to stay with me in my camp. I shall then be able to keep an eye on him and see that he goes only where he will bother no one. I have written him a letter; Simpson will show it to you; it should please the old boy!"

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Churchill lunches on the Rhine with Alanbrooke and Montgomery. "Winston then became a little troublesome and wanted to go messing about on the crossings and we had some difficulty in keeping him back."





Surrounded by hairdressing trophies, author Mary Burnell tells brunette Vancouver housewife Ethel McCormick she'd make a pretty blond.

## My four lives as a hairdresser



Like many customers, Mrs. McCormick shows the author a movie star's picture and asks, "Can you fix it like this?"

While I'm turning brunettes into blonds and blonds into redheads, my customers expect me also to be marriage counselor psychologist and confessor. They tell me things they wouldn't tell their husbands



## "No one talks of 'dyed' hair; we tint it"

By MARY BURNELL

as told to RAY GARDNER

A FRIEND OF MINE once asked me why it is that most hairdressers seem to color their hair. "Because," I replied, "most of them have turned grey." I was being flippant, of course, but I do sometimes wonder why all of us in the hairdressing business haven't gone grey long ago.

Now don't misunderstand me, I'm not implying that the women we work on are a bunch of Neurotic Nellies. Certainly we do have our troubles with some of them, but, oddly enough, it's the husbands who, if you'll pardon the expression, really get in our hair.

I long ago decided that even though a lot of women may wear the pants in the family, it's the husband who tells *them* how to wear their hair. I've heard of more than one husband who has taken off like a rocket when the wife he's known all these years as a brunette suddenly appears before him as a blond.

Take the case of one of my customers, a pretty girl whose hair turned grey while she was still in her early twenties. Even the children in her block noticed it and called her "the young woman with the old hair." It upset her terribly. Obviously, the solution to her problem was a color job.

At this point, enter the villain: the husband. He said, "No!" Why? Well, it took some prying on my part to get the answer, but get it I did. The husband had his own hair problem: he was going prematurely bald. He told her that if he had to go through life with *no* hair, the least she could do was tough it out with him by staying grey. They'd grow old together quickly, if not gracefully.

I've been dressing women's hair for seventeen years. For five of those years I worked at the Hotel Vancouver where the clientele ran the gamut from shopgirls to celebrities, including even the occasional movie star. One of these was Susan Hayward and I remember her not only because of her fame but because she had such luxurious hair—perhaps the most beautiful hair I've ever laid hands on.

For the past five years I've operated my own beauty salon, in Burnaby, a suburb of Vancouver. Most of my customers now are teen-agers, working girls and housewives. They slip through my fingers—and those of my three operators—at the rate of roughly five thousand a year.

I've been lucky enough to win several trophies for hair styling, among them the most coveted in the province—the Master's Award of the Hairdressers' Association of British Columbia. But the sweetest victory I ever scored was not in any competition; it was over a husband.

The woman of the story was a little bit of a thing who didn't stand over five feet. Yet, in spite of this, she wore her hair as long as Snow White's and the effect was to make her look like one of the seven dwarfs. I told her so many times but she'd never let me cut it because, as she confessed, her husband wouldn't allow it.

Then one day, out of the blue, she told me to style her hair as I pleased. "What about your husband?" I asked. "Oh, him!" she replied, scornfully. "He won't even see it. We've separated." So I went ahead and when I had finished she looked as cute as a pixie.

That night she went to a cocktail bar with a woman friend and chanced to meet her husband there. He

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10.00 A.M.

Before starting to tint Mrs. McCormick's hair, the author shows her the proposed color in a wig.



10.30 A.M.

Mrs. McCormick decides on a style and tint. The transformation begins with a heavy layer of goo.



2.30 P.M.

Four hours later, the customer is a blond. Large curlers don't curl but give a soft, puffed look.

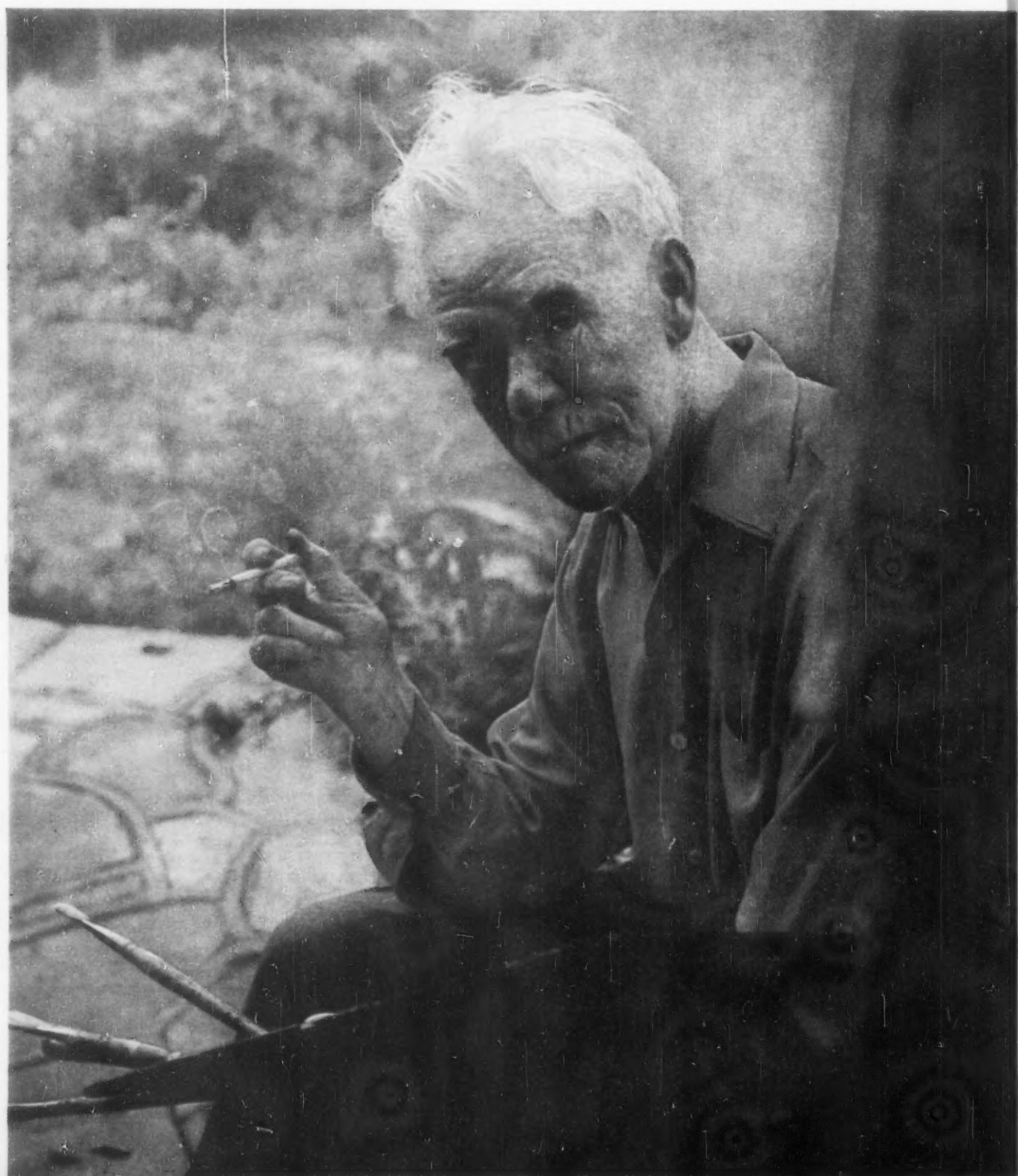


5.45 P.M.

Mr. McCormick is visibly moved. When the first shock wears off, says Mary, most men like tints.



*At seventy-eight, Varley has the vitality and enthusiasms of a youth. A woman admirer says, "It's a sort of ugly beautiful face."*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
PAUL ROCKETT



# VARLEY

BY  
McKENZIE  
PORTER

**He lives like the fabled and unfettered**

**Gulley Jimson and paints like an angel;**

**he has given away sketches that are now**

**worth many hundreds of dollars; collectors**

**believe he has a surer insight for women's**

**faces, bodies and souls than any other Canadian artist living or dead**



This sketch, *Head of a Girl*, is owned by the National Gallery.

FREDERICK HORSMAN VARLEY, of Toronto, Ottawa, Vancouver and Montreal, is looked upon by many connoisseurs not only as Canada's greatest painter but as one of the world's leading portrayers of women's bodies and souls. Some art experts who know Varley socially suspect that he is also the model on which the late Joyce Cary based the character of Gulley Jimson in a best-selling novel entitled *The Horse's Mouth*.

Although Varley scoffs when his own life of poverty, fecklessness and brilliance is compared with the fictitious tragedies and triumphs of Gulley Jimson's dedication to art, it is possibly because he cannot see himself as others

see him. This theory is strengthened by a glance at Varley's two self-portraits, which are probably the poorest likenesses he ever achieved.

His strongest resemblance to Gulley Jimson lies in the fact that he is an unmistakable leftover from the classical Bohemian traditions of nineteenth century painting. At seventy-eight Varley still dresses in colorful corduroys and shaggy shirts; still indulges in bouts of wine, women and song; still doesn't care where his next nickel is coming from; and still draws and paints with the touch of a master.

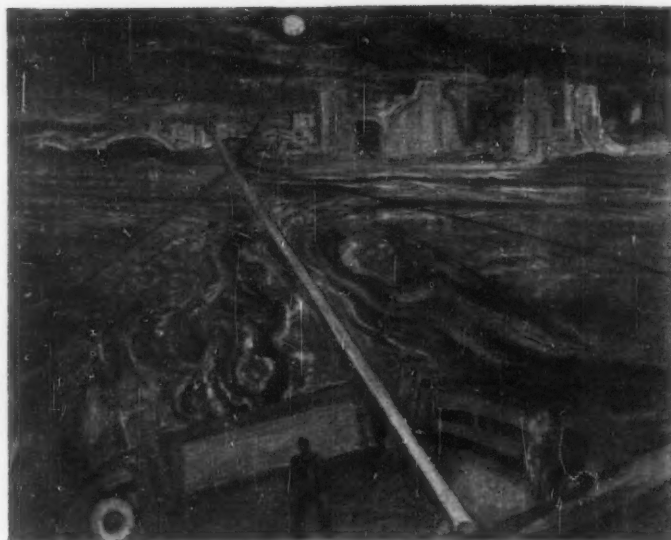
Penury has stalked Varley all his life yet, like Gulley Jimson, he has never allowed cash considerations to influ-

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



This portrait, Vera, is a painting of the woman Varley calls "the greatest single influence in my life."

Lynn Valley, painted north of Vancouver, is one of the infrequent Varley landscapes. He much prefers figures.



Night Ferry, painted in Vancouver, shows Varley's concern with mood and effect rather than with photographic accuracy.

Nude on couch is owned by Charles S. Band, a Toronto financier who has the largest private collection of Varley's work.





## VARLEY CONTINUED

ence his art. When in the Twenties he was commissioned to execute a portrait of Alice, the late wife of the former Governor General Vincent Massey, Varley painted what he saw, "delivering up his subject," in the words of a contemporary, "to her enemies." Mrs. Massey insisted that Varley should change the expression he had given her, and when she persisted in face of his demur, the artist suddenly forgot his much needed fee and slashed the canvas to ribbons with a palette knife.

From palette to canvas Varley transports oils and water colors in a virile bravura style, imparting spirit to his sitters' faces with unexpected daubs of green and blue.

With the pencil or charcoal Varley's economy of line is celebrated. His women's heads convey the most fleeting subtleties of mood and his nudes push out so much life from their contours that they appear to be three dimensional.

Franklin Arbuckle, the Toronto painter, says: "Varley's draftsmanship is his outstanding quality. All his paintings are hung on the skeleton of a drawing. As a colorist he is in one sense unique. Most of his pictures, either figures or landscapes, are characterized by a daring use of a breathtaking rose pink, a rose pink that simply sings out at you."

Arbuckle believes that Varley is "only a minor master," but many other painters and collectors contend that Varley has immortalized his name. Frances-Anne Johnston, Arbuckle's wife, and a talented painter herself, differs from her husband in her view that Varley's women's heads are "better" than Augustus John's. "Varley's observation is superb," she says, "and his power is immense."

Arthur Lismer, the Montreal artist, thinks that "Varley's female nudes knock Renoir's into a cocked hat." R. York Wilson, the Toronto painter, says: "Varley is no longer identified as a Canadian painter. His canvases now sell all over the world. He belongs to international art and his work is compared favorably with that of Gauguin." Charles S. Band, a wealthy Toronto collector believes that Varley is undoubtedly the greatest painter we have ever had in Canada. "Many of his paintings today," says Band, "sell for five to ten thousand dollars. Charcoal sketches he sold a few years ago for twenty-five and fifty dollars are now changing hands at five hundred to a thousand dollars. Some of his works, especially those in the National Gallery at Ottawa and the Toronto Art Gallery, will become priceless the moment he dies."

Varley's survival to the age of nearly eighty is a source of amazement to a doctor at Unionville, Ontario. In this old-fashioned village, fifteen miles northeast of Toronto, Varley now lives in a gracious nineteenth-century house with his latest patrons, a retired chemist and his wife named Donald and Kathie McKay. A few months ago, during one of his periodic drinking bouts, Varley fell downstairs and remained unconscious for two days. Then suddenly he recovered, with his customary resilience, and in a state of glee telephoned friends to describe the accident as a great joke. The doctor said: "Varley is a walking miracle. No other man of his age could live so hard and get away with it."

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A drawing called simply Nude is — like much of his work — a sort of visual love song.



Bernie Braden shows author Gray a tiny Rodin sculpture, "the only really good thing we have." Their home is most "lived-in."

## FAMOUS FAMILIES AT HOME



The three Braden children — Christopher (left) Kelly (between Bernie and Barb) and young Kim (right) — are individuals but "quite unspoiled, normal."



# The Bradens



The Bradens say their success on the BBC was partly because of their accents — impossible to "categorize."

Bernie and Barbara went from a great success here in show business to a greater one in England; they still bounce as happily as ever among the ups and downs and their equally bouncy children love it too

By John Gray PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT HARDY

IN THE SPRING of 1949 one of Canada's most successful show business couples, Barbara Kelly and Bernard Braden, left Canada to try their luck in England. They had saved a substantial amount of money to see them through what they assumed would be a lean period. As insurance Bernie had a one-year contract with the CBC for a daily taped radio program, *Bernie Braden Tells a Story*. While they had worked extensively in Canadian radio (there was no Canadian TV ten years ago) the Bradens were anxious to widen their experience. They had come to England, Bernie said, "to try television and films — and then go back home. You can't work too long away from your roots."

The Bradens were an immediate hit in Great Britain. Except for occasional visits they haven't been back to Canada since.

Within a year Bernie had impressed himself on both the newspaper columnists (who called him prow-jawed, ruffle-topped, lean, hatchet-faced, *The Man of the Year*), and on millions of listeners to the British Broadcasting Corporation. You could have Breakfast with Braden, and later, Bedtime with Braden, and still later, Barbara With Braden. He played stage roles, beginning with Mitch in the London production of Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He made films. Relations between Braden and the BBC grew so cordial that one wag suggested that BBC stood for Bernard Braden Club.

Meanwhile, his wife Barbara was carving out her own little Cinderella story. She too worked in films, on the stage, in radio and finally the panel of a new television show called *What's My Line?* *What's My Line?* became a national institution in Great Britain, and Barbara Kelly a national personality.

By 1951 the Bradens were being touted as the television Couple of The Year. But even as early as that a critic on London's *Daily Mail* hinted at the great hazard facing all TV performers. He thought they were on the air too often for their own good. "Will nothing," he wrote, "save Mr.

Braden from Mr. Braden? I've tried, and failed." Bernie allowed he didn't like critics and went on to further triumphs.

But when I visited the Bradens this summer they were both out of work. This is a statement that needs to be taken in context.

They had just made a film called *Jet Stream*. In the spring they were both starred in a new American play called *The Gimmick* that toured the provinces but didn't make it into London's West End. Bernie had recently filmed a series of fifteen-minute short stories for TV in which he is seen in the principal role and plays all the other characters as voices. His last major BBC series, eighteen months ago, was an experimental comedy TV half-hour that got mixed reactions. "The audience was pretty evenly divided over it," Bernie said. "Fifty percent of them didn't like it and the other half hated it." Barbara, after almost five years on *What's My Line?*, had voluntarily resigned. "I had to decide whether I would sit on that chair and grow old or go back to my profession, which is acting," she said.

The Bradens are in no sense destitute. But working in a field in which your reputation depends on your last job, and with their last job receding into the past, they are thinking seriously about the future.

As Bernie put it: "People in our business should know precisely what they are going to be doing during the next six months, and we don't."

There are things he would like to be doing. One is to co-produce and star in *Royalty is Royalty*, a new play by W. O. Mitchell based on Mitchell's *Jake and The Kid* characters. It concerns a grand mix-up that develops over a Royal Visit to Crocus, Saskatchewan. But even these plans were being held up this summer.

"There's a certain anti-Canadian feeling around at the moment," Bernie explained, "and *Royalty is Royalty* isn't likely to help that. Just to show you what it's like, I got a letter the other day from a woman who said she'd written me five years

ago to say how much she objected to my being chosen one of the BBC commentators for the Coronation. Now she was writing to say she knew she'd been right about me in the first place. Just look at the way those nasty Canadians were treating the Queen on her visit."

To add to the general confusion while I was there, the Bradens were preparing to move from the fifteen-room country house they had lived in for nine years. They have now squeezed themselves into a ten-room flat in central London.

While not as roomy as the country place, it is closer to schools and more convenient for entertaining. The material rewards in modern show business are substantial, and while Barbara retained the cook, the maid and a secretary in London, she let the gardener and the housekeeper go. On the other hand, she now employs a wardrobe mistress to take care of her clothes.

While this makes the Braden establishment sound like that of a Toronto mining magnate, the fact is their life is both casual and homey. They have never allowed the somewhat hectic life they lead to interfere with their family activity. When touring in *The Gimmick*, for example, they managed to spend almost every weekend with the kids, leaving for home right after their Saturday performance.

The Bradens are serious parents. While their three children, Christopher, sixteen, Kelly, fifteen, and Kim, ten, are each as individual as either Barbara or Bernie, they are quite unspoiled, a pleasure to meet and talk with. They lead normal lives — which seem very attractive when compared with much of the teen-age activity one sees in Canada. Kim is a little pixie, an expert horse woman, and crazy about ballet. Kelly is the clown of the family.

"One of the problems with Kelly," Bernie said at one point, "is that she got off to a bad start. She was the only one born in Toronto."

"I'm going to beat you up," Kelly said. "You've got the weight for it," her father replied.

So, Kelly, who has the weight, beat him up. Christopher, slim and **continued on page 96**

Little Kim, an expert horsewoman, is also crazy about ballet. She goes to a school that gives her lessons.





Was last spring's showing a fluke? Imlach could have played cozy this year by hiring a new coach and staying on as general manager. He's still both.

## How Punch Imlach set the Leafs on fire

In three mad months last season, this bald, brash one-time bank clerk begged and bullied his last-place Leafs into the Stanley Cup final with a strange gospel that defies analysis. Can he cast his spell this year?

by Trent Frayne

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRYN TACONIS

A year ago George (Punch) Imlach was an obscure, newly-hired assistant general manager to a non-existent general manager in the confused hierarchy of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Three months later he was the general manager, had personally fired the coach and appointed himself as the replacement, and was one of the most uncontrollably optimistic barkers ever to make a pitch for the sleepy show inside, in this case the lethargic, last-place Leafs. And three months after that Imlach was a practising prophet, the newest miracle man in hockey, a minor Moses who had led the Leafs out of the darkest period in their history.

Few people who own a television set or have a nodding acquaintance with the sports

pages are unaware that Imlach and the Leafs were dead last after sixty games of the National Hockey League's seventy-game schedule. Then they won their last five games to vault past the staggering New York Rangers and the stagnant Detroit Red Wings into the fourth and last play-off position. For the next three weeks they played the classic role of aroused underdogs. They eliminated the Boston Bruins in seven semi-final games, and declined to be chased out of the rink by the awesome balance of the Montreal Canadiens in the final.

Montreal won, four games to one, but that margin was sufficiently flattering that from one coast to the other the talk was not of the unprecedented fourth straight Stanley Cup

for the Canadiens but of Toronto's return to respectability and of the man who set them on fire, Imlach.

Today, with Imlach launched into his first full season as house thinker at Maple Leaf Gardens, a number of questions confront the legions who fill the Toronto team's playpen game in and game out: (a) Was Imlach responsible for the surge? (b) If he was, how did he succeed where three predecessors had failed? and (c) Having done it, can he do it again?

The answers to (a) and (c) are relatively simple. On the evidence, they appear to be yes, he was responsible for the Leafs' resurgence last spring, and likely, he can do it again. But (b), namely **continued on page 50**



Imlach exhorts the team between periods. "If they think they can win, they will," he says.





Brome Lake ducks walk their last mile. Scientists say well-liked foods like fowl and beef may have to give way to ocean growths.



The science of genetics is producing plants that yield larger fruit more quickly.

## Can science win the coming battle against starvation?

With world population jumping by fifty millions a year, our present food production will be hopelessly inadequate within forty years. Scientists are racing the clock to find new foods and better ways of growing what we eat now

BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

TO MOST CANADIANS and other well-fed people, the Malthusian theory — named for Thomas Robert Malthus, an English economist — has always been a long yawn. Malthus said a little more than a century ago that the world would soon produce more people than it could feed, but the industrial revolution was supposed to have made him a wrong guesser.

Today's scientists are beginning to fear Malthus was a prophet after all. They have only to look at India, where ninety-eight percent of the population hasn't enough to eat and where about a hundred children are born every minute. The scientists say the problem wouldn't be solved simply by shipping some of North America's surplus wheat to Asia. India alone could absorb six hundred large shiploads of grain every year even now.

The real need, scientists believe, is more money for all the research programs now under way to make more


plants and animals yield more food in less time. Some researchers are experimenting with possible new sources of food, things like algae and plankton, slimy, unappetizing sea growths that humans don't yet eat. With world population increasing by fifty millions a year, we may have to get used to it.

The International Institute of Agriculture in Rome has estimated that the world has about thirteen billion acres suitable for food production. Since it takes about two and a half acres to feed one person adequately for one year, this limits world population to a little over five billion non-hungry people. At the present rate of increase, this limit will be reached before the end of this century.

At the recent International Botanical Congress at Montreal, four thousand botanists expressed growing alarm about the future. Dr. E. C. Stakmann, of the University of Minnesota, said, **continued on page 77**







# Put away your bugle, soldier

**ARMISTICE DAY.** *And a memory leaps*

*as clear as the bugle's lament—a memory of a girl named Joan,  
a long-ago war*

*and an old man who needed a light in his loneliness*

**A story by P.B. HUGHES**

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

**S**tand to your bugle, soldier, so that the thing may be finished, and let us go away now and be done with remembering for another year. We are old men; we are not the gigantic figures you summon out of the years with cadences of words, beat of drum and clatter of arms, and the rustle of the November wind among the leaves. For a little while we were the comrades of the heroes to whom you dedicate this hour, but now we are chilled and stiff of limb and could do with a drop of spirits. For us, it is not reality you recall. All this was in our youth, long ago, and the strings are broken on which you would have us pluck out a music in tune with yours.

"Forget it not," your parson said, "there be things such as love and honor and the soul of man, which cannot be bought with a price, and do not die with death."

It is a verse for the young, for those who are young enough to understand its truth, young

enough not to care whether it is true or not. Something like it was said to us on the afterdeck of a transport come to anchor on the Mersey tide, off Birkenhead, when we waited to disembark before the winter on Salisbury Plain forty-five years ago. Now we are not sure what is true any more, except the need for comfort and warmth, for a little learning to make up for our failing comprehension — and yes, by God, the need for a drink. Let your bugle play out its keening song! Dismiss this sorry party of veterans, and let us go away!

"Forget it not," eh? I am put in mind of another parson, our own Mr. Adams in Trafalgar Township, him I listened to as a boy so often I could repeat a half dozen of his sermons to this day, speaking in the very accent he brought with him from his native Argyll.

"Beware a false tongue!" That was a favorite. "To every man comes a **continued on page 46**

"She kissed me solemnly and she answered yes, and forever, and at once, for you did not have long engagements in wartime because you might not live long," Tom,

Parson Adams' son, hadn't lived long. And now that the war was over, why not let the old man think it was his son who had won the girl, had been happy for a while?



# Sweet & sour

The daffy distaff side dissected

## FASHIONABLE CONTRADICTION



She curled her hair,



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Rouged her cheeks,  
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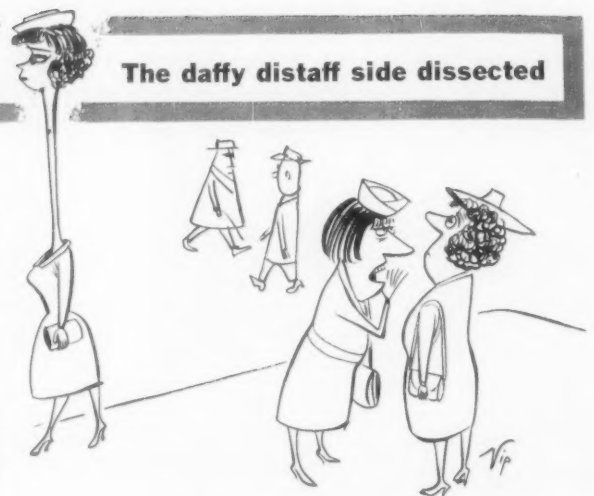


And out she went —  
CHEWING GUM!

## On the subject of gossip

On the subject of gossip, we women  
Do not accept for a minute  
The fact that all women repeat it—  
Some of us like to begin it!

MAY RICHSTONE



"Did you know she had her face lifted?"

## HATS



"Madame looks lousy in that."



"LET IT SHOW!"



"I'm sure finding things out since I've been retired."

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## And how do you like your steak?

### **RARE**

Broil 5 minutes each side

### **MEDIUM**

Broil 6 minutes each side

### **WELL DONE**

Broil 8 minutes each side

Steaks should be about 1½ to 2 inches thick, "marbled" with tiny veins of fat. Before broiling, season with salt and pepper (and, if you wish, garlic salt). Brush lightly with Margene Margarine.

**Oven-broil**—preheat broiler, place steak on a greased rack and broil 3 inches below heat.

**Pan-broil**—preheat a heavy frypan, lightly brush steak with Margene and place in pan, broil over moderate heat. **Charcoal-broil**—make

ready a bed of coals; place steak on rack about 6 inches from heat. A quick way to test steak for just right "doneness" is to make a small cut in the centre. And a reliable way to make sure you get the best "beginnings" for *any* meal is to buy by the "CP" mark. It pledges finest quality in every product we offer. It is our promise that we bring you ingredients at their best. So you can serve good food at your table—the way *you* like it.





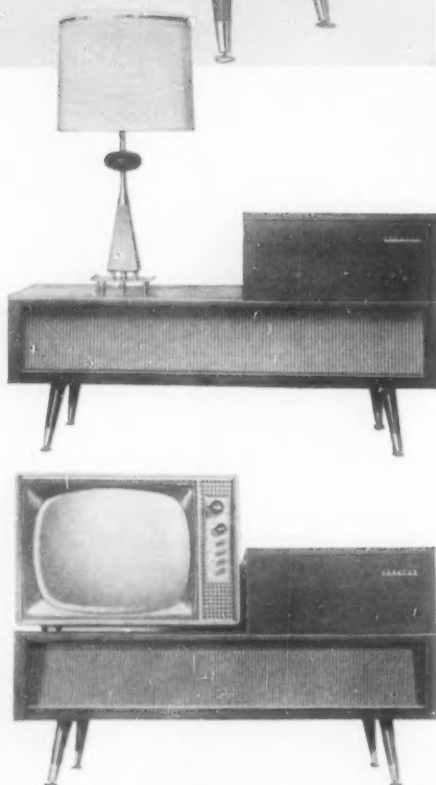
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# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

### BEST BET



**PILLOW TALK:** Rock Hudson, solemn as a moose in most of his previous screen appearances, unexpectedly emerges as a skilled *farceur* in this gay and clever Hollywood comedy. His role is that of a wolf-about-town who pretends to be a chivalrous Texan named Rex Stetson while plotting the downfall of Doris Day, the girl who shares his telephone party line. The screenplay by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin is loaded with funny dialogue but director Michael Gordon never allows the clowning to become strained. Tony Randall and Thelma Ritter add to the fun.

**THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE:** Bernard Shaw's comedy-drama about the Revolutionary War in America is only intermittently satisfying in this film version. It's worth seeing, though, for the sake of Sir Laurence Olivier's flawless work as "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne of the British forces. With Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

**THE MAGICIAN:** A brilliant Swedish production bearing the imprint of Ingmar Bergman, one of the few really individual directors in the profession. A wry parable of good and evil, it tells of the adventures of a touring company of fake sorcerers in the rural Sweden of a century ago.

**ON THE BEACH:** Stanley Kramer's production of the Nevil Shute novel powerfully haunts the mind despite several obvious and irritating gaps and weaknesses in its story development. It deals with the slow dying-out of the remnants of the human race—all of them in Australia—after atomic warfare in 1964 has depopulated the rest of the world. With Fred Astaire (notably good in a non-dancing role), Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck.

**A SUMMER PLACE:** A steady onslaught of "adult" dialogue and some expert acting performances fail to disguise the essential banality of this overlong Hollywood soap-opera, based on the Sloan Wilson novel. Two generations of illicit lovers are depicted by Richard Egan and Dorothy McGilro (the seniors) and the teen-throb team of Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue.

**YESTERDAY'S ENEMY:** The shooting of innocent hostages—Burmese villagers—in order to obtain vital information from an enemy agent is a martial decision made by a British officer (Stanley Baker) in a British drama which may well enrage customers who still imagine war is a sporting contest. I found it a strong, plausible story. Rating: good.

### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**Anatomy of a Murder:** Courtroom drama. Excellent.

**Aparajito:** Bengal drama. Good.

**Ask Any Girl:** Comedy. Good.

**The Bat:** Mystery melodrama. Poor.

**Beat Generation:** Crime melodrama. Fair.

**The Blue Angel:** Drama. Good—but inferior to 1930 original.

**Blue Denim:** Drama. Fair.

**The Bridal Path:** British comedy. Good.

**But Not for Me:** Comedy. Good.

**Carlton-Browne of the F.O.:** British comedy. Good.

**Darby O'Gill and the Little People:** Comic fantasy. Fair.

**The F.B.I. Story:** G-man drama. Good.

**The Five Pennies:** Biog-musical. Good.

**For the First Time:** Mario Lanza in songs and sob. Fair.

**The Heart of a Man:** Comedy. Fair.

**A Hole in the Head:** Comedy. Good.

**It Started With a Kiss:** "Naughty" comedy. Good.

**Last Train From Gun Hill:** Suspense western. Good.

**Legend of Tom Dooley:** Drama. Good.

**Look Back in Anger:** Drama. Good.

**The Man Who Couldn't Talk:** Courtroom drama. Fair.

**Middle of the Night:** Drama. Fair.

**Miracle of the Hills:** "Inspirational" western. Fair.

**North by Northwest:** Comedy thriller by Hitchcock. Excellent.

**The Nun's Story:** Drama. Excellent.

**Porgy and Bess:** Music-drama. Good.

**Port Chop Hill:** War drama. Good.

**Power Among Men:** Documentary about atom-age co-operation. Excellent.

**A Private's Affair:** Comedy. Fair.

**Room at the Top:** Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.

**Sapphires:** British whodunit. Fair.

**Say One for Me:** Comedy-drama. Fair.

**The Scapegoat:** Drama. Fair.

**ID Seconds to Kill:** Suspense. Fair.

**That Kind of Woman:** Drama. Fair.

**The 30-Foot Bride of Candy Rock:** Science-fiction farce. Poor.

**Tiger Bay:** Suspense drama. Good.

**The World, the Flesh and the Devil:** Atom-survival drama. Fair.

**Yellowstone Kelly:** Western. Good.



# LOOK WHAT'S NEW FOR YOU IN THE '60 LARK

WORLD'S FIRST & ONLY FULL LINE OF NEW DIMENSION CARS—V-8 OR 6 SIX STUNNING STYLES, including the pert, perky ALL NEW CONVERTIBLE—the only one of its kind; and the easy-entry ALL NEW 4-DOOR WAGON for fun 'n' chores—smaller outside, with full cargo space inside, the most stylish wagon of all. ➤ Also a whole New Dimension in family car QUALITY, with new appointments, new luxury throughout. In addition, the most money-saving V-8 on the road (or the super-economy six). ➤ All this in the car that's been PROVEN FOR VALUE by 750 million miles of carefree owner use! ➤ Car of the year! Drive it!

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mileage. Both engines turn in peak performance on regular gas.

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LOVE THAT*  
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BY STUDEBAKER  
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colourful medley of early garden vegetables to rouse, then satisfy appetites.



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youthfully tender—with a delicate flavour and colour that brings the freshness of spring to your table.



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just the young and tender kind, ready to add a sprightly touch of colour and a lively tang of flavour to your meals. Sliced, diced, or whole.



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picked young, then "rolling cooked" over low heat to preserve its bright colour and natural "corn cream" richness. Whole kernel or cream style.



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Pick it up—  
light goes on



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light goes out,  
base glows in dark.



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I enclose 50¢ and 3 Libby's Vegetable labels.

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Enclose labels from Libby's Peas, Libby's Corn  
(any style), Libby's Beets (any style), Libby's Baby  
Lima Beans, Libby's Mixed Vegetables, Libby's Peas and  
Carrots, Libby's Sauerkraut or Libby's Pumpkin.

"He didn't know the kind of war that killed his son; I invented a brave assault with pipe music"

time to lie; see to it that it be not for gain or in fear or boast that ye abase your tongue. If ye must, lie for a man's cause, that ye may one day acknowledge it without shame!"

He was a hell-fire preacher, Mr.

Adams, when I was a boy, but a lonely old man, widower and childless, when I got home from the war at the time of the spring seeding in 1919. I went over to see him before I had been back a week, knowing I would have to talk to

him about Tom, who was two years dead, who was killed on the swampy ground to the west of Passchendaele in the 1917 Battles of Ypres—Tom Adams, in the twentieth year of his age, as they said when they buried him.

Mr. Adams and I walked out of the manse house and along the road, and in the talk between us a time came to me to lie, but whether it was for a man's cause I do not know, or if it was just a spiteful lie, born of a bitterness that has gone.

The old man was speaking as if nothing had changed, as if Tom might be along any minute, and the two of us sit down in Mrs. Adams' kitchen the way we used to. And I thought: he will want to know about the manner of Tom's death, about how it was with Tom. And there is nothing to tell him, because he will not understand what war in the trenches was like. Well, I thought, we will make it a little easier for him. We will have a charge, a brave assault, with a pipe band playing, and Tom with rifle and bayonet in his hands, killed with a bullet, cleanly.

Why speak of the dreary day, a day like a hundred others, of desultory artillery fire in misty rain, and of Tom killed with a bucket of potatoes in his hand, torn up with shrapnel, screaming out his life in the mud? Give the old man something to cleave to, something worthy of all the things that were being said—the love and honor and the soul of man sort of thing that comes so much easier when you are dry shod and fed and standing upright. That would have been a lie within the meaning of a man's cause, I guess. But I had no occasion, as it turned out, to tell it. It was a question I could not have anticipated that came in the end.

"I count it a pity, Robert, that Tom's marriage was hindered. I am grieved for that."

His head was down; he was suffering some unknown sorrow. He did not see my face. It is as well, for I was staring at him in astonishment. Tom had had no girl he wanted to marry. It was only when Mr. Adams spoke again that I perceived what he had in his mind and the curious misapprehension it was.

"He did not refer to it in his letters to me. It was a rumor that reached us here about him and the granddaughter of James O'Rourke. It was said they wanted to get married, and found... alas... an impediment arising out of their different faiths."

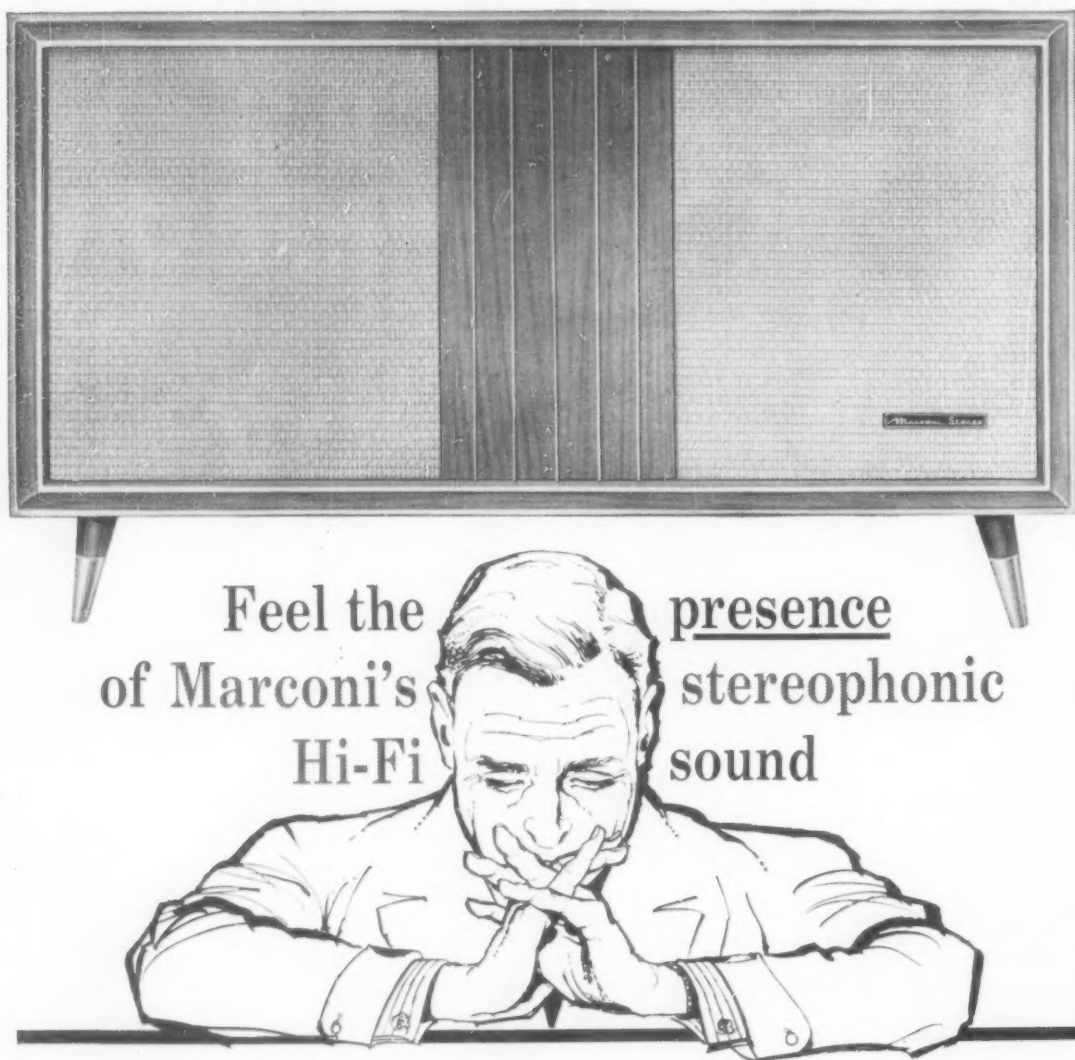
It was my turn to lower my head and suffer my own private sorrow. Indeed, we must have walked a half mile before either of us said more. And beside me was the ghost of Joan O'Rourke, come back out of the depths of the sea, out of the torpedoed hull of the Londonderry Castle, Joan, who never knew poor Tom Adams, Joan, lithe and fair, with tears on her cheeks, Joan in the murky light of Euston Station crying farewell, farewell!

I said at last: "I didn't know you knew about Joan O'Rourke, sir." Why could I not have told him at once it was a mistake, that it had nothing to do with Tom? Was it a harshness in me, or some instinctive compassion for a grief whose nature I only began to discern long afterwards?

"Tell me about her, Robert."

God help me, I told him.

"They met at a house in Surrey, near the military hospital at Reigate. They were guests at dinner. It was a house called The Minches. That was in April."



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The deception, once begun, ran on easily enough. "They never found out what minches were. She was a granddaughter of the James O'Rourke who farmed here once. She was born in Vermont herself, and joined up in Montreal. But she used to come here to visit her grandmother when she was small, so they had something in common, the young nursing sister and the convalescing soldier."

I guess I kept the old man waiting a good while again. I was remembering that dinner table, the shine of glass and silver and linen, and us two, chosen by the hospital adjutant at random to be that week's guests, looking at each other in wonder, discovering that the house I was born in was the same her grandfather had built in '69 and named Star-of-the-Sea, which it is called to this day. Ah, and a coal fire burning, and the soft lift of the airs you sang with your fingers just touching the keys of the piano, lifting the heart out of the body of the soldier, and of the lady who was our hostess, too, who begged you through her tears to go on and on, while she dreamed of the girl her son might one day have brought home to sing to her, her son who would never come home again. Oh, Joan, Joan!

"They saw a good deal of each other in the next three weeks, before he was fit to go back to France," I said.

Is there memory, Joan, in the sea's graves, or note of music, or sound of voice, or ray of the light of the sun that shone upon us that April? Will ever spring be like that spring, that English spring of 1916? Or is there one such for every man, to light all the span of his years to come with the memory of it, one season of days of wine and roses, as some old poet says? Can the cold sea have taken it all from you, Joan, whose feet trod the new grass, whose hands touched the young flowers, who shared the wonder and magic of love?

"I guess it was during that time he proposed marriage to her."

It was in that time. No guns shouted across the Surrey fields, no yellow gas scoured off the sweetness of the land. Life sang in the hedgerows, not death. In that time I asked her to marry me, we two sitting on a slope at Hindhead with the sun warm upon us. She kissed me solemnly and she answered yes, and forever, and at once, for each of us knew you did not have long engagements in wartime because you might not live long. It was thus the impediment arose of which Mr. Adams had heard, for in that respect the garbled story that had come across the sea was accurate enough. Between us, there in the sunshine between Joan and me, there fell the shadow of the ancient difference our forebears carried with them out of Ireland into America, the manner of the worship of God. Aye, it was so. It was as if, in the stillness of the day, the echo came to us of an Orange drum beating through the streets of an Irish town, of an answering cry ringing down across three hundred years: Drogheda, in the name of God!

"It's true, sir, they couldn't agree on religious grounds. She wanted to be married by the priest, and he would have none of it. There didn't seem to be any half way ground."

Old Mr. Adams bowed his head. "It is a sad thing. He never saw her again?"

Joan, Joan, my love, my love! No, I never saw you again. You managed twenty-four hours' leave and came up in the train to London with me the day I was ordered to the embarkation port, came up to Charing Cross, where we had a hurried dinner at the restaurant

off the platform. Rain had come; it had turned cold, and the darkness was growing about us, so that we seemed to cling to each other at every step, waifs in a wind we could not comprehend, that blew us where it would. We took a bus for Euston, changing somewhere along the way, and we rode the top alone in that sombre, menacing world, sodden with rain, still with hand clasped in hand. And there at last we made our promises, and compromised the issue we should have compromised while time remained with us, but time did not remain. So

little remains. The gloom of the Euston Station, the silent crowd. A child screaming after a man who pushes blindly away toward the train, and the sobbing of women. Steam blowing out of a safety valve. The queer peep-peep of an English locomotive. Oxo. Pears Soap. The Esterbrook Pen. A rail transport officer shouting. And you, Joan, the small figure of you with a handkerchief waving, and a voice crying what I could not hear as the train gathered way. Farewell! Farewell!

I had forgotten Mr. Adams.

"Did they never meet again, Robert?" "She went up to London with him. They said good-bye there."

Then the lie rose in my throat, the lie direct, that had no purpose of which I could ever be certain, that need not have been part of this gentle deception of an old man, and I spat it out.

"She had twenty-four hours' leave, and they spent that night together at a hotel. After that they said good-bye. They never met again."

You will have forgiven me long since, Joan, for what I said that day, for the

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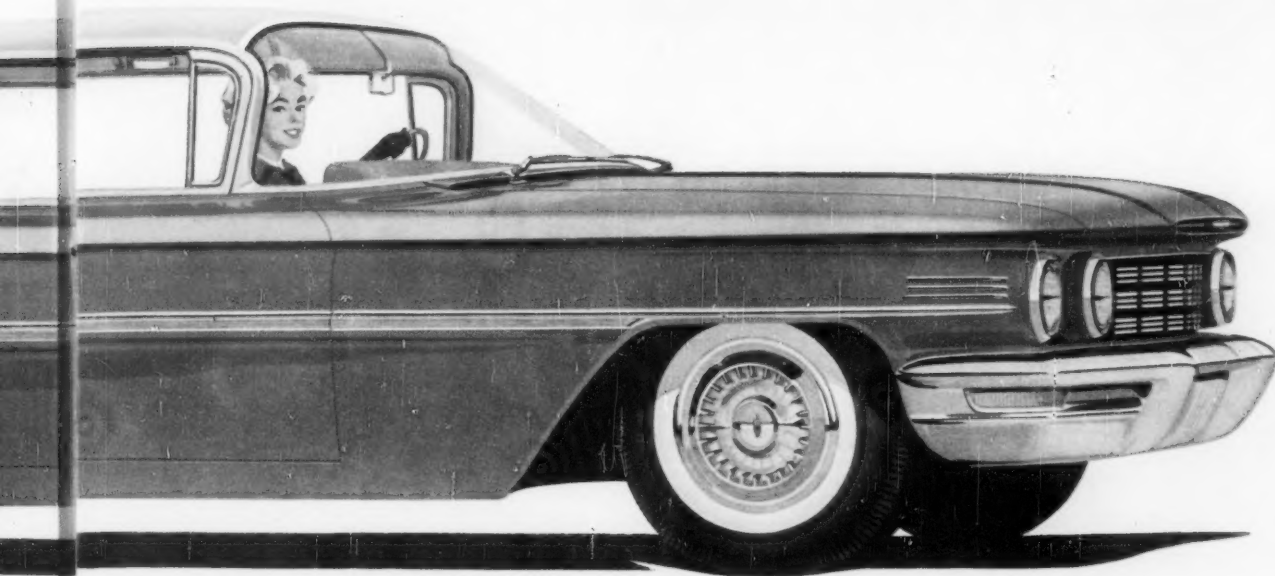
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words that I have come to believe were placed on my tongue in a curious manifestation of God's concern for an old man. But I had no such idea at the time, only a sort of anger, for I thought: how will he know the like of that London darkness, the misery of that separation, the heartbreak of the night beyond, the loneliness into which each of us was bound? There is nothing in him but righteousness, the Book and the Law, good or evil, heaven or hell. Let him shout his wrath; let him make what he will of what I have told him.

The old minister drew himself erect and turned full face to me. I saw the old fire in his eyes that were locked with

mine. "God forgive them the sin!" he cried. Then, after a moment of tense silence: "God forgive them! And for the girl O'Rourke, for what she did that night, may He go with her all the days of her life, may He count her sin as virtue, may He keep her heart high and sustain her, and in His good time take her to Himself."

Then he walked away from me, back toward his empty manse, leaving me on the road. And I turned and walked back to our place.

Put away your bugle, soldier. Your Last Post is played. It is over now. Let us have done with it. We have remembered. ★



### How Punch Imlach set the Leafs on fire

Continued from page 36

**"You have to go for this guy. He got us off the floor and put play-off money in our jeans"**

how he did it the first time, is somewhat more complicated and involves the personality of the man himself and the manner in which it bounces off the help. In the words of Toronto defenseman Tim Horton, "Imlach is always preaching, and he preaches a strange gospel, but he gets results." George Armstrong, the captain and right-winger, notes, "You have to go for this guy; he got us off the floor and put money in our pockets." Frank (King) Clancy, the former coach who is now assistant manager (not assistant general manager; the hierarchy is still confused; there is no manager) says in some awe, "He's a wizard to be able to get so much out of those players."

There you find the note of incredulity inside the lodge that characterized the fans' reaction outside it last spring. Even more remarkable, perhaps, and indicative of the kind of man Imlach is, was a decision he made last summer when he had top management in an untenable position. He had the prerogative of appointing a new man as coach while retaining his job as general manager — and a mighty palatable prerogative that was. If the new man failed, it was obviously because he was not as capable as Imlach. If he succeeded, well, why shouldn't he succeed? Hadn't Imlach already proved the players were capable? Off his 1959 record, then, Imlach couldn't possibly look bad in 1960 if he appointed a new coach. He had security — an uncommon commodity in recent years at Maple Leaf Gardens — in a bottle and the stopper in his hand.

He threw away the stopper.

"My friends all advised me to get a new coach," Imlach said recently when asked why he'd stayed on. "but, well, hell, the Lord hates a coward. I'm where I am because the fellows played hockey for me, eh? Because of them I even met the Queen. So why should I duck? Besides, it wasn't as altruistic as all that. To me, if I can't find someone I think can do a better job I have the headache, anyhow, as general manager."

This was the headache, to use Imlach's word, that confronted him last November 21 when Stafford Smythe, the chairman of a committee of seven Toronto businessmen who run the club, announced that Imlach had been promoted from assistant general manager to general

manager. "The committee is not satisfied either with the performance of the players through lack of consistency or with the coaching through lack of consistency," said Smythe, the dour, blond, flat-voiced son of Conn Smythe, Maple Leaf Gardens president. "It will be Imlach's problem to correct this."

Exactly a week later Imlach fired the coach, Billy Reay, whose team, in its first twenty games, had picked up thirteen points out of the possible forty.

"I still think Billy is a good hockey man," Imlach said. "Nobody knows more about the game. But he hasn't been getting anything out of the players lately. There was no spirit or drive on the team."

Reay had turned down an opportunity to become general manager before Imlach joined the organization. Reay said he wanted to prove, "that I can coach this club." He declines to speak for the record on his dismissal but it's no secret that he has remained somewhat unkindly disposed towards his executioner. Imlach, who will speak for the record on anything, says he had no alternative: "We had thirteen points out of a possible forty, eh? We sure as hell weren't going to make the play-offs at that pace. My orders, as outlined by Staff Smythe, were to correct a problem. I figured I might as well be shot for a sheep as a lamb. So Reay had to go, eh?"

Imlach puts "eh," with the question mark, at the end of positive statements, a habit acquired in Quebec where the practice seems common. He lived in Quebec City for eleven years as player, coach, general manager and eventually part owner of the Quebec Aces, a senior and later a minor-pro club. He has another speech idiosyncrasy which has nothing to do with Quebec, an addition to an army word that can be used as a verb, a noun or an adjective. Repetition seems to numb the listener's senses to the word but it accounts for player Horton's observation that Imlach preaches a "strange gospel." Imlach says the word has no real meaning to him: "It's kind of a term of endearment, eh?"

At forty-one Imlach packs a somewhat flaccid hundred and sixty-eight pounds on his five-foot-nine frame. His hairline began moving back early and disappeared altogether before he'd reach-

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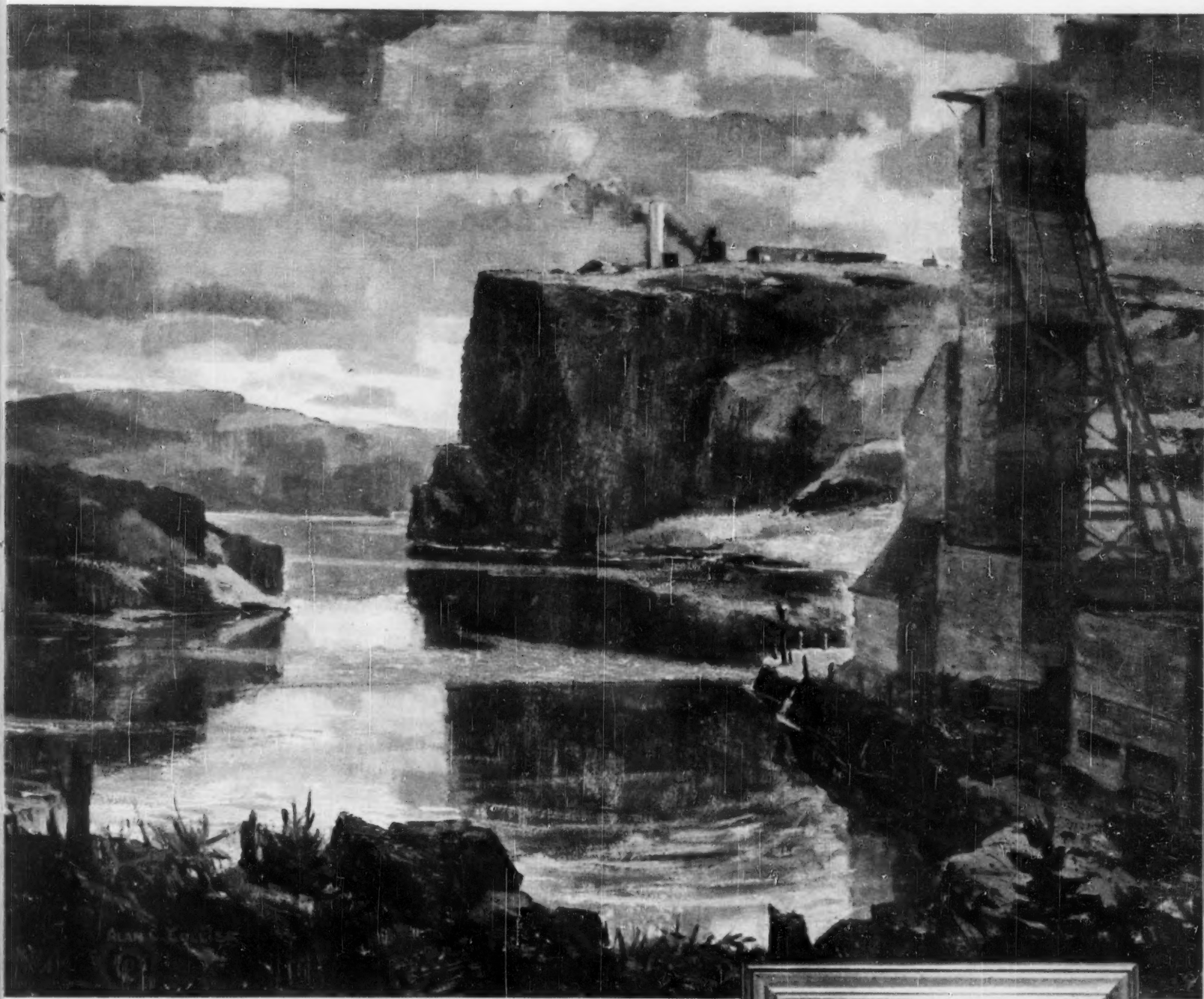


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ed his mid-thirties, a casualty, he declares, "of constant thinking." He is small-boned and as a player weighed about a hundred and thirty-five. But every pound was full of determination, a point illustrated some twenty years ago when he acquired his nickname. He was playing for the Toronto Goodyears in a senior game at Windsor and was crashed into the boards and knocked unconscious. When Trainer Bill Smith brought him around, Imlach leaped up and began punching like an addled ex-fighter hearing a bell. It turned out he had a mild concussion but when a couple of his sports-writing friends, Red Burnett and Bunay Morganson, heard of the dressing-room shadow-boxing incident, they good-naturedly began calling him "Punchy" in print. "It became 'Punch'," smiles Imlach, "when a kindly typesetter left off the 'y'."

Burnett, who has been friendly with Imlach ever since, says of him, "He's one of the most honest characters I've ever met. He's cocky, confident and competent; he knows this game backwards."

Stafford Smythe, who hired Imlach, calls him a throwback. "There are very few men in the world who can put the blame on the right man when something goes wrong on the ice," he says. "It may seem that a defenseman, for example, has made the mistake that costs a goal. But a man with Imlach's eye knows that the defenseman got into difficulty because he was covering up for somebody else's lapse. So he rarely rants at the wrong man. The old guard of hockey had this ability—men like my father, Frank Selke and Art Ross could pinpoint the right guy. I don't think the knack can be acquired—a guy's born with it."

"He always had a tough row to hoe," Smythe says. "He successfully fought the Selke forces in Quebec for years. Selke had to turn that entire Quebec league professional to get Jean Beliveau away from him."

Jean Beliveau of the Canadiens, regarded by many hockey men as the top player in the game today, played senior for Imlach's Quebec Aces for two seasons while Selke, the deceptively mild

managing director of the Canadiens, strove vainly to lure him to Montreal. When the Quebec senior league took on professional status six years ago its players became eligible for drafting by NHL clubs. Thus the Canadiens acquired Beliveau.

Smythe says Imlach can minimize a player's shortcomings while bringing out his strong points. "He doesn't try to make a player do something he can't do," Smythe expands. "For example, he told me last season that Gerry Ehman, who was playing for Hershey at the time, could score twenty goals for us. He said Ehman wouldn't do this and wouldn't do that but he *would* score twenty goals. Other coaches would have insisted that Ehman forecheck, backcheck and get twenty goals. We got Ehman on December 23 and, counting the play-offs, he got us eighteen goals. Imlach plunked him down on a line with Billy Harris and Frank Mahovlich, whose strong points made up for Ehman's shortcomings, and vice versa, and all of a sudden we had a helluva line."

Until Imlach gave them Ehman as a playmate, the young veterans Harris and Mahovlich were less than spectacular. As of January 3 when the line was formed, Harris had twenty-four points and Mahovlich eighteen, with the season half over. Through the last half, they moved their totals to fifty-two for Harris and forty-nine for Mahovlich. Ehman, who starred in the ensuing play-offs with twelve points in twelve games, got twenty-six in his thirty-nine league games.

Until mid-season the mercurial Mahovlich, who perennially has been tabbed as a potential superstar, had far more downs than ups and was, indeed, the object of prolonged abuse in his home rink. He had been tried at all three forward positions and apparently was headed for still another season as a potential great player until Imlach set him down at left wing and kept him there.

"I knew this guy was a left winger, not a centre and certainly not a right winger," Imlach said recently when asked about Mahovlich's emergence. "In the first place, he thinks he is, and that's

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important. In the second place, he's too fast to be a centre; his wingmen can't keep up to him. When he slows down for them he loses his effectiveness. On right wing, he's plainly uncomfortable. So I put him alongside Harris, who's a good playmaker, at a time when he'd scored seven goals. He had twenty-two when the season ended, and he got six more in the playoffs."

Imlach did a good deal of experimenting before settling on the combinations and even the individual players who were to work miracles in the spring, but

he feels that siftings and groupings were a lesser part of the Leaf resurrection. The root of the team's problem when he took over, Imlach feels, was the approach of the players to their jobs.

"To do something well, you've got to enjoy doing it," he says now. "I felt the Leaf hockey players weren't enjoying it. They were doing it because they had to—to get their dough."

It wasn't a difficult attitude to appreciate. Since 1951, the last time the Leafs won the Stanley Cup, the team had shown a definite distaste for success.

They'd missed the play-offs altogether three times, and in the years when they did get in they'd lost sixteen out of eighteen games.

Moreover, they were second-last in the standings in 1957, last in 1958. Now, after front-office turmoil that had seen the departures of Joe Primeau, Hap Day, Howie Meeker, King Clancy and Billy Reay, they were last when Imlach ascended the podium.

If Leafs were an overnight sensation to the casual hockey fan, they were nothing like it to Imlach.

"I figured I had to undertake a salesman's approach," he says of the early weeks. "I had to sell them on their product, which is hockey, by pointing out that thousands of kids looked up to them as the best in the business. I wanted to sell them on themselves, by making them realize that they were twenty of the hundred and twenty best hockey players in the world, the number of men there are in the whole world good enough to play in the NHL."

Imlach talked constantly to his players and to the press about his unqualified conviction that the team would make the playoffs. He reasoned that if he could get the players enthusiastic, they'd work harder, and if they worked harder they were bound to succeed. He emphasized that hockey could be fun, that it didn't have to be drudgery. He tried to identify with the players, rather than with management, a theory he regards as essential to any coaching success. When discussions of the players' guild came up, a labor movement opposed by Leaf management, Imlach made a speech to the players.

"I don't care if you're considering eighty unions," he said. "If you play hockey for me you stay on this club. If you don't play hockey, you go."

He didn't burden them with training rules, but he insisted they be in shape. He didn't spy on them after a game, feeling that if an occasional player indulged in an occasional beer it was the player's own business. It has frequently been charged that Toronto coaches have been interfered with by their employers. Imlach tolerated no interference, he says, because there was none. For his part, Stafford Smythe says there was no interference because Imlach made it unnecessary.

#### "Fun back in the game"

"But that was no special concession to Imlach," Smythe says. "His predecessors wouldn't have had any if they'd done the job properly, if they'd taken control and held on to it. But what would you expect from any employer if he gave a man certain responsibilities and he didn't measure up to them? Would you just sit back and let him make mistake after mistake?"

The turning point for Imlach was reached during a road trip to Boston and Montreal. As he recalls it: "We were lousy in Boston so I ordered a morning practice there. Then we went to Montreal and we had a couple of tough practices there. I figured the guys weren't in shape and I was determined to get them in shape."

After the second workout in Montreal Imlach walked impassively into the dressing room. The tired players sat grimly in front of their lockers. George Armstrong, perspiring heavily, looked up when Imlach entered. Then his voice broke the still of the room.

"Yep, we gotta put the fun back into the game," he said dryly, parroting a favorite Imlach speech.

Players started to chuckle and then they started to laugh. Their laughter spread until it filled the room. Other players shouted other Imlach aphorisms. "Boys, the play-offs put money in your pockets," somebody mocked, and there was more laughter. "The Canadiens climb into their pants one leg at a time, boys, just like you and me," another cried.

Imlach smiles as he looks back on that tableau.

"We'd turned a corner," he recalls. "If you can make 'em work and they wind up laughing you know you're getting somewhere."



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Sports consumed Imlach as a youngster growing up in the east end of Toronto. He played baseball, football, lacrosse and hockey and he never went away in the summer because there was a community playground near his home. He went there every morning at nine and except for meals he didn't leave until dark.

As a junior hockey player with Young Rangers he used to get up at 4 a.m. to catch a streetcar that ran every hour so that he could be at the rink for a 5-o'clock practice. One morning he overslept, missed his streetcar and hitched a ride with the milkman in fifteen-below weather. The players weren't exactly highly paid. "We'd get a milk-shake from the coach, Ed Wilkey," Imlach recalls, "if Ed happened to have any money, that is."

Imlach's father was a building superintendent on the street railway. Although his income wasn't lavish, "there was always bread and butter on the table," Punch recalls. Imlach graduated from high school in 1938, when jobs were scarce, but he found employment with a bank because he could play hockey. The bank that hired Imlach was in a commercial hockey league and gave him a job as an eight-dollar-a-week junior.

Later, he played senior hockey with the Toronto Marlboros and Goodyears where he centred a line for Hank Goldup and Don Metz, both of whom graduated to the Maple Leafs.

Imlach joined the army in 1941, was sent to Cornwall, Ont., for training and played hockey in a strong army league that included the Ottawa Commandos who had Neil and Mac Colville and Alex Shibicky of the New York Rangers as one line. In this company, Imlach won the scoring championship. He did well as a soldier, too. He went to NCO school at Long Branch and then was selected for officer training at Brockville. He became a first lieutenant in the infantry and was retained at Brockville as a platoon instructor until the end of the war.

After the war he got a trial with the Detroit Red Wings but he had ballooned to a hundred and eighty pounds and was dropped. The Anglo Canadian Paper Company in Quebec City gave him a job in the accounting department so he'd play hockey for the senior Aces, which the company then owned. During his eleven years in the provincial capital he helped develop Jean Beliveau into a great player—and one who was to haunt Imlach years later as a Montreal star.

The speed of Beliveau's shot and skating stride both were improved by Imlach who noticed that Beliveau was missing scoring chances because he was slow getting into position. In practice Imlach put a player in the centre of the faceoff circle at one end of the ice and lined Beliveau behind him on the circumference. Then Imlach dropped the puck on the other player's stick and Beliveau's job was to try to overtake him as he sped up the ice.

"At first he couldn't catch him," Imlach recalls, "but after a couple of weeks he could."

So then Imlach ingeniously assigned a different player to the circle each time he dropped the puck, forcing Beliveau to pursue a fresh man each trip. Soon he was overtaking the fifteenth man almost as quickly as the first.

Imlach has recently been using a variation of his Beliveau method to get Frank Mahovlich breaking more quickly into his top stride. He puts Mahovlich in the centre of the circle and another player on the circumference. He drops

the puck on Mahovlich's stick and encourages the big winger to break away quickly with the puck and stay beyond the pursuing player.

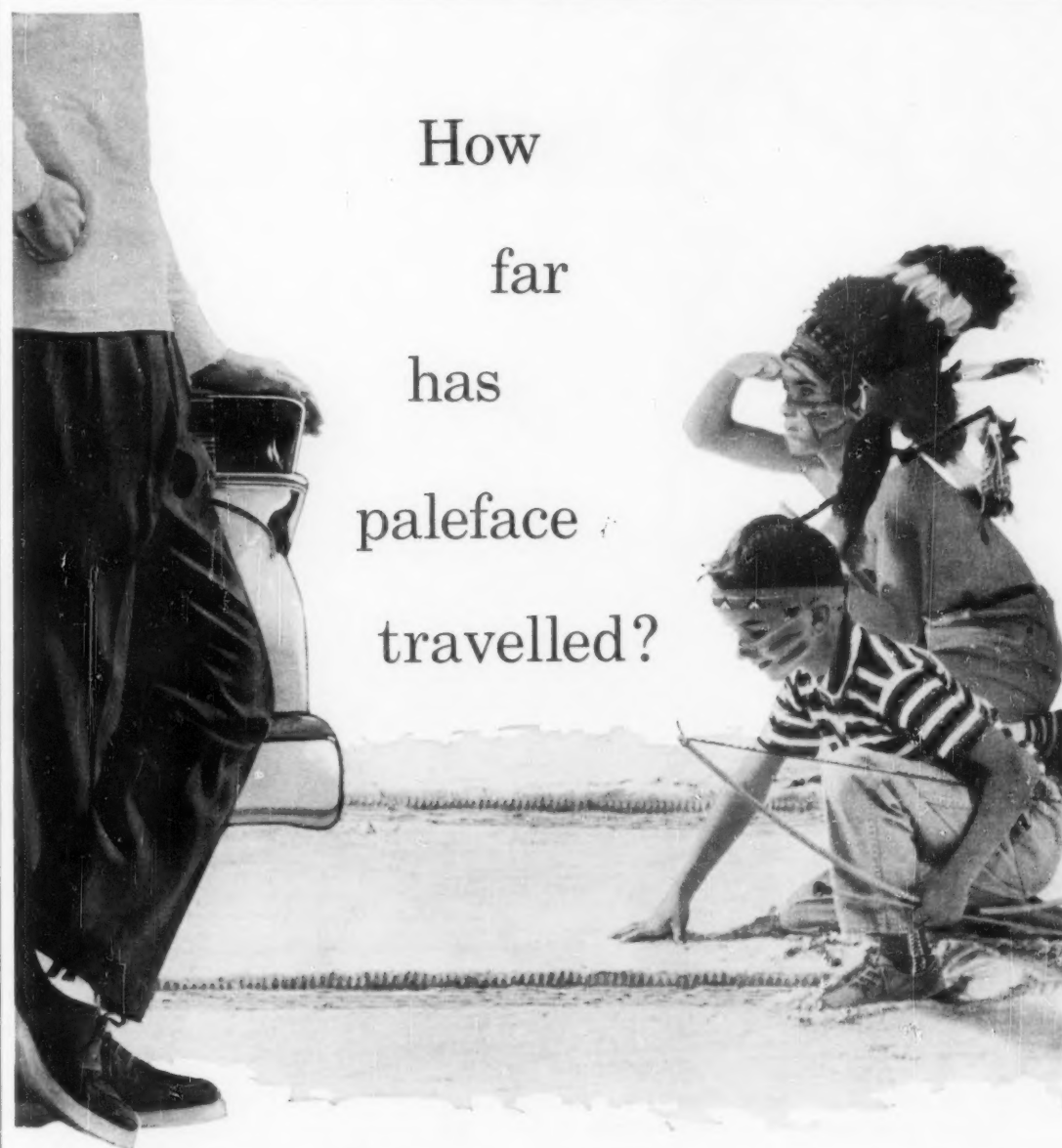
After eleven years at Quebec, in which he reached the league's final eight times and never missed the playoffs, Imlach was ready to listen to an offer from Lynn Patrick, general manager of the Boston Bruins, to join their organization. It meant giving up the security of his job at the paper mill where he'd built up a substantial pension benefit and it meant uprooting his family from the home

they'd bought in Quebec. But Punch's wife, the former Dorothy Simons of Toronto, whom he married in 1943, said she was ready to take young George Brent Imlach, who is now twelve, and Marlene Frances Imlach, who is eight, to Boston if that's what Punch wanted.

"Hockey is my life, eh?" Imlach says now. "Three years ago at Quebec we had a first-place club, even won the Edinburgh Trophy as national minor-league champions, and we still were drawing only thirty-five hundred people. So I told Lynn I was ready."

Assigned as manager to Boston's farm at Springfield in the American Hockey League, Imlach set the cliff-hanging pattern for his season at Toronto. The Springfield Indians sneaked into the playoffs in the second-last game of the schedule and then knocked off Cleveland in the seventh and deciding game—in overtime—in the semi final. As the Canadiens beat him a year later, so did the Hershey Bears in the league final. But, again, it was a tight fit and Imlach, undeniably, had done a job.

That sold Stafford Smythe. He got



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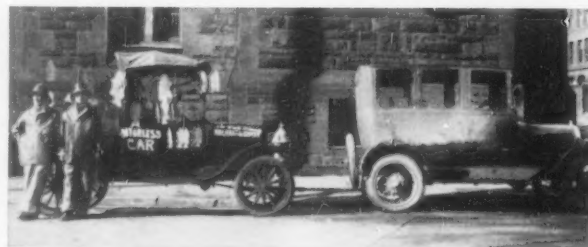
permission from Lynn Patrick to negotiate with Imlach and signed him to a two-year Toronto contract August 1, 1958. Last spring that contract was shredded and Imlach signed a new one for the next two seasons at an estimated fifteen-thousand dollars a year.

Imlach feels the late Leaf surge was indicative of the team's true merit, that the players finally have proven to themselves they are as good as he's been telling them they are. He points out that

youngsters such as Bob Pulford, Carl Brewer, Bobby Baun and Mahovtich "will be at least fifty percent better," and is undismayed when it's mentioned that cool campaigners such as Allan Stanley, Bert Olmstead and Johnny Bower are on the wrong side of thirty-three.

"Nonsense, nonsense," cries the eternal optimist, "they'll be better than ever. We hope they're better than ever. And where there's hope there's life, eh?" ★

## CANADIANECDOTE



Tow bar in place, Scott and Elliott donned sou'westers for the trip.

## The great Canadian car-tow

The longest car-tow in Canada — and possibly anywhere — originated in Halifax, N.S., thirty-two years ago. Two adventurous veterans of World War I, George Scott and Frank Elliott, both of Amherst, made history by crossing Canada in a motorless Ford car.

On July 18, 1927, Elliott and Scott, both in their early thirties, backed the rear wheels of their flivver into the Atlantic at Halifax and eighty-seven days and one hundred and sixty-eight tows later checked into Vancouver.

It all began when Elliott, in a rash moment, said he could cross Canada in a motorless car by thumbing tows.

Scoffing friends bet him a thousand dollars he couldn't. Elliott's buddy, Scott, offered his car and the deal was on. The engine was removed, a special tow bar was installed and the car was shipped from Amherst to Halifax by rail to begin the journey.

Both men, under the conditions of the wager, had to wear yellow slickers and black sou'westers every weekday during the trip. They carried a letter from the mayor of Halifax to the mayor of Vancouver.

Three weeks after leaving Halifax, Elliott and Scott landed in Montreal. At Windsor and Detroit they took time out to visit the plants where their Ford was made. Back in Canada, they sold their car's battery for seven dollars at Oak Lake, Man. The night of September 22 found them huddled around a squealing radio in a section house listening to an account of the historic Dempsey-Tunney heavyweight title fight.

In Pincher Creek, Alta., they woke up one morning with ninety cents between them and six inches of snow on the ground. But luck was with them, for they met Canada's governor-general, Lord Willingdon, who grubstaked them and gave them a letter to Lieutenant-Governor Bruce of British Columbia. This they delivered eighteen days later at Victoria. Of their eighty-seven days on the road they had spent thirty-eight in various cities and towns and villages along the way.

Four teams of horses and two of mules were in on the one hundred and sixty-eight tows they received, and their stunt won a place in a Ripley Believe It Or Not cartoon.—W. P. KILFOIL

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.





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# WOOPEE Gilbey's Gin



For the sake of argument continued from page 12

"To lick nationalism would be admirable; next best is to join it"

quite the same as his. Quite clearly Canada was being hemmed in and suffocated by its two rich relations. One of them, the English relation, was obviously a silly ass. The other rich relation was quite a bit smarter, but he was every bit as objectionable. He talked at the top of his lungs and spilled ashes on the rug. Bourassa kept urging us to get rid of both these benevolent kinfolk, but not to do it too soon.

In 1911 Bourassa and the rest of the country had an almost unparalleled chance to choose up sides. There was a general election coming up. The prime minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, had just brought off one of the finest strokes of business ever achieved by a Canadian prime minister. He had arranged a tariff treaty with the United States under which Canadian raw materials were to be admitted to the United States almost duty free and their manufactured goods were to come into Canada under about the same conditions. Theoretically this was almost too good to be true. Canada had been seeking something of the sort for more than fifteen years. But the United States had constantly refused to consent. In each of the years 1896, 1900, 1904 and 1908 there had been a general election in each country. In each of those years Canada had voted for lower tariffs and the United States had voted for higher tariffs.

But now Laurier had broken the log jam. He drafted his reciprocity treaty with President William Howard Taft and brought home this fat and long-desired plum with confidence and pride and offered it to his presumably grateful people. What happened? The people began asking what that damned scheming Yankee scoundrel Taft was up to now. They burned Taft in effigy and went roaring through the streets singing rude songs about him. Laurier's Tory opponents, who at first had thought they were altogether undone by Laurier's brilliant statesmanship, plucked up their courage and rushed to the attack. They dusted off old battle cries from the days of the sacred John A. Macdonald — "No truck or trade with the Yankees" — "A British subject I was born: a British subject I will die." The railway baron, William Van Horne, took a horrified look at reciprocity and cried aloud that he was "out to bust the damned thing." And he and his fellow protectionists got a great deal of unintentional help from their opponents — and opposing nationalists — in the United States. Champ Clark, the speaker of the United States House of Representatives, proclaimed: "I hope to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British North American possession clear to the north pole." A U.S. Senator was heard to announce: "Canadian annexation is the logical conclusion of reciprocity with Canada." President Taft himself announced solemnly: "Canada is at the parting of the ways."

All this was good red raw meat to the Canadian protectionists, who rushed up their reserves. Rudyard Kipling himself cabled on the eve of the election: "It is her soul that Canada risks today." A group of Montreal clubwomen passed a resolution saying that reciprocity meant "Annexation, injury to home life and the marriage tie, a lessening of national reli-

gion, morals and patriotism."

On the eve of the election the harassed and hopelessly misunderstood Laurier found himself crying forth his own epitaph: "I am branded in Quebec as a traitor to the French and in Ontario as a traitor to the English. In Quebec I am branded as a Jingo and in Ontario as a Separatist. In Quebec I am attacked as an Imperialist and in Ontario as an anti-Imperialist."

When election day came Laurier and the reciprocity treaty were snowed under. But history has almost forgotten that Laurier's successor, Sir Robert Borden, was a nationalist too.

Very soon Borden's new government, which had gone into power on a surge of nationalism, was forced to defend itself against charges of colonialism. And now the foreign devil that Canadians began eyeing with suspicion and alarm was not the kindly Mr. Taft but a brash young Englishman named Winston Churchill. Churchill was the First Lord of the Admiralty in Britain and he was telling Canada how to build and run its navy. Or rather how not to build and run it. Everybody knew there was going to be a war with Germany; Churchill said Canada should send over men, ships and guns but not try to manage them herself. This put the young Englishman right at the eye of a fresh cyclone. One maddened Canadian member of parliament got up in the House of Commons, read the American Declaration of Independence, then read one of Winston Churchill's patronizing memoranda to the Canadian government, and choked forth: "That document is calculated to cause more irritation, to undermine more seriously our constitutional freedom than any document that has come from authority in Great Britain to any colony since the days of Lord North." Another M.P. prophesied that Churchill had taken "the first step in the direction that will ultimately mean the separation of the Dominion from the . . . Empire."

As an advocate of protection, it was not surprising that during the 1911 election Borden had allowed his supporters to use anti-American verses like this:

*"Lord God of our fathers, rise up at Thy people's cry*

*"For blindness has stricken the nation and the doom of our land grows nigh.*

*"Rise, rise up ere it falls, Lord, and blast with the fire of Thy mouth*

*"The treason that barbers our birth-right for the gold of the Kings of the South."*

Borden's suspicion of the United States was quite in character with his personal background and his political tradition. His suspicion of the United Kingdom was less well known. As a Tory and an Imperialist Borden should have been, in theory, an uncritical supporter of the British government. But he wasn't. After he was elected and the British cabinet refused to give him information or consult him about what was going on during the war he sent the Cabinet this message:

"It can hardly be expected that we shall put 400,000 or 500,000 men in the field and willingly accept the position of having no more voice and receiving no more consideration than if we were toy

automata. Any person cherishing such an expectation harbors an unfortunate and even dangerous delusion. Is this war being waged by the United Kingdom alone, or is it a war being waged by the whole Empire? If I am correct in supposing that the second hypothesis must be accepted, then why do the statesmen of the British Isles arrogate to themselves solely the methods by which it shall be carried on . . . It is for them to suggest the method . . . If there is no available method and if we are expected to continue in the role of automata, the whole situation must be reconsidered . . . Procrastination, indecision, inertia, doubt and hesitation and many other undesirable qualities have made themselves felt in this war."

This was the voice of a nationalist. Mackenzie King echoed it much later:

"Anything like a direct or indirect attempt at Downing Street to tell the people of the Dominions what they should do is certain to prove just as injurious to so-called 'Imperial solidarity' as any attempt at interference in matters of purely domestic concern. If membership within the British Empire means participation by the Dominion in any and every war in which Great Britain becomes involved, without consultation, conference or agreement of any kind, I can see no hope for an enduring relationship."

It is not altogether a coincidence that the least successful prime minister of this century, Arthur Meighen, seemed to many Canadians—although the estimate was grossly unfair—to be more an Englishman than a Canadian. It is not altogether a coincidence that John Diefenbaker, many years later, spoke up loudly for nationalism while Lester Pearson spoke up quietly for internationalism and that Diefenbaker became our prime minister and Pearson didn't.

What I am contending is that the opponents of nationalism—of whom this writer is one by instinct but not by practice—are enormously right and, alas! half blind. Call nationalism what you will: the herd instinct, the group instinct, the instinct to form ranks behind barriers of geography, history, race, color or religion. It is still there and it is still almost irresistible. We do well in hoping it will go away, along with our other dangerous habits. But we'll achieve nothing by assuming it has gone away already or is on the way to going away. To lick it would be admirable; the next best thing is to join it.

In Asia, in Europe, in Africa, in North America, in Canada and—to return to the original point—in Quebec, nationalism will not die overnight. Quebec nationalism will not die with Maurice Duplessis any more than Canadian nationalism died with King. Russian nationalism with Stalin or English nationalism with Victoria. And minorities in general, whatever their origin or location, are most unlikely—and perhaps even unwise—to abandon their nationalism until majorities abandon theirs. That time is a long time away and the more clearly we recognize the fact the fewer misunderstandings there'll be within the universal anarchy of nations, states and provinces. ★



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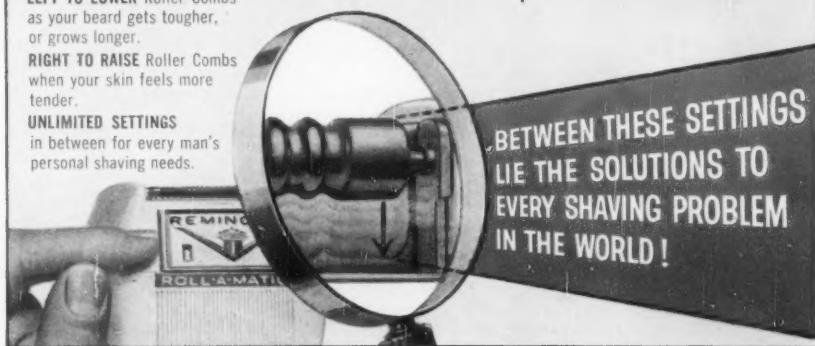


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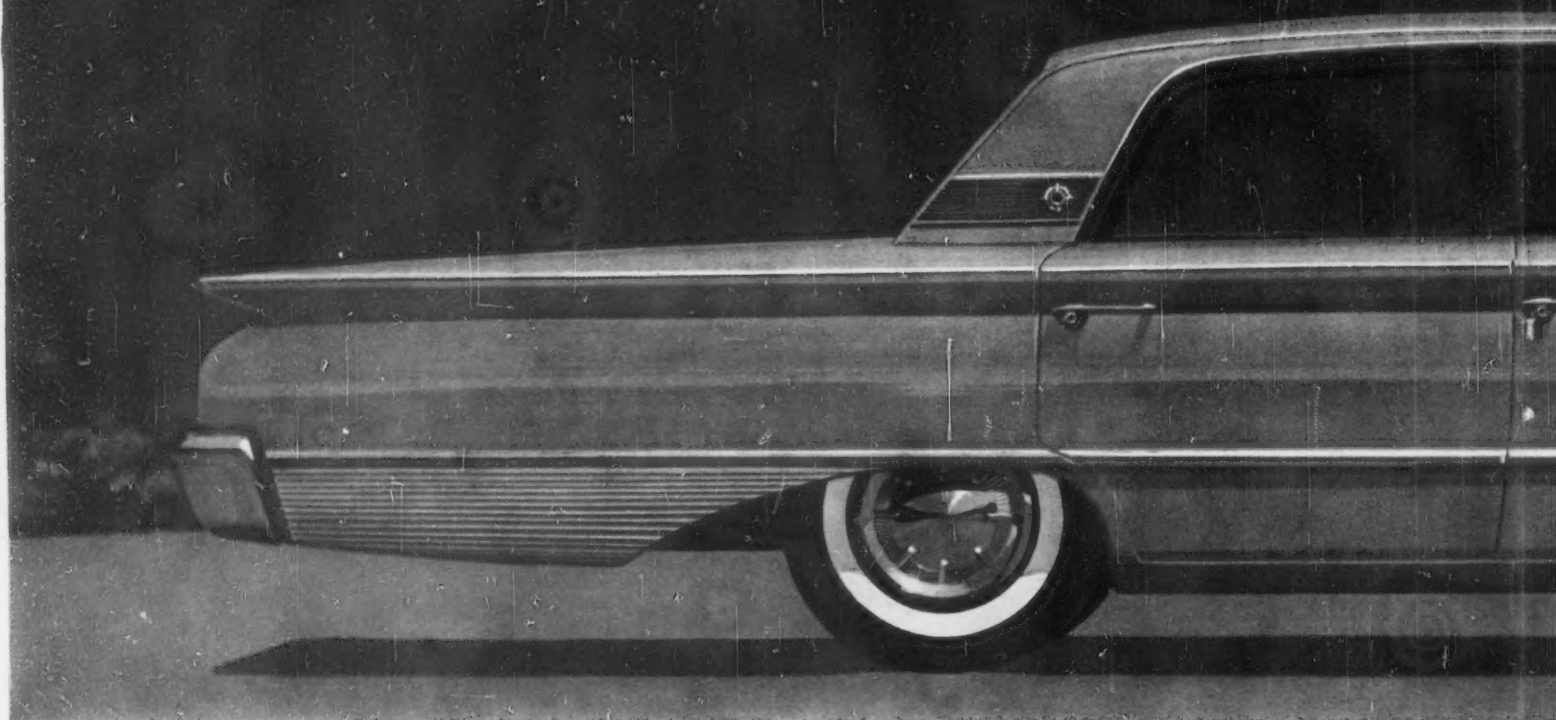
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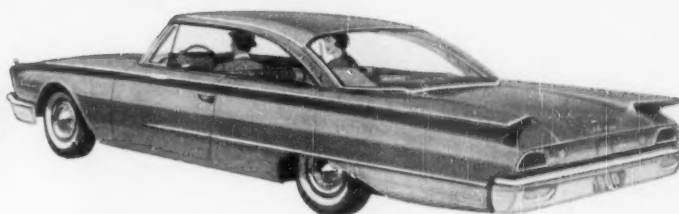




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# HARVEY'S



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An early Varley, *Mother and Child*, is an unfinished painting on ordinary brown wrapping paper. A lack of conventional materials never deters him from working.



**Varley** continued from page 33

Eric Aldwinckle, the Toronto painter, is no less astonished at Varley's resistance to the effects of liquor. "A few years ago," says Aldwinckle, "Varley and I shared a room in Moscow. His capacity for vodka was awesome. Yet when he arose one morning, naked, and went to the bathroom, I was astonished to see that his body had none of the marbling, veining and sagging that normally accompanies age and excesses. Varley has the body of a boy of twelve."

Varley carries that slight, lithe body with a springy step, and holds high above it the head of a battered old lion. His thick mane is mostly the color of ashes now but at the roots there are flickers of the fiery red hair that blazed in his youth.

One of Varley's many women admirers says, "He's got a sort of beautiful ugly face."

Varley has always attracted women and in many of them has found inspiration for the heads and nudes which are regarded by most critics as his greatest works. Among his subjects are gypsies, prostitutes, landladies, cabaret girls, art students and wealthy socialites. He admits frankly that with some of his sitters

he has been emotionally entangled. One of his best women's heads was done at two o'clock in the morning in a shabby Toronto studio on the back of a piece of wallpaper. This he tore from the plaster because he hadn't any drawing paper to hand.

Varley rarely uses professional models, preferring sitters he knows and likes. "Professional models," he says, "take the throne with a little watch in their hands and when the time is up they get down. Bah!"

Often Varley has difficulty in finding women who stir his talent. A few years ago the painter R. York Wilson met Varley on Yonge Street, Toronto, and noticed that the older man was looking "desperate." Almost wringing his hands Varley said: "I can't find any women to paint. People keep bringing me women they think are beautiful. But as soon as I get these women into the studio I see in their faces nothing but emptiness . . . emptiness . . . emptiness."

Varley's ability to enchant women, even as an old man, has occasioned some critical comment. In his late sixties he was teaching at a summer school of art. An eighteen-year-old girl student

fell in love with him. News of this May and December romance reached the girl's parents. They sent two menservants in the family limousine to fetch her home. She wept. And behind her she left a six-foot head of her idol modeled in the sand.

Peter Varley, the artist's photographer son, says: "But in many ways my father is a puritan. He is deeply religious. His work reveals his feeling for God."

Varley's sense of Godliness was manifest in his teens when he reacted violently against the ugliness, mundanity and materialism of his native city of Sheffield, Yorkshire, the centre of Britain's steel, cutlery and silverware industries.

As a young student at the Sheffield School of Art Varley constantly joined and quit smaller religious sects in his search for a faith. "One winter midnight," he says, "I went up with three devout friends to Stannage Edge, a high bleak moor ten miles from Sheffield. The top was covered with snow and the view of industrial lights below was beautiful. All of a sudden the four of us knelt to pray. We emptied ourselves. We knew then that God does not belong to this church or that. And afterwards we felt so exhilarated and exultant that we laughed and wrestled and snowballed each other for half an hour before walking down to Sheffield."

Arthur Lismer, the Montreal painter, who is also a native of Sheffield, explains how the steel city came to produce Varley, an artist he acknowledges as his superior. "Sheffield is bossed," Lismer says, "by a bunch of vulgar, bombastic industrial overlords and some of the people are cowed and dull. But others have a deep rooted lyricism that derives from the majestic moorlands around and expresses itself in brass bands, garden contests, literary societies, drama groups, art clubs and many other cultural activities. Varley certainly inherited his share of that lyricism."

Varley's father certainly had artistic tendencies since he was boss of thirty or forty lithographers in a Sheffield printing plant. The boy Varley soon revealed his talent. When he was ten he received ten shillings from a Sheffield newspaper for a pen sketch of a horse's head, and later won a scholarship to the Sheffield School of Art.

The school specialized in turning out designers for the cutlery and silverware trades. When Varley graduated at the age of nineteen his father wanted him to become a cutlery designer. Varley refused and his father threw him out.

"That night," says Lismer, "Varley arrived drenched to the skin at my brother-in-law's home at Netheredge, a suburb of Sheffield, and slept on a rug in front of the living-room fire."

Fired with ambitions to become a professional painter, but lacking a grubstake, Varley dug up the information that tuition was free at the Royal Academy of Fine Art in Antwerp, Belgium. His father relented a little and lent him the cross-channel fare. Varley studied at the Academy for two years and kept himself by working at night as a dock laborer.

"In this period," says Arthur Lismer, "Varley became a wayward lad. He hit it up so much that when I followed him to Antwerp he was spoken of at the Academy in hushed tones. But how he could paint! He won two gold medals for life drawings and paintings from the figure."

Varley remembers well the Academy's methods: "I started by painting as I had been taught to paint in Sheffield," he



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says. "Then one day the teacher crept up behind me, snorted, seized my palette knife, and scraped my paper clean. He took my brush and made a few clean, free, audacious strokes. 'Like this,' he said, 'like this!' I soon found out that all I had learned at Sheffield had been finicky, niggling and petty."

After two years in Antwerp Varley headed for London and took a room for

three shillings and sixpence—about fifty cents—a week in Battersea, just across the Thames from Chelsea. There he painted but rarely sold a canvas. He kept himself in kippers, bread, jam and tea by doing the odd pen sketch for the London Illustrated News. Assignments were few and often Varley went for three days without food.

In 1908, after four years of semi-

starvation in London, Varley returned to Yorkshire and took a tiny granite cottage on the moors in Netheredge, a suburb of Sheffield. About the same time he married a boyhood sweetheart, a schoolteacher from nearby Doncaster, named Maud Pinder. She accepted their impecunious life without complaint.

One morning the Varleys had nine pennies. Varley left Maud six pennies

for bread and spent the remainder on bus fare up to Sheffield where he tried to get some newspaper illustration work. He failed. As he walked home he despaired. "Then," he says, "I had a mystic sense that everything was going to be all right. As I neared my home I began to run. I saw my wife running down the street toward me. 'Hurry,' she said. 'We have a visitor.' The visitor turned out to be a Sheffield lady, a Miss E. S. Nutt. She bought a water color for five guineas. I thought she was a golden goddess."

Varley sold a few other pictures too but life was dour. Occasionally friends and relatives helped him with small loans and gifts. Whenever he had money he spent much of it in the moorland pubs with Lismor and other old pals from the Sheffield School of Art. "The Sheffield Art Society members knew that Varley was a coming lad," says Lismor, "but other people, because he wouldn't take a job, called him a sponger and a cadger. They said he thought the world owed him a living. In fact he has always been convinced that the world owes him a small fortune and I'm not sure he is wrong."

Lismor emigrated to Toronto in 1910 and returned to Netheredge in 1912 to marry his English fiancée. He encountered Varley again, found him still in grave financial difficulties, and still wracked by alternating bouts of gloom and beery exultation. There were now two Varley children. Lismor began talking of the new colors he had found in Canada and Varley was fascinated. Varley said: "I'll go." Lismor's brother-in-law lent Varley the fare and Varley left for Canada alone in 1912.

#### He landed with thirty shillings

Varley's first impression of Canada was "of the colorful calèches on the dock at Quebec City, the hot sun and the sharp showers and the finest rainbows I had ever seen."

Rambling around Montreal's Mount Royal at night Varley saw what he thought were hundreds of cigarette ends glowing in a bosky dell. "Goodness," he said to himself, "what a lot of lovers there are down there." Later he discovered that he had had his first glimpse of fireflies.

He pushed on to Toronto, landed with thirty shillings in his pocket and took a cheap room. Lismor, who was working for Grip Ltd., the engravers, got Varley a job in the same studio. Varley refused an offer to start work the next morning, preferring to wander almost penniless around Toronto for a week. When he did start at Grip he stayed only three weeks because they "didn't give me the right kind of work." He then joined the staff of Rous and Mann Ltd., another engraving company, and remained there for five years.

Supported by a steady wage, Varley brought out his wife and children, painted at week-ends, and before 1917 had exhibited at the Ontario Society of Artists and the Royal Canadian Academy. In 1918 he went to France with the rank of Captain as a Canadian war artist. There he painted the series of battlefield scenes that now hang in the National Gallery at Ottawa. In Lismor's opinion these stark, powerful canvases, reeking with anger at the futility of war, "rank with those of Paul Nash."

On his return in 1919, Varley began painting portraits for a living. His most



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patient patrons were the Massey family who then lived on Jarvis Street, Toronto. In his dealing with them Varley revealed a most unbusinesslike independence.

Once, when Vincent Massey, the former Governor-General, turned up for a sitting at Hart House, University of Toronto, an hour late, Varley let him take the sitter's throne. Then Varley put down his brush and said: "You wait there. Now I'm going out for an hour." The next time Vincent Massey was due for a sitting he reached Hart House at the same time as Varley. For a joke, he ran down the corridor ahead of Varley and was ready with his pose when the artist entered.

One of the sittings was on a Sunday and when Chester Massey, Vincent's father, heard of this he summoned Varley, saying: "Mr. Varley, you are in need of God's help. Would you care to join me on your knees?" "Hell's bells," said Varley, "I worship God on my toes." Varley speaks with a grin of how Chester Massey, in praying for him, "spoke to God as if he were addressing an intimate friend."

When Chester Massey decided to be painted himself Varley asked him for twelve hundred and fifty dollars. "But that is five hundred dollars more," said Massey, "than even Sir Wyly Grier gets." Varley said: "Grier paints portraits twenty-four by thirty-six inches. I paint them thirty-six by forty-eight inches. Inch for inch I'm giving you a better buy." Massey agreed.

To Varley's consternation, Mrs. Chester Massey sat on the sitter's throne at her husband's feet doing crochet work. "And they never even offered me so much as a glass of sherry," he says. "Oh dear me, I've never been so thirsty." Toward the end of one sitting a servant brought in two glasses and handed one to each of the Masseys. "Would you care to join us?" asked Mrs. Massey. "I certainly would," said Varley. A glass was brought. It was hot water. "We always have a glass of hot water before meals," said Mrs. Massey. Varley tossed his shot away.

When the Chester Massey sittings were ended Varley borrowed a dust sheet to wrap up the portrait for transport to his studio for the finishing touches. Three days later the Massey housekeeper called to say: "Mr. Massey asks me to remind you that you haven't returned the dust sheet." Varley bought some gaudy gift wrappings, and in them returned the sheet personally to Massey with a courtly bow.

To some sitters Varley was even more offhand. The late Dean James Cagney of Queen's University irritated Varley by saying: "What? What? You never worked in the Quartier Latin in Paris? But surely all good artists must get some experience in the Quartier." Varley remained silent for a moment and then said: "You know what I'm thinking. I'm thinking of Sidney Cooper the artist who painted sheep. Cooper always used to wash and fluff up his sheep before he painted them. And when you talk like that you look like one of Cooper's sheep."

Once, in England, Varley refused to paint a portrait of Lord Beaverbrook's daughter because during his service as a World War I artist he had had a tiff with the newspaper peer. "Beaverbrook," says Varley, "is one of the most ridiculous little men I've ever come up against."

Despite his success as a portrait painter of social and academic personalities in the Twenties, Varley hated the work "because it limits self-expression." Nor



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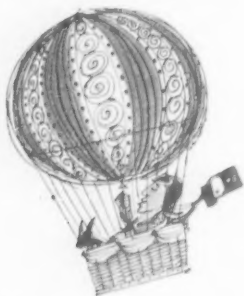


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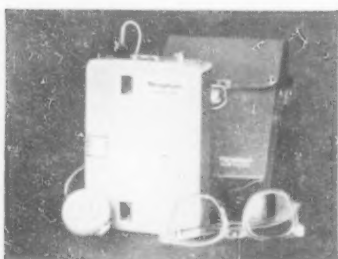
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did the money he made stay long in his pocket. Frances-Anne Johnston, whose painter father, the late Franz Johnston, was a friend of Varley's, remembers how poorly furnished was the Varleys' Toronto home. "It seemed to always have something tacked up at the windows because there were no curtains," she says, "and the children (of whom there were now four) ran about like wild things."

Lismer says: "Varley loved his family dearly and his wife Maude never uttered a word of complaint. She knew it was not easy for him to keep the pot boiling without ever painting a pot boiler."

During this period of domestic bleakness and artistic frustration Varley identified himself loosely with the Group of Seven, the Canadian impressionists who made a break from European traditions and produced pictures of rocks, lakes, forests and mountains that were sensationally progressive for the times, but are now, in Varley's opinion, "commonplace."

Varley's association with the Group was never close for he preferred the female head and figure to the landscape. His two outstanding works in this field were executed in Vancouver, whither he went in 1926 to head the department of drawing and painting at the Vancouver School of Decorative and Applied Art. One, a painted head entitled "Vera," was inspired by an art student named Vera Weatherbie.

Varley says: "Vera was the greatest single influence in my life. Without knowing it she made me see color in new lights."

Varley used Vera as a model for many of his most highly prized paintings and sketches. When he speaks of her today his eyes fill with tears. Varley left Vancouver in a state of deep depression. About the same time he parted from his wife and took a teaching job at the Ottawa Art Association. This only deepened his misery. "Ottawa drove me crazy," he says. "Those civil servants, politicians and diplomats are the dullest people I know of. The only people who kept me sane in Ottawa were Group Captain C. J. Duncan and his wife, a very lovely lady. They looked after me."

In 1938 Varley escaped from Ottawa aboard the government-owned Arctic patrol ship *Nascope*, in a berth secured by influential friends. His job was to make sketches of Arctic scenes and humanity for the National Gallery. When the trip was over the captain complained in a letter to his superiors that Varley had spent more time at the rum pot than the easel. Whereupon Varley, who often had worked quietly when the captain was about his own business, produced two hundred sketches and watercolors of Eskimo life. According to Dr. Edmund Carpenter, of the University of Toronto, these "will remain as an imperishable record of a doomed civilization."

At the outbreak of World War II, Varley was so bitter that he tore up and burned all the World War I sketches and paintings he had not sold. His Ottawa art classes melted away. "Those silly women," he said, "will go and knit socks now. And I shall starve."

He headed for Montreal. Throughout World War II Varley was a shabby, shadowy figure moving from one Montreal lodging house to another because he could not pay his rent. Nobody wanted to buy paintings. Some of his best were seized by a landlady in lieu of back rent. She rolled them up and left them to rot in a damp basement. Varley gave away, often in taverns, dozens of sketches which today would fetch between two hundred and a thousand dollars.

"I saw him once shambling along the street," says Lismer, "and even when I spoke to him he did not know me." A Montreal Star clipping for 1942 speaks of Varley falling in the street and fracturing several bones in his face.

Franklin Arbuckle recalls: "One day I went into a Montreal commercial artist's studio. The boss said: 'Look, I've got the big boy working for me.' He pointed to Varley. Varley was sitting at a little old business desk with a few pencils and bottles of art gum about him. The light was very poor and he was gazing at the work before him in a daze. He couldn't do commercial art even to save himself from starvation." One of the few pictures rescued from this era is a sombre, moving study of a male figure emerging from a tomb. "It is really my Christ," Varley says. "I can't remember painting it. I don't know yet whether I believe in the Divinity of Christ, so instead of The Resurrection I call it *The Liberation*."

Toward the end of the war Varley returned to Toronto and rented a cluttered old studio on Grenville Street, in the arty section of the city. Between drinks at Malloney's bar, just across the road, and occasional feasts of ravioli and Chianti at the old Elm Street restau-

rant of Angelo's, he drew the heads of drunks, bums and whores, went off on landscape-painting trips in Northern Ontario, and took occasional teaching jobs at summer art schools.

He lived mostly on raisins, bacon, bread and cheese, and spilled much of the food on the discarded sketches that littered the floor.

About this time his old school friend Arthur Lismer visited Mrs. Varley, who is still living in Vancouver. She spoke of her husband without a trace of rancor. "How is Fred getting along?" she asked. "I hope somebody is looking after the poor lad."

Somebody eventually did. Some eight years ago Donald McKay, a retired chemist, and his wife Kathie, were living in a fine old home on Lowther Avenue, Toronto. Mrs. McKay, an amateur painter, and disappointed singer, had always admired Varley's work. At a cocktail party Mrs. McKay told a friend: "I'd like to do something really practical for art." The friend said: "Well, why don't you look after Fred Varley. You could do nothing more practical than that."

Mrs. McKay began carrying occasional meals to Varley's studio. One morning

*continued on page 71*

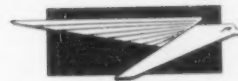


Among connoisseurs of Varley's work the charcoal sketch, *Nude with Apple*, is probably his most famous and most admired line drawing.





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Above—The Falcon Fordor. Notice the Falcon's big wide doors.

Below—The Falcon Tudor.





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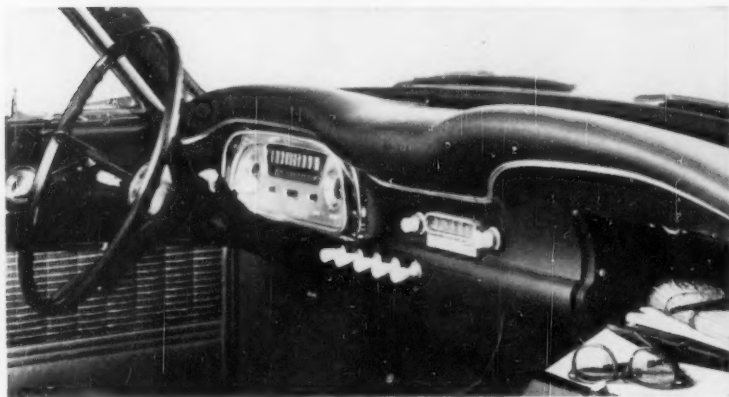
The new Ford Falcon is a beautiful car which has the added attraction of being completely practical. It carries six adults in honest comfort yet slips easily into parking spaces you'd think were far too small. Its 90-hp Six is a natural for Canadian roads and loads. No creeping on hills, no dawdling on straight-aways, and all at a reasonable 30 or more miles to the gallon.

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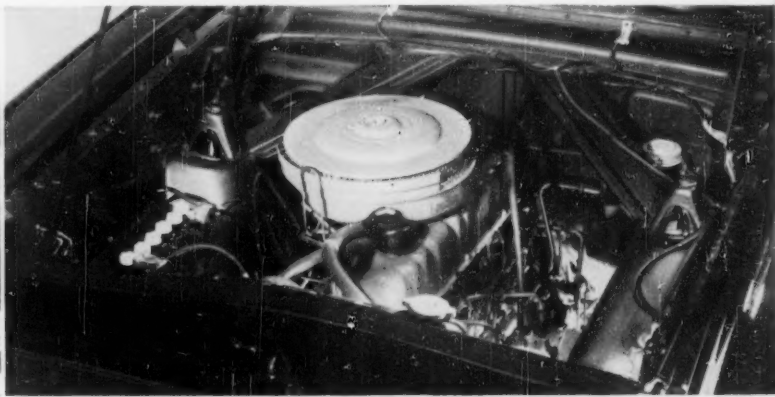
sions are engineered for solid comfort on back roads or cross-country highways (other comfort features like thick foam cushioning in the front seat help, too). Body squeaks and rattles have no place to start in the Falcon's strong-yet-light single unit construction. Critical areas on the underside of the body are zinc-coated to prevent rusting.

Welcome economy features are everywhere in the Falcon. Its muffler and tailpipe are aluminized to resist corrosion, and will normally last up to twice as long as ordinary mufflers. Its oil filter is so efficient that oil changes can be stretched up to 4,000 miles. Front fenders are removable for easy, inexpensive replacement.

By all means visit your nearest Ford Dealer and drive a Falcon as soon as possible. See if you don't agree, it's the car that makes beautiful sense.



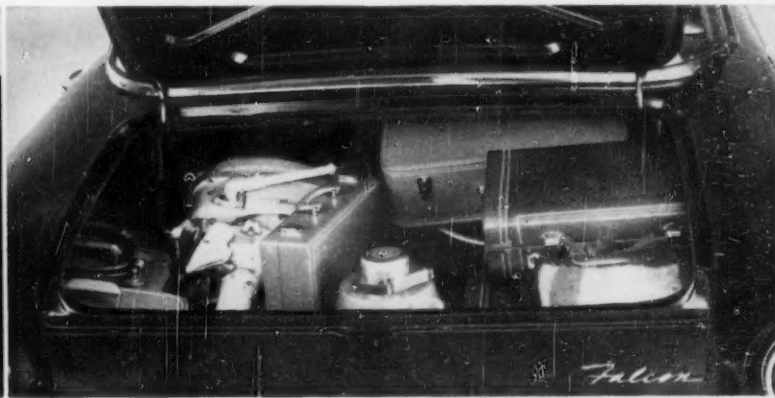
The clean, neat look of quality is everywhere in the new Falcon and a feeling of grace and space. Even the glove compartment is roomy.



Simple as ABC. Dip-stick, oil filter, battery, spark plugs, distributor, carburetor—everything under the Falcon's hood is within easy reach.



Visibility unlimited. You have a clear view of the road almost directly ahead and behind, and the outside limits of the car are in plain sight.

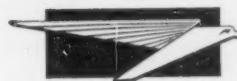


23 cubic feet of uncluttered load space. As you can see there's room to spare for an outboard with gas tank, four bags and a thermos jug.



Inside and out, the Falcon has a natural elegance that's unusual for a car of its size and price. You get full value for every dollar you spend on the purchase of a Falcon.

# FORD *Falcon*





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**FORD** *falcon*

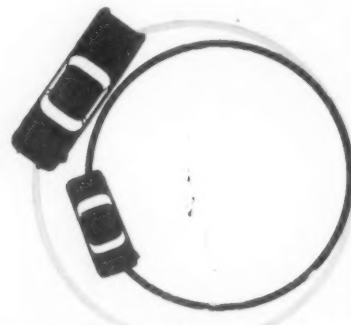


THE CAR THAT MAKES BEAUTIFUL SENSE

Big, high-mounted taillights flash a strong warning to other cars which follow the Falcon.



It's easy to swing the Falcon around because the turning diameter is only about 38 feet. Ordinary cars need 41 to 43 feet.



## SPECIFICATIONS

**Dimensions:** Wheelbase, 109.5"; front tread, 55"; rear tread, 54.5"; overall length, 181.2"; overall width, 70"; overall height, 54.5"; trunk capacity (with spare) 23 cu. ft.

**Engine:** 90-hp Falcon Six—144.3 cu. in. displacement; 3.50" bore x 2.50" stroke; overhead valves, push-rod operated; 8.7 to 1 compression ratio; regular gas; single barrel downdraft carburetor; manual choke; 6-port intake manifold integral with cylinder head; fuel tank capacity, 11.7 gallons; crankcase oil capacity, 4 quarts; full-flow oil filter; 12-volt battery.

**Transmissions:** Standard transmission is 3-speed synchromesh with shift lever on steering column. Optional 2-speed Fordomatic Drive has two-stage torque converter with planetary gears. Two forward gears (low, high) and reverse.

**Suspension:** Front suspension is independent with ball joints. Coil springs are mounted on the upper control arms. Double-acting, hydraulic shock absorbers with built-in rebound control are mounted inside coil springs. Link-mounted ride stabilizer controls sway on turns. Rear suspension is by 5-leaf, semi-elliptic springs. Shock absorbers are diagonally mounted.

**Rear axle:** Hypoid axle with over-hung pinion in semi-floating banjo housing. 3.10 to 1 axle ratio with 3-speed standard transmission or Fordomatic Drive.

**Steering:** Recirculating ball steering gear; 27 to 1 overall steering ratio, 4.6 turns lock to lock; 17" diameter, 3-spoke Lifeguard steering wheel. Turning diameter, curb to curb, approximately 38.3 feet.

**Brakes:** Double-sealed, self-energizing hydraulic brakes; drum diameter, 9 inches; brake lining area, 114.3 sq. in.

**Tires:** 6.00 x 13, 4-ply on 4-inch rims.

**Lifeguard Design:** Lifeguard steering wheel is shaped to protect the driver's chest from the steering column. Lifeguard door latches have a double-grip engagement to help prevent doors from springing open in case of impact. Both are standard equipment. Optional Lifeguard foam cushioning for the instrument panel is five times more shock absorbent than foam rubber.

**Exterior colours:** Nine solid colours and fourteen Tu-tone combinations. Basic colours are Raven Black, Corinthian White, Montecarlo Red, Skymist Blue, Belmont Blue Metallic, Platinum Metallic, Adriatic Green, Meadowvale Green Metallic, and Sultana Turquoise Metallic.

**Interior colours:** Standard interiors are gray with random bar pattern seat upholstery. Deluxe interiors are blue, green and gray with tweed pattern upholstery. Seat fabrics are long-wearing nylon, trim is morocco grain vinyl.

**Standard equipment:** Gray vinyl and nylon cloth interior. Two sun visors. Two front arm rests. Two parallel action windshield wipers. Inside rear view-mirror. Instrument panel with speedometer, warning lights, high-beam and turn-signal indicators, instrument panel light, ash tray, glove compartment. Dome light operated by headlight switch. Sealed-beam headlights, parking lights, taillights with stop-lights and turn signals, license plate light. Black rubber floor covering.

(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are standard on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)



she took him a hot breakfast and found his studio full of cronies with whom he'd been drinking, smoking and talking all night. As she entered Varley looked at her and cried "Stop!" She stood by the door and Varley seized his sketch pad. The outcome of this incident was "The Studio Entrance," one of Varley's finest post-war paintings.

When the McKay's moved from Toronto to Unionville, two years ago, Varley accompanied them. They provided him with a studio overlooking a large flower garden. Apart from a visit to Russia in 1954, and a recent visit to England, Varley has remained there ever since.

On the Russian trip, with a party of artists and writers who'd been invited to make a cultural tour of the USSR, Varley chummed up with the painter Eric Aldwinckle, who says: "Varley's artistic integrity and sincerity were evident to me as soon as the aircraft took off. He had never been up before and the world at twenty-five thousand feet enraptured him. He stared out of the window all the way over the Atlantic, turning to me occasionally to talk about the beautiful colors and shapes in the cloud formations. Everybody else in the party slept."

Today Varley does most of his talking over a shot of whisky or gin on a terrace at the McKay's. In his Yorkshire accented words attractive women are "bonnie lasses," and agreeable men are "lovely lads." He refers to himself as "a bit of a blighter," and interlards his stories with such expressions as "By Jove!" "Heavens Above!" and "Oh dear me." His talk is youthful in spirit. Many art students in their twenties sit around and listen enraptured to his reminiscences.

Every January 2, these days, thirty or forty old friends and sitters visit the McKay's to celebrate Varley's birthday. They include Charles S. Band, a Toronto financier who owns the biggest private collection of Varley's drawings and paintings. The gifts usually consist of liquor and the party is gay. During the evening Varley sits at the grand piano and plays Beethoven with an amateur's hand but a poet's flair. Then talk goes on until the early hours.

Here are samples from a recent Varley conversation:

"I believe in God and in love between men and women, but there is something wrong with the Christian concept of marriage."

"That Cézanne. He married a dull housekeeper and that was good enough for him. He was never in love in his life.

There is not an ounce of love in his work. He is overestimated."

"Oh dear, oh dear, Toronto Art Gallery is trying to raise one hundred thousand dollars for that enormous Tintoretto, 'Christ Washing The Disciples' Feet.' The thing is pure trash."

"The Russian realist school of painting believes in bringing art down to the level of the people. I believe in raising the people to the level of art."

"The further north you travel in Canada the greater is the quality of nobility you see in the peoples' faces."

"You see this sketch of a woman? You'll notice she has no pupils in her eyes. She looks more like a sculptured head. She's a Syrian woman I picked up in a Montreal cabaret when I was out for a bit of a frolic. She turned her head slightly away from me and something happened between the light and her eyes. Her pupils just seemed to disappear. That's how I saw her. Ghostly, isn't it?"

"When you paint a person well you are not yourself. You empty yourself of all preconceived ideas about the subject. As you look at the sitter you see the truth emerging in the face. All people are beautiful in one way or another."

"Trouble is good for mankind. When you are in trouble you get an understanding of life and you find the answers to many questions."

"One human being never solved the problems of another. You can be cruel if you try to solve other peoples' problems for them. It is kinder to let people solve their own problems."

When a party is over Varley often sits up alone in his studio and goes on drinking and musing. "Sometimes," says Don McKay, "he'll sit up over a crock until seven o'clock in the morning and then go to bed until early afternoon. No matter how late a night he's had you'll always hear him singing in the tub when he gets up."

During his stay with the McKay's, Varley has been busy. When I saw him recently he was putting the finish to eight landscapes. On the walls of the McKay home are several fine heads of Mrs. McKay. To the casual observer Mrs. McKay is a middle-aged housewife of average looks and temperament. When you see her in Varley's paintings you realize that she is a blithe understanding generous and exceptional woman.

Varley has only one complaint. "I'm too well looked after," he says. "I need to bang around and suffer to paint well. You can see it in my latest work. I'm getting too smoothed down. There are no jagged pieces about me any more." ★



A 1957 news headline that still makes good reading!

**TAX RELIEF ON RETIREMENT SAVINGS FOR SELF-EMPLOYED** said newspaper headlines in the Spring of 1957. It was particularly good news for doctors, farmers, merchants and other self-employed people because the Dominion Government had just allowed them, in the arranging of a personal pension plan, a privilege which had previously been enjoyed only by employees and others associated in a group-pension arrangement.

And it continues to be good news because the retirement plans of many self-employed people are in the planning stage and such people can still arrange a retirement savings plan and deduct all or part of the yearly saving under it on their income-tax returns.

As only certain types of pension arrangements qualify for the tax-easement feature, it is suggested that you discuss your retirement plans with an Imperial Life representative. There is no cost or obligation involved and he can help you decide whether a pension plan with immediate tax-savings is the best arrangement for you.

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M21P



## My four lives as a hairdresser

Continued from page 29

**"Many more women would color their hair if it weren't for their stick-in-the-mud husbands"**

was fascinated by her new hairdo and they were reconciled.

Women, I've found, are far more adventurous than men. Many more women would color their hair or try daring new hairdos if it weren't for stick-in-the-mud husbands who might scalp them if they did.

Men are really quite contrary about it. A man may admire some doll who shows up at a party with her hair colored blond mink and styled like a movie star's and he may ogle her until his wife is about ready to brain both of them. But let his wife suggest *she's* going to become a blond and this same man is just as likely to snarl, "No wife of mine is going to dye her hair!"

This sort of thing happens all the time and bewildered housewives ask me what they can do about it. And I tell them, "Nothing," because I know it's dynamite for a hairdresser to tangle with a husband. It hasn't happened to me—yet—but I've known many hairdressers who have had irate husbands telephone them and threaten to sue.

I learned my lesson long ago, back in the days when the process of changing the color of a woman's hair was far more complicated than it is today. Then it required as many as eight applications of bleach over a period of five to eight weeks to transform a brunette into a blond. In the meantime, a woman—and her husband—would have to learn to live with hair of the most ugly hues—deep orange, bright red, or hard, brassy blond. I even recall the case of a woman whose hair turned turquoise on the way to becoming blond.

Well, once I began to make a blond out of a woman who had taken the plunge in defiance of her husband. She went home from our first session with the shade of orange hair you usually see only on a circus clown. The next morning she—and her husband—were waiting

on the doorstep when I arrived at work. She was a good sport: she smiled and said, simply, "Well, Mary, we lost."

We hairdressers never speak of hair dye or of dyeing the hair because these words are encrusted with connotations that hark back to a period when women whispered behind their hands, "She dyes her hair, you know," and when the term "peroxide blond" was uttered more often as a moral judgment than as a description of the color of a woman's hair.

Instead of dye, we speak of tints, toners, or colored shampoos and the process of using them we call hair coloring. In fact, we no longer dye the hair one flat, solid color, but shade it artistically, achieving a natural look.

Whatever terminology may be in vogue, the fact is that colored hair is becoming more popular day by day. The type of woman who, in another time, would buy a new hat to boost her morale or to satisfy a whim will now have the color of her hair changed instead.

I've seen no statistics, but I'll wager that at least six women in every ten tamper in some way with the color of their hair, either at home or in the salon. One estimate I've heard bandied about goes even higher, maintaining that three women out of four have at least tried some form of color tint, shampoo, rinse, or toner.

The whole public attitude toward hair coloring has undergone a tremendous change so that now almost everyone will concede that a "good" girl can color her hair and even grandmas are turning from grey to hues of blue.

It's the scientists who deserve most of the credit for this trend for they have evolved subtle, natural colors and have simplified their application.

Until ten years ago, the fallen woman who dyed her hair would emerge from the beauty salon either as a brassy blond, as a carrot top, or with her crowning



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## A bungalow built of "daydreams" becomes a reality for the Wrights

Dave and Helen Wright fell in love with this two acres of land when they were newlyweds, nine years ago.

Many a Sunday afternoon they drove out here to have a picnic—and to daydream. They pictured themselves owning this property... planning their home... seeing it take shape on the hillside. Dave still recalls the day they "took the plunge."

"We'd saved the money to buy the land," he'll tell you. "Then we went to work building our 'house fund'—our savings account at Canada Permanent."

Dave, a successful young lawyer, knew about Canada Permanent's wide background in trust services. He liked the high interest Canada Permanent paid on his savings. And he bought Canada Permanent

debentures, so his money grew even faster.

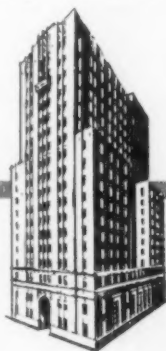
In the meantime, Dave and Helen watched for house ideas, drew up plans, figured expenses. Their "house fund" grew steadily until they were able to start building.

Last month, the Wrights moved into their bright, new home, "And we're keeping our Canada Permanent account going," says Dave. "The family's education, our retirement years—we'll always have something to save for!"

Like the Wrights, you probably have *your* dreams to save for. And *you* will find it pays to use the services of Canada Permanent. During 104 years, generations of Canadians have built for the future with Canada Permanent.

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glory turned as black as the ace of spades. There was no subtlety at all.

Now there are such exotic shades as tickled pink, tickled pinker, blue moon, scarlet madness, fuchsia fury, green chiffon, aquamarine delight, purple elegance, midnight panther, and mad gold. I've used scarlet madness only once—on a Sunday school teacher.

Even though blonds, natural and chemical, are a minority in our society. I'm convinced that there isn't a civilized woman alive who, down deep in her heart, hasn't desired, at one time or an-

other, to become one. The reason is simple: it is the most beautiful, the most feminine of all shades of hair.

Why, then, don't all women become blonds? Some just can't be bothered. Some can't afford it. Many know it wouldn't become them. And, in spite of all the blame I've pinned on husbands, let's face it: a lot of women just haven't the courage of their convictions.

It certainly can be accomplished easily enough. Techniques and materials have been improved to the point where a woman may enter a beauty parlor in

the morning as a brunette and emerge late in the afternoon as blond as Marilyn Monroe. At most, the transformation shouldn't take more than two visits.

The time and effort depends largely on the amount of gold pigment there is in the hair for the lightening process consists of removing this. Thus it may be more difficult to convert a mousey blond into a light blond than to do the same with a brunette.

The cost of creating a blond may range anywhere from twenty to one hundred dollars. It depends, partly, on

the shade chosen. There are those shades I call the Cadillac colors because they are the most expensive as well as the most beautiful. They are white beige, silver blond, blue silver, champagne beige, pink silver, light ash blond, and blond mink. The upkeep for any of these shades will run about twenty dollars a month.

There isn't any type of hair that won't benefit from some kind of coloring. I look upon coloring as a cosmetic for the hair, just as lipstick and powder are cosmetics for the skin. In time, the woman who doesn't color her hair will be as exceptional as the woman who doesn't wear lipstick.

A woman who is not coloring her hair should be able to keep it attractively styled and groomed for ten to twelve dollars a month. This figure will undoubtedly surprise a lot of husbands whose wives always appear expertly coiffed and tell them they manage it on five dollars. A little investigation would quickly disclose that these women are snitching the extra five or ten from the grocery money.

Some women will go to almost any length to keep themselves looking beautiful. Some would crawl to the beauty parlor on their hands and knees if they had to. I once had a customer who scrubbed floors one day a week to earn her hair money. I told her she was crazy and eventually I was able to convince her that her hair wasn't that important. But I sometimes wonder if she were any sillier than some office girls who, for the same reason, lunch on peanut butter sandwiches or on coffee and a cigarette.

#### Get advice on home perms

There are women who think we see them coming and that we are going to trim them in more ways than one. I have in mind a particularly well-dressed young woman who, as she slipped into my chair, said, "I hope you don't think that just because I wear a Persian lamb I've got a lot of money."

"Not at all," I replied sweetly, "there are so many women nowadays wearing coats they haven't paid for." Actually, every salon has its own set prices for the various services it offers and even a mink stole cuts no ice.

Provided a woman doesn't spend foolishly, money spent on beautifying her hair is money well spent. Every now and then a woman will tell me she has come to have her hair done on her doctor's recommendation. In some mental institutions, I understand, the new patient is given a complete beauty treatment as soon as she's admitted.

This being the do-it-yourself age the cosmetic counters are loaded with hair preparations to be applied at home. One result is that we spend a lot of time correcting the mistakes of unskilled labor. Many of these products are safe to use and some produce good, even excellent results. But there are some that, in inexperienced hands, become downright dangerous, causing harm to the hair and even painful damage to the scalp. Certainly a major color change should never be attempted at home.

Women could save themselves time, trouble and expense by consulting their hairdressers about any product they intend to use at home. The professional has the knowledge, acquired through training and experience, to give far better advice than can be had from a clerk behind a cosmetic counter.

There's nothing quite so annoying in our business as a woman who insists on having her hair styled in a way that we



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know doesn't become her. Turned loose on the street, she is our worst advertisement.

I have one such customer. The first time she came to me she wore her hair in a style that could be described only as horsey. I coaxed and cajoled her, I pried and flattered her, but she wouldn't have it changed. Beaten, I agreed at last to do it her way on one condition: she'd never tell anyone where she had her hair done. She is still a customer and her hair still looks hideous, but, as far as I know, she never blabbed.

Some women come armed with a picture of a movie star, clipped from a magazine, and want to know. "Can you do my hair like this?" I usually have to admit that I can and, just as often, I will add, "But I don't want to; it's not your type." And then we fight it out.

The fact is there'd be a lot more becoming hairdos in this world if women would come to realize that the hairdresser is far more capable than they are of choosing the right hair style for them. Women should enter a beauty parlor to get their hair fixed, not with a fixed idea of how they want their hair.

The girl who never fails to baffle us is the one who knows exactly how she wants her hair styled, gives elaborate instructions, and then tosses in the exasperating stricture: "But don't cut it."

The perfect retort to this impossible order was coined by Antoine, the Frenchman who is the most famous of all hairdressers. "Madame," he would say, "you wouldn't tell your surgeon when to amputate." Not being as haughty as Antoine, I rely on a more prosaic parallel: "Would you give your dressmaker a bolt of cloth with orders to make you a dress and then tell her not to cut it?"

Selecting and then creating the right coiffure for a woman is close to an art. The hair should be considered as part of an ensemble effect; it must be styled in relation to the shape of the face and as a frame—above all, as a soft frame—for the face. Because of its softness, the bouffant look remains popular.

Antoine has described hair as live raw material which should be treated as a sculptor treats his clay. That is a very apt description for we always shape, rather than cut, the hair and even in coloring it we tone it in a way that will accentuate the shape we want.

The number of do's and don'ts concerning the care and styling of hair seems to be equaled only by those surrounding pregnancy—and just as many are old wives' tales.

Many women tell me not to use clippers on the neck because it will make their hair grow in thicker. It isn't so. Nor is it always true that a woman with a long nose can't wear bangs or that a tall woman should never wear short hair. It is true, though, that after the age of thirty, long hair is taboo. But who ever passes thirty?

One story that does appear to be true is that the pony tail can cause baldness. Dr. Albert H. Slepian, a professor of dermatology at the University of Illinois, says, "The prolonged pulling of the hair backward and upward into a smoothly compacted corded hair bundle . . . has caused lack of hair in many persons."

Dr. Slepian studied twenty-four cases of baldness allegedly caused by the pony tail. He found that twenty-two of the women studied regained their hair when they changed to a new style. The other two—a girl who wore a pony tail for fifteen months and another who wore one for three years—are permanently bald.

There is one don't I'm ready to defend

dogmatically: don't wear your hair in curlers outside your home. Lots of women do, but it's a sloppy, disgusting habit, no more to be tolerated than shaving one's legs in public. Only a husband or a hairdresser should ever see a woman with her hair in curlers.

There are husbands, I know, who complain because their wives go to bed in curlers or wearing a net. They haven't a case. Husbands simply have to face the fact that a woman can't look beautiful twenty-four hours a day. There may be relief in sight: a Brooklyn hairdresser

has designed a boudoir cap with false curls attached.

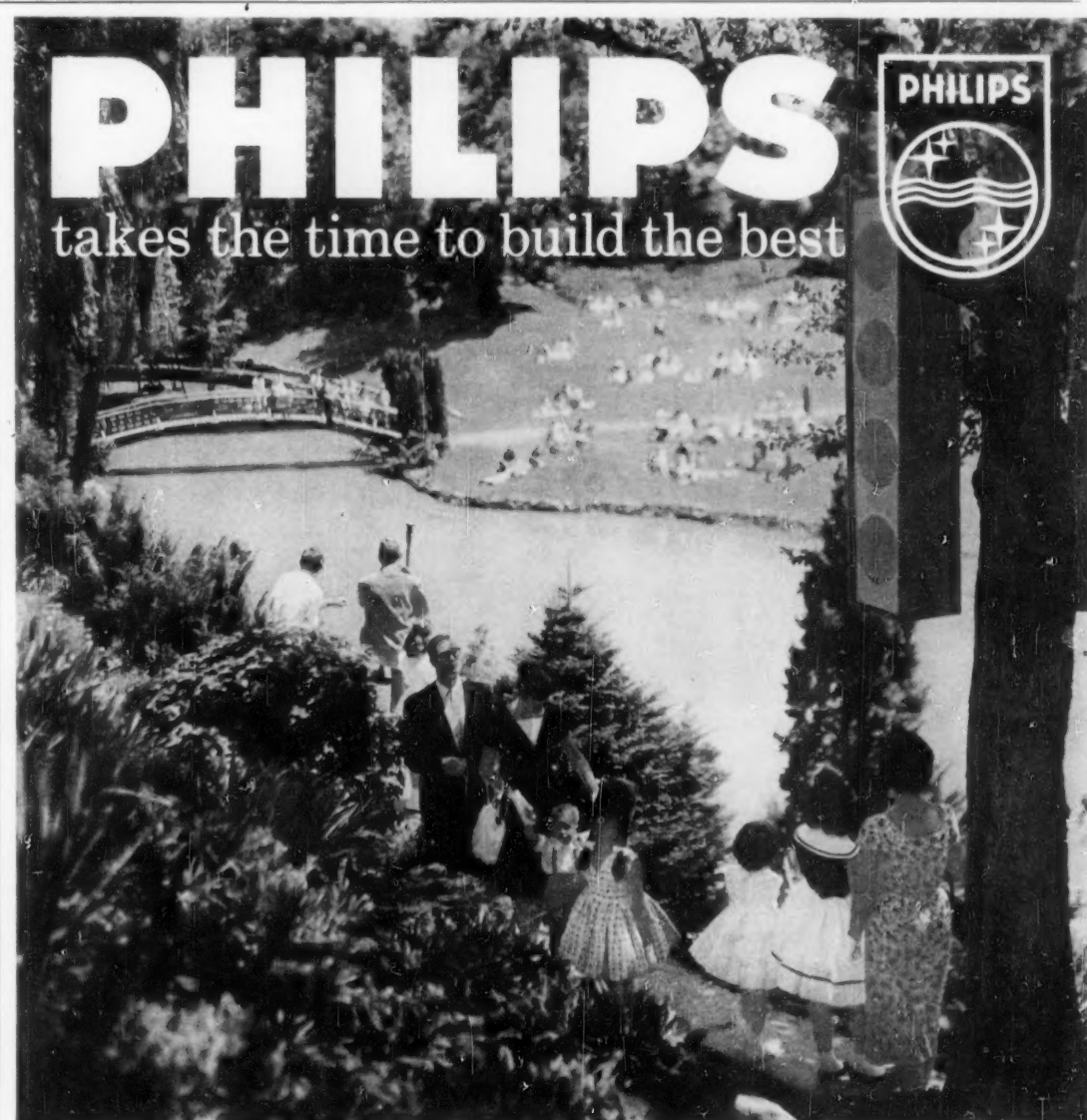
Not a few women let their hair down figuratively, as well as literally, once they are inside a beauty salon. They'll tell their hairdresser things they wouldn't tell a psychiatrist and confess to escapades that would curl their husbands' hair. Usually I listen patiently but sometimes they'll begin to divulge such intimate details I draw the line.

One unhappily married woman used to visit me regularly once a week to have her hair set and to tell me her

troubles. Always she gave me a two-dollar tip, probably because I was a good listener. Eventually she won a divorce and I seldom saw her after that.

This tendency among women to confide in their hairdressers is, I believe, easily explained. When a woman is emotionally upset she will often have her hair done to give her morale a boost. And so it is that we get them when they are troubled and anxious to unburden themselves.

In any case, their secrets are safe with us. A hairdresser who wants to stay in



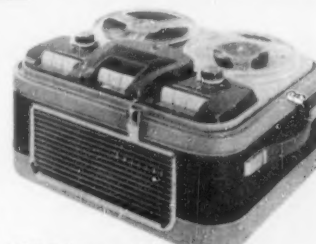
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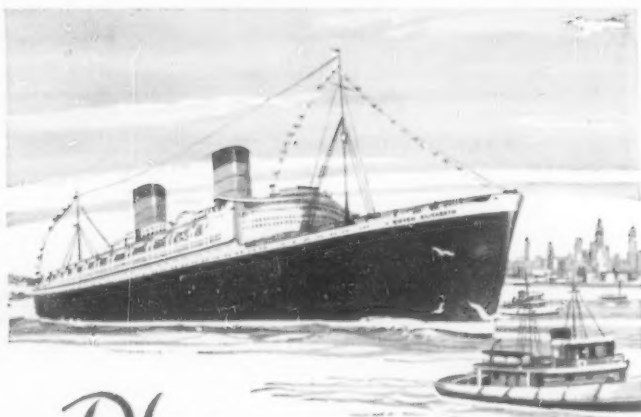
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of World War II continue in the next issue with

### The Conflict of Command

candid, revealing glimpses of the disagreements between Montgomery, Eisenhower and other allied leaders

IN THE NEXT MACLEAN'S

ON SALE NOV. 10

business is unlikely to gossip about her patrons.

Men, I find, as a rule look upon the women's world, of the beauty parlor with all the wonder and fear with which one usually regards the unknown—and, often, too, with a rather annoying air of superiority. Most of them seem afraid even to set foot inside the door. When they come to pick up their wives, they usually lurk outside in the car. When they do come inside they'll sometimes make disdainful remarks about the movie magazines we have scattered about. But I notice they read them just as avidly as the women do.

Only once have I had a customer whose husband actually selected her hairdresser and then escorted her to all of her appointments as well.

This happened when I worked at the Hotel Vancouver. One day I noticed that a man and woman were watching me through the window as I dressed a woman's hair. After about ten minutes of this, they came in. She was a beautiful girl, petite and glamorous, and he was a huge bear-like man who obviously treated her as though she were a fragile doll.

"I suppose," he said, "you wondered why we were watching you. We were judging your work."

"Did I pass?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "you did and we'd like to make an appointment for tomorrow." He brought her in the next day and every time she came after that.

In all my seventeen years as a hairdresser, I have had only one man as a customer. He is one of Canada's most famous painters, a man with fine white hair, which I used to trim. He said, "Barbers never do the job properly."

The day is coming, I'm sure, when men will be regular patrons of the beauty parlor, coming to have their hair trimmed, conditioned, and even colored. It's still a long way off, but inevitably it will arrive. After all, men shave to beautify themselves—and that is the beginning.

Of course men have already made their mark as hairdressers. The most successful stylists in Vancouver, the owners of the big, swanky salons, are mostly men. One drives a white Lincoln convertible and another a Cadillac. Still another employs a valet.

None is known by his surname but only by a Christian name—and usually a dandy one like Chauncey or Cedric. Never anything like Hank or Jack. This is a gimmick they learned from Antoine of Paris. And Antoine, as you may have guessed, is not from Paris but from Poland and his real name is Antek Cierplikowski.

In any case, Antoine is a great hairdresser, one whose skill is acknowledged even by the Encyclopedia Britannica. His annual income is said to be about one hundred thousand dollars.

It is this last piece of incidental information which has impressed my husband, Roy, who is a commercial fisherman and also, by the way, a former Pacific Northwest Golden Gloves champion. It impressed him to the point that last winter, when the fish weren't running, he took and passed the government-approved course in hairdressing. "But," he says, "even for a million bucks I'm not going to change my name to Alphonse, or anything like it."

In spite of their popularity I don't believe for a minute that men make better hairdressers than women. What I do believe is that there are a lot of neurotic women who like to be fussed over by men. ★

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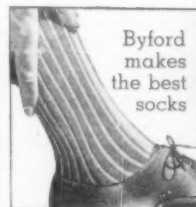
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See page 101 for details

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## The coming battle against starvation

Continued from page 37

the world faces chaos unless governments switch money from arms to food research. The need is vitally urgent.

Can a combination of scientific developments and government programs save us from starvation? That's the hope of those most familiar with the picture. The fight to get more food from the land has already begun and it takes many forms. In Israel, the weather bureau is trying to use dew for irrigation. Brazil and the United Nations are co-operating in a giant plan to populate the Amazon Valley. Sea water from the Mediterranean and Dead Sea has been used to irrigate shrubs and grasses with partial success. In Asia Minor and Africa, old Roman wells and underground reservoirs—many still in perfect condition—are being brought back into use. In northern Russia, farmers are plowing snow fields to help earlier thawing and allow more time to grow bigger crops. The Canadian Federal Department of Agriculture has an experimental farm reclaimed from the muskeg in Newfoundland.

Thousands of square miles of marshland are being drained in Tasmania, Russia, northern Rhodesia and India. In Canada, there are marshland reclamation projects in the Maritimes and irrigation projects on the prairies. In England, desperately short of farm land, three private individuals recently spent \$120,000 building a six-mile wall to reclaim 1,500 acres of estuary marsh.

But these efforts, even when considered collectively, are pathetically inadequate to head off the oncoming food crisis. At this moment, we need more than 300,000 acres of new fertile farm land every day to feed the normal increase in world population. But, instead of getting more farm land, we are losing vast areas to expanding cities, four-lane highways and industrial expansion. The United Kingdom has lost two million acres since World War II. The U.S. is losing at least one million acres a year to construction. In Canada, the Gordon Commission predicts that south-western Ontario's rich Niagara peninsula will all be lost to industry by 1980.

With land dwindling and population leaping, the best hope for the future seems to lie in a little-known struggle by science to promote faster and greater growth of plants and animals. In the last ten years this work has doubled the yield of tomatoes per acre in many parts of Canada, trebled the per-acre yield of onions, speeded up the ripening of fruit and stopped fruit from dropping off trees, altered the shape of many plants for more efficient harvesting, and made animals reach marketable size in less time.

The drive for bigger and better crops is advancing on all fronts—chemically, genetically and mechanically. So urgent is the world demand for this food-producing know-how that every new discovery sweeps rapidly round the world. When the U.S. Department of Agriculture developed a new tomato for high rainfall areas recently, the New Zealand Department of Agriculture began asking for plants before tests were completed or

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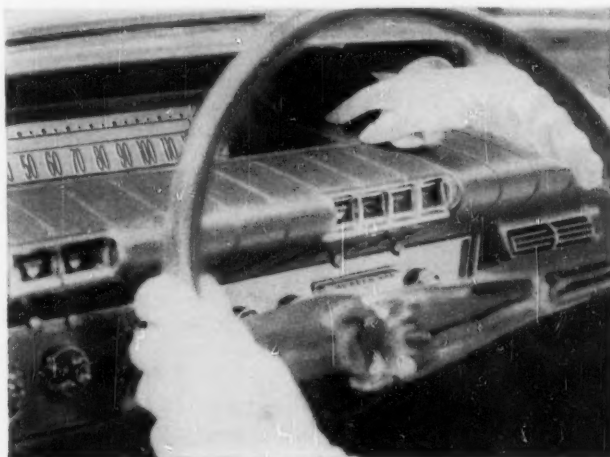
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official reports published. A Canadian horticulturist was recently refused permission by the French to take out of France a new type of tomato seed. He smuggled them out anyway.

Agricultural scientists, to get more and quicker growth from plants and animals, have turned to the lowly invisible cell, the many-sided compartment which, in various forms, makes up the bodies of animals and the leaves and stalks of plants. Each cell is a complicated mass of substances, including the genes which determine heredity. The scientists are

finding that by manipulating the workings of the cell, they can persuade plants and animals to do what they're told — grow bigger, faster, fatter, longer.

In 1937, German scientists succeeded in producing a type of rye in which the number of chromosomes (which transmit genes) in each cell had been doubled from 14 to 28. The rye grew thicker and richer, had fifty percent greater productivity. It spread rapidly across the world.

Scientists excitedly predicted that the discovery might herald an era of super growth for all plants. But when they

tried to apply the doubled chromosome idea to other plants, they had trouble. The Swedes succeeded with clover and boosted clover hay and seed crops by forty percent. Elsewhere, researchers found that their radical fiddling with the cell structure usually destroyed fertility. But the search goes on. The Ontario Agricultural College's field husbandry department is developing a double-chromosome type of barley, which, although low in fertility now, may one day be the answer to the barley-grower's prayer.

The story of the cell — a miniature drama set against a vast backdrop of starving millions—is most exciting when it touches on hormones. They are the key to tomorrow's revolutionary crops. In their natural state, hormones are present in plants and animals in tiny quantities, so tiny that the Upjohn Company's Laboratories in the U.S. once produced only two ounces of corticoid hormones from 36,000 hog adrenals. Some hormones are hidden in rare plants in Mexico and Africa, or in coconut milk, horse chestnuts or immature bean seeds.

But their effects—on humans, animals and plants—can be extraordinary. A few grains of a hormone can alter the growth of an acre of crops. The incredible gibberellins are an example. They were isolated by the Japanese from a type of rice fungus in 1936, but their commercial possibilities weren't recognized until after World War II. In U.S. experiments, the hormones sent cabbages shooting up fifteen feet and made many other plants grow so rapidly that they killed themselves. For a while, it seemed they might revolutionize world agriculture, producing bumper crops from India to Alaska. But their violent effects have been a disappointment, producing sheer size at the expense of hardness or other essential qualities. One of their few commercial tasks so far is boosting grape growth. When applied to spinach, they can often produce a second crop from the same roots.

The shortage of natural hormones had, since World War II, sent researchers scrambling for synthetic hormones. One of the most spectacular of these is stilbestrol, a female sex hormone which unaccountably makes animals put on up to thirty percent more weight with thirty percent less food. Eighty percent of North American cattle growers use it, and last year U.S. beef farmers produced about one billion more pounds of meat through using it than they would have by not using it. If given to cattle throughout the world, stilbestrol could give a tremendous meat increase.

The drive for more efficiency, more production, goes right back into the soil itself. Soil scientists are seeking the best food for every plant.

A dramatic example of what the findings of scientific research can do when applied can be seen in American poultry business, which has squeezed more production out of less food than any other branch of agriculture.

In the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, egg producers are getting more than two hundred eggs from each hen every year, compared with the one hundred they got twenty years ago. Some star performing hens, produced by such leading poultry experts as Don Shaver, of Galt, Ont., have given more than three hundred eggs a year, and egg producers are looking forward confidently to the hen that lays every day of the year. Professor J. R. Cavers, of the Ontario Agricultural College, says, "Egg production is increasing steeply in Canada. But the number of layers is decreasing rapidly."

The broiler business is equally spectacular. Six pounds of scientifically mixed food can build up a three-pound broiler bird in eight weeks. Chicken farmers are awaiting the day when one pound of food will make one pound of bird.

Also impressive are the developments in vegetable production. In the last ten years, all the traditional commercial varieties of tomatoes have disappeared in Ontario, displaced by newer, faster-growing, better-yielding plants. Dr. John Wiebe, a vegetable expert at the Depart-

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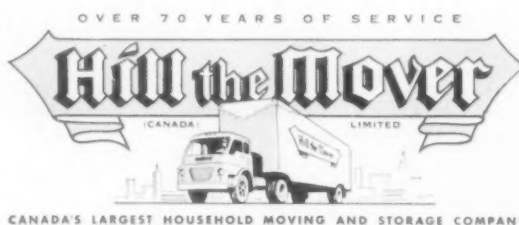


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ment of Agriculture station at Vineland, Ont., estimates that tomato yields have jumped fifty percent per acre. A new type of tomato, whole crops of which ripen at the same time, is being developed for harvesting by machinery.

Growers are getting earlier production of many vegetables by enclosing young crops in long sheets of plastic or paper, creating miniature greenhouses. Some growers, says Dr. Herman Tiessen, of the O.A.C. horticulture department, are getting faster germination by spreading black plastic over the rows. This raises ground temperatures by three or four degrees. Tiessen has lowered greenhouse temperatures during the flowering periods of some plants. This helps blossoms to set and gives higher yields.

The scientific advances now coming to the farm were heralded indirectly by an Austrian monk Johann Gregor Mendel, a hundred years ago. He found that by crossing thousands of carefully selected types of pea plants with one another, it was possible to develop and perpetuate an amazing hybrid vigor, in which the new plants not only inherited the best features of their parents but had more strength than either of them. The most famous application of Mendelian laws was in Canada, where the Dominion cerealist, Sir Charles Saunders, laboriously crossed thousands of wheat types and came up with Marquis in 1904. This wheat boosted prairie yields as much as twenty percent and swept round the world.

Soon after, Dr. George Harrison Shull, of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, produced a remarkable hybrid corn. In recent years, U.S. scientists have developed a hybrid onion that has doubled and trebled crops.

But though these great discoveries are causing a revolution down on the farm, piling up tremendous surpluses in a few countries like Canada and the U.S., and making life hard for small inefficient farmers, they still don't give us an answer to the world hunger problem. Malthus' theory still stands. The capacity of humans to breed is much greater than their capacity to produce food.

One United Nations population expert recently predicted that if world population does hit five billion by the end of the century, it will leap to ten billion in the following twenty-five years. Guy Irving Burch, director of the U.S. Population Reference Bureau, once calculated that India's population, if unchecked, would overpopulate the world in less than one hundred years.

There is not even a remote chance, at this time, that we would be able to feed such an increase in population. "What is urgently needed today," said one botanist at the Montreal botanical conference, "is a truly radical method of producing food."

This is already being tried. Dr. H. A. Spoehr and Dr. Harold W. Milner, of the Carnegie Institution's division of plant biology at Stanford, California, are trying to make food out of *Chlorella pyrenoidosa*, a primitive plant which looks like a nauseating green slime. It is an algae which grows at tremendous speed and is, in microscopic form, a bulging food vehicle. Originally it consisted largely of carbohydrates and Spoehr and Milner knew that the world had plenty of these. The real deficiency was in proteins and fats. The scientists manipulated the *Chlorella* by speeding up its growth while cutting back its nitrogen supplies. This forced the plant to produce more protein and fat. They calculate that about twenty tons of dried protein and two tons of fat could be produced, per

acre, by the slimy *Chlorella* — a tremendous increase over present land productivity of any sort. "But," said one scientist, "it would be dull eating."

Another possibility is the development of plankton — colonies of animal and plant organisms that teem in the oceans — as a food for humans. Plankton is nutritious and breeds at great speed, but nobody has yet figured out ways of harvesting it from the sea, producing it commercially, or persuading people to eat it.

But it seems clear that such bleak

sustenance must be part of the food of the future. Statistics show that today forty-four percent of all Europeans are underfed, eighty percent of Latin Americans go hungry and ninety-three percent of Africans and ninety-eight percent of Asians are underfed or starving. And it is exactly these same areas that are chalking up record population increases. The vast grain surpluses of North America could not begin to alleviate this world hunger, even if somebody could figure out a way of distributing them. India alone would need at least two bil-

lion additional bushels of wheat a year — six hundred fully loaded, large grain ships — to take the edge off its hunger. As the Indian population grows, the grain shipments would have to be even larger.

The best hope for the world's hungry — and perhaps ultimately for all of us — appears at the moment to be science's quiet fight to plumb the secrets of the cell, to create miraculous new crops of food for the future. The survival of the human race may depend on how much we are prepared to spend on this research. ★

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THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME:

## A GREAT WARRIOR GOES TO VISIT THE FRONT

continued from page 27

Brooke, none the less, had doubts. "Tomorrow," he wrote in his diary, "I start off with P.M. on this visit to see the Rhine crossing. I am not happy about this trip; he will be difficult to manage and has no business to be going. All he will do is to endanger his life unnecessarily. However, nothing on earth will stop him!"

✦ "March 23rd. Monty's H.Q. Venlo, Germany. "We left Northolt in a Dakota about 3 p.m. We had a very good two hours' flight over Calais, Lille and Brussels. On arrival here we drove on to Monty's H.Q."

"We found Monty very proud to be able to pitch his camp in Germany at last. Monty described plan of attack for the crossing of the Rhine which starts tonight on a two Army front, with Ninth American Army on right and Second British Army on left. Crossings take place throughout the night, and the guns have already started and can be heard indistinctly in the distance."

"After dinner Monty went off to bed early and Winston took me off. First of all, we walked up and down in the moonlight; it was a glorious night, and we discussed the situation we were in at the momentous moment of crossing the Rhine. We went back over some of our early struggles, back to Cairo when we started Alex and Monty off. How he had had to trust my selection at that time, the part that the hand of God had taken at the critical moment, etc. He was in one of his very nicest moods and showed appreciation for what I had done for him in a way in which he had never done before."

✦ "March 24th. Venlo. At breakfast Monty told me that from all reports he had received the forcing of the Rhine was going well. At 8.45 the P.M. and I started off together with Monty's A.D.C. We had a three-quarters of an hour's drive to a viewpoint about 2,000 yards south of Xanten from which an excellent view can be obtained when the weather is clear. Unfortunately, it was rather hazy, but we could just make out the line of the Rhine from Xanten to Wesel and could just see some of the boats ferrying across the Rhine where landings had taken place."

"We were in the middle of the battery positions supporting that portion of the front, and there was a continual roar of guns as they were busy engaging German A.A. guns in anticipation of the arrival of the airborne divisions. The 6th British and 17th American Divisions were due to start, arriving at 10 a.m., to land in the area about two to three miles beyond the Rhine, the far side of the Diefendorfer Wald. The 6th Airborne Division was starting from East Anglia and the 17th Airborne Division from the Paris area. They arrived punctual to time, and it was a wonderful sight. The whole sky was filled with large flights of transport aircraft. They flew straight over us and over the Rhine. Unfortunately they disappeared into the haze before dropping their loads of parachutists. The flak could be seen bursting amongst them before they disappeared. Shortly afterwards they began to stream back with doors open and parachute strings hanging under them. A few of them burst into flames on their way back and



"I knew that he longed to get into all of the most exposed positions possible."

shed their pilots who floated down in their parachutes.

"Winston then became a little troublesome and wanted to go messing about on the Rhine crossings and we had some difficulty in keeping him back. However, in the end he behaved well and we came back in our armoured cars to where we had left our own car, and from there on back to the H.Q. P.M. went off for a sleep which he wanted badly; he had been sleeping in the car nearly all the way home, gradually sliding on to my knee."

"After lunch we got into a tank-landing-craft which was plying across the Rhine and crossed over. It was a great thrill setting foot on the far bank. We spent a little time examining the German river-defenses and then recrossed the river."

"We got back into the car and motor-ed to the main road bridge over the Rhine at Wesel. The bridge had been broken in several places but partly boarded over so that one could scramble about on it. Winston at once started scrambling along it for about forty yards. We found Wesel was still occupied and that considerable sniping was going on inside the town. About two hundred yards lower down, the bridging parties were getting ready to start a new bridge. They had apparently been seen by the Germans as shells began to fall some three hundred yards downstream. Reports then came in that the Germans were shelling the road behind us; at the

same time shells began to fall about a hundred yards upstream of us. We decided it was time to remove the P.M., who was thrilled with the situation and very reluctant to leave! However, he came away more obediently than I had expected."

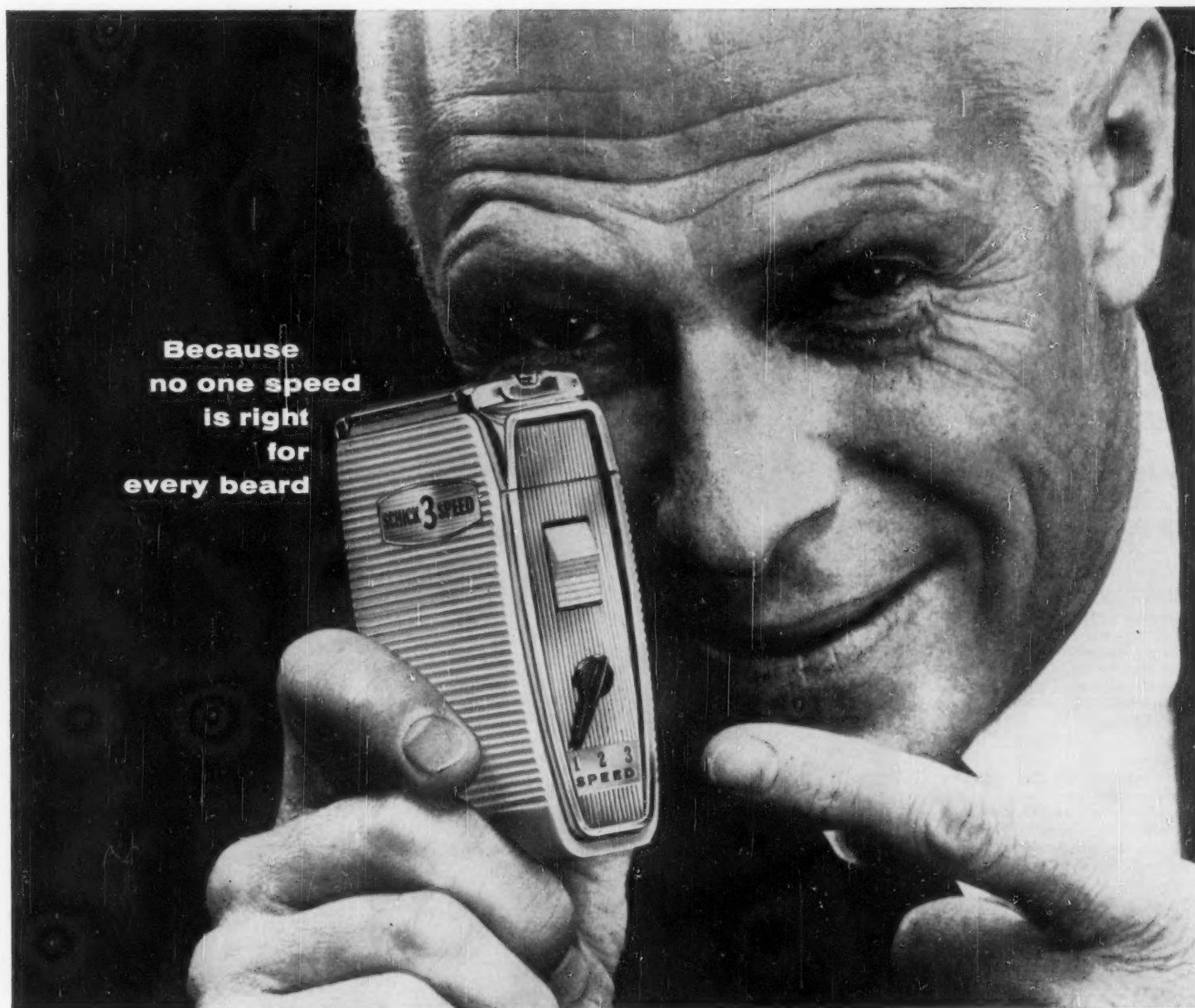
"I must interrupt the diary here, as I failed to record a picture which is as vivid in my mind as it was on that day. It is that of the U. S. General Simpson, on whose front we were, coming up to Winston and saying, 'Prime Minister, there are snipers in front of you; they are shelling both sides of the bridge and now they have started shelling the road behind you. I cannot accept the responsibility of your being here and must ask you to come away.' The look on Winston's face was just like that of a small boy being called away from his sand-castles on the beach by his nurse! He put both his arms round one of the twisted girders of the bridge and looked over his shoulder at Simpson with pouting mouth and angry eyes. Thank heaven he came away quietly. It was a sad wrench for him; he was enjoying himself immensely."

"It was a relief to get Winston home safely; I knew that he longed to get into all the most exposed positions possible. I honestly believe that he would really have liked to be killed on the front at this moment of success. He had often told me that the way to die is to pass out fighting when your blood is up and you feel nothing." ★

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



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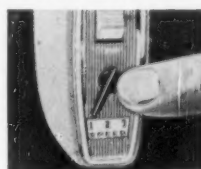
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Molotov greets a skeptical traveler.

## A JOURNEY TO MOSCOW

"Politicians and diplomats  
expressing sentiments  
very far detached  
from veracity"

✦ "October 2nd, 1944. Chiefs of Staff discussed dismemberment of Germany. We had considered the possible future and more distant threat to our security in the shape of an aggressive Russia. Apparently the Foreign Office could not admit that Russia might some day become unfriendly."

✦ "P.M. suddenly informed us that he and Anthony Eden were off to Moscow on Saturday next, and that he wanted me to come with him!"

✦ The chief reason for the Prime Minister's and Brooke's visit to Moscow was Churchill's determination to solve the Polish problem. That autumn Russia's attitude towards Poland had broken across the accord established between the Eastern and Western allies at Teheran and consolidated by the success of the "Second Front." During the Warsaw rising in August, the Kremlin had behaved with gross inhumanity, not only making no attempt to use its armies — then only a few miles away — to aid the Polish insurgents but flatly refusing to allow the British and American air forces landing-fields from which to drop supplies on the city. As a result the rising had been crushed with the slaughter of 200,000 Poles, including the flower of those who might have re-created an independent Poland after the war, while a number of British and American airmen had needlessly lost their lives. Stalin's contemptuous excuse — so far as he deigned to give any — was that the Polish Home Army was worthless and led by irresponsible "criminals" and "adventurers."

✦ "October 10th. Moscow. We were all invited by Stalin to a large lunch. The party consisted of Winston, Stalin, Eden, Molotov, Gusev, Maisky, Harriman, Ismay, Burrows, Deane, Jacob, Russian

generals and Foreign Office staff. Great smartness all round.

"Stalin greeted me with congratulations on my promotion and was in a most affable mood. The lunch was a complete banquet, starting with masses of hors-d'œuvres which included caviar. We passed on to sucking-pig, then small scallops of mushrooms, followed by fish, then chicken and partridges, finishing up with ices. We had, as usual, a series of speeches proposing everybody's health. Molotov started with the health of the P.M., then

Eden, then myself, then Ismay, then Harriman, etc., etc., and we all had to reply in turn.

"Finally Stalin himself got up and began a long speech. He referred to Winston's and Harriman's speeches in which they had mentioned the unreadiness for war of Britain and America. Stalin said this was the same in the case of the Russian forces. Why was this? The reason was easy to find, we were all three peace-loving nations with no aggressive thoughts. Germany and Japan,

both aggressors, were ready for war because they wanted war. How was this to be prevented in future? Only by the co-operation of the three peace-loving nations, provided they maintained the power to enforce peace when necessary, etc. Finally Molotov said he was in an aggressive mood and that he insisted we all fill our glasses with champagne to drink an important toast he had to propose and one for which there must be no heel-taps, and he himself would see that the glasses were emptied. He then

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proposed the health of the three leaders, and we had to drain our glasses. Luckily up to then I had got off lightly and had only had one vodka and one glass of white wine.

"It was 5:30 p.m. when we rose from the table. We had sat for three solid hours, listening to politicians and diplomats informing each other of their devotion and affection and expressing sentiments very far detached from veracity."

♣ "October 12th. There is some fable

about some hunters going out to shoot a bear who on the eve of the shoot became so busy arguing about the sale of the skin and the sharing of the proceeds that they forgot to shoot the bear! I feel this is what we are doing here. Ever since we have arrived we have been busy discussing post-war settlements and as a result have completely neglected up to date the problem of how we are going to finish the war.

♣ "October 14th. I spent the morning

reading up notes in anticipation of our evening meeting with Stalin in the Kremlin. Rushed off at 6 p.m. for gala ballet performance in main theatre. There we sat in old Tzarist royal box and our party consisted of Stalin, Winston, Eden, Molotov, Harriman, Maisky, Litvinov, Ismay, Clark Kerr, Burrows and self. The ballet performance was perfect and was followed by a supper in an adjoining room. Many toasts and speeches as usual."

"Amongst the toasts Stalin made

one which was not translated but which raised peals of laughter from all the Russians. The toast had been for Maisky, and, as he sat next to me and had not taken part in all the laughter, I asked him what all the laughter was about. With a glum look on his face he replied, 'The Marshal has referred to me as the poet-diplomat because I have written a few verses at times, but our last poet-diplomat was liquidated — that is the joke!'

"Molotov said he had ordered tumblers to be served all round. He could not complete his toast till he was satisfied that all tumblers were full and he would also satisfy himself that all tumblers were empty when the toast had been drunk. He then proposed the toast of the Red Army. I drained my tumbler and wondered what its effect would be on my strategic survey which was to follow!"

"At our meeting with Stalin that day, when I asked Antonov whether he could maintain sixty divisions and the strategic air offensive over the trans-Siberian railway, I felt fairly certain that he knew the answer but was not certain what Stalin might want him to say. He looked around at him for some guidance but got no help; Stalin stood back with a complete poker-face.

"Antonov, at a loss, said that they could, and was at once brushed aside by Stalin who then proceeded to explain technical matters such as the fact that the capacity of the trans-Siberian railway was limited to thirty-five pairs of trains per day. That five pairs were required for maintenance of railway and five for the population in the Maritime province. He did not think that a balance of twenty-five trains for military purposes with a lift of six hundred to seven hundred tons per train would be adequate to maintain sixty divisions and the air offensive. He said that we had the example of Kuropatkin in the last Russo-Japanese war, who was brought to a standstill through lack of supplies, etc. He displayed an astounding knowledge of technical railway details, had read past history of fighting in that theatre and from this knowledge drew very sound deductions. I was more than ever impressed by his military ability."

♣ "It gets very trying being followed everywhere and completely shadowed by three detectives and a major in the Red Army! They are quite nice and supposed to be there to watch over me. Their authority over the crowd is absolute. Whilst shopping the other day a crowd had collected round me. One of the detectives walked round saying quite quietly, 'It would be better for you not to be here,' and they all dispersed and vanished at once.

"I am very glad to have been back to Russia again; it is a country with much food for thought. One more of these vast experiments which humanity periodically carries out: experiments which lead to much bloodshed, upheaval, suffering and finally, when all is examined, some progress. In my mind, all have their purpose; they turn the wheel of destiny one or two cogs forward towards the path of general progress. Humanity surges forward like the tide flowing. Successive waves of one or other 'ism' romp up the beach, only to be sucked back almost to where they started from. But in that 'almost' lies the progress forward." ★



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THE GIANTS  
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✦ "March 18th, 1944. The P.M. proposed to wire the President that we should go to Bermuda for Easter and that we were to have a combined Chiefs of Staff meeting there. As there is nothing for us to meet about and on the Pacific strategy we have up to now failed to arrive at an arrangement with the P.M., I do not see what we can do. He insists, however, on going and proposes from there to fly to Gibraltar and on to Italy, which will probably be the end of him . . ."

✦ "March 20th. One of the worst Cabinet meetings . . . Winston has now produced an impossible document on the Pacific strategy in which he overrides our opinions and our advice."

"The Ministers on the Defense Committee are convinced," he wrote, "and I am sure that the War Cabinet would agree if the matter were brought before them, that it is in the interest of Britain to pursue what may be termed the 'Bay of Bengal strategy,' at any rate for the next twelve months. I, therefore, feel it my duty, as Prime Minister and Minister of Defense, to give the following rulings:

(a) Unless unforeseen events occur, the Indian theatre and the Bay of Bengal will remain, until the summer of 1945, the centre of gravity for the British and Imperial war effort against Japan.

(b) All preparations will be made for amphibious action across the Bay of Bengal against the Malay peninsula, the ultimate objective being the reconquest of Singapore.

(c) A powerful British fleet will be built up, based on Ceylon, Addu Atoll and East Indian posts.

"I should be very ready to discuss the above rulings with the Chiefs of Staff in order that we may be clear in our minds as to the line we are going to take in discussion with our American friends. Meanwhile, with this difference on long-term plans settled, we may bend ourselves to the tremendous and urgent tasks which are now so near, and in which we shall have need of all our comradeship and mutual confidence."

The Chiefs of Staff refused to be brow-beaten.

✦ "March 21st. We discussed at the C.O.S. meeting how best to deal with Winston's last document. We cannot accept it as it stands, and it would be better if we all three resigned sooner than accept his solution. We are telling him that it will be essential for us to put in a written reply."

In other words, the professional Heads of the three fighting services met the Defense Minister's attempt to dictate to them by acting together through the accepted constitutional channels, refusing either to agree to his solution or to adopt an attitude which would leave him with no alternative but a loss of face or their joint resignation. The situation was delicate in the extreme and any false or hasty move could have had disastrous repercussions. D-Day was little more than two months away, the deadlock in Italy was still unresolved, and the Japanese had just struck at the British forces guarding the north-eastern frontier of India. Sustained by his political colleagues, Churchill was convinced he was right; his military advisers were not only convinced he was wrong but that he was asking the impossible. On the very day that they discussed his memorandum the American Chiefs of Staff, alarmed by the reference to a Bay of Bengal strategy in his telegram to Roosevelt, informed London that under no circumstances would they support amphibious operations there, which in their view would be rendered completely unnecessary by their projected advance across the Pacific. The only operation in South-East-Asia they were prepared to supply was General Stilwell's campaign in Northern Burma to open the overland route to China.

The Chiefs of Staff, therefore, proceed-



ed with the utmost care, debating for several days the exact form of their reply and repeatedly returning for revision the drafts which General Ismay, as Military Secretary of the War Cabinet, submitted to them. Their final memorandum began by assuring the Prime Minister that they believed, from the communication he had addressed to them individually, that he still misunderstood their views and that they would welcome the opportunity of further discussion. But they rejected his charge that they had committed the government to any line of policy without consulting him, and reaffirmed their belief that the Pacific strategy, if found to be practicable, was far more likely to shorten the war against Japan than the Bay of Bengal strategy demanded by the Prime Minister. Vital though it was to reach an early decision, only three weeks had passed, they recalled, since the Prime Minister had agreed that the door should remain open until the necessary data had been collected as to the relative capacities of Australia and India as bases and the shipping possibilities of both. "It is not until these have been cleared up in accordance with the authority which you have given us that it will be possible for us to make a final recommendation as to which of the two policies offers the greater military advantages."

With this it was clear the Prime Minister had either to content himself or receive the resignation of the three Chiefs of Staff. He tacitly chose the former.

✦ **"April 5th.** Difficulties again with our American friends who still persist in wanting to close down operations in Italy and open new ones in South of France, just at the most critical moment..."

"At 10.30 p.m. had to attend one of those awful evening meetings of the P.M. We were kept up till 12.45 a.m. discussing use of heavy bombers in support of invasion of France. He is opposed to Tedder's plan to use them on the railways, because he does not think that the results to be achieved will be much, and secondly owing to casualties amongst French civilians."

✦ **On April 9th,** the Anglo-American argument over Anvil (the invasion of Southern France) reached a new climax. Both sides had remained stubborn. Nothing, Dill reported, would make Marshall abandon Anvil; nothing would make Churchill and Brooke relinquish the prize the approach of summer promised—the capture of Rome and the defeat of the forces Hitler had committed to central Italy. Unless both campaigns were to be abandoned, a compromise was inevitable. The Americans, to make their unpalatable insistence on Anvil acceptable, offered — for the first time — to transfer naval assault-craft from the Pacific to the Mediterranean, promising twenty-six tank landing-ships and forty landing-craft. The British reluctantly agreed to the American target date for the Riviera landing — July 10th — but insisted that the Combined Chiefs of Staff should have the right to postpone or cancel it in the light of circumstances and that preparations for it should not be allowed to prejudice either the offensive to relieve the bridgehead or the exploitation of victory in Italy. As the issue of a directive to General Wilson could no longer be postponed if the operation was to take place at all, the Americans thereupon left it at that.

✦ **"Another difficult C.O.S. meeting** dealing with the last reply from American C.O.S. on Mediterranean strategy. They have at last agreed to our policy but withdrawn their offer of landing-craft from Pacific. This is typical of their methods of running strategy. Although we have agreed that the European theatre must take precedence over the Pacific, yet they use some of their available landing-craft as bargaining counters in trying to get their false strategy followed.

✦ **"At 6.30 p.m.** Cabinet to discuss distribution of manpower, after defeat of Germany, between industry and home development, occupation of Germany and Japanese war. This lasted till 8.15 p.m. At 10.30 p.m. went on to Defense Committee to discuss air strategy of bombing railway communications in France prior to attack. Am far from convinced that we would not be better employed spending that effort on German aircraft industry. P.M. scared of casualties to the French entailed by this policy. Meeting

lasted till midnight and P.M. then called me in for a private talk till 12.30 p.m."

"In the light of after events I consider that my criticism of Tedder's policy was wrong and that he had selected the right policy in attacking railways and bridges. The trouble of the railways was that it meant inflicting casualties on the French."

✦ **"April 19th.** At last all our troubles about Anvil are over. We have got the



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Americans to agree, but have lost the additional landing-craft they were prepared to provide. History will never forgive them for bargaining equipment against strategy and for trying to blackmail us into agreeing with them by holding the pistol of withdrawing craft at our heads . . .

"Later, A meeting from 10.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. First as regards the bombing of railways; the matter put back for another week's consideration, at a time when we are within five weeks of the attack and definite decisions are required. Secondly, Egypt, where may gain a week by delay so as to clear the Greek situation. The P.M.'s best remark of the evening was that: 'King Farouk was wallowing like a sow in the trough of luxury!' . . ."

✦ "Sunday, June 4th. Cross-Channel operation was to have started on the night 4/5th, but the weather was too bad, strong wind and low clouds. The operation therefore had to be put off, which is most regrettable. I had intended returning on Sunday evening, but stopped on as the operation was put off. Winston meanwhile has taken to his train and is touring the Portsmouth area . . ."

"He had done his best to be on board a cruiser that night to participate in the operations. He never breathed a word about this plan to me, knowing full well that I would not encourage it. Thank Heaven the King used his authority to stop him."

✦ "June 14th . . . Winston began one of his long harangues stating that the army was certain to crowd in 'dental chairs' and Y.M.C.A. institutions instead of bayonets into the landing in France. What we wanted, he said, were combatants and fighting men instead of a mass of non-combatants. We argued with him that fighting men without food, ammunition and petrol were useless, but he was not open to conviction."

✦ "July 6th. At 10 p.m. we had a meeting with Winston which lasted till 2 a.m. He was very tired as a result of his speech in the House concerning the flying-bombs. As a result he was ready to take offence at anything. He began to abuse Monty because operations were not going faster, and apparently Eisenhower had said that he was over-cautious. I flared up and asked him if he could not trust his generals for five minutes instead of belittling them. He said that he

never did such a thing. I then reminded him that in front of a large gathering of Ministers, he had torn Alexander to pieces for lack of imagination and leadership in continually attacking at Cassino. He was furious with me, but I hope it may do some good in the future.

"He then put forward a series of proposals, such as raising a Home Guard in Egypt to provide a force to deal with disturbances in the Middle East. It was not till after midnight that we got on to the subject we had come to discuss — the war in the Far East. Here we came up against all the old arguments that we have had put up by him over and over again. Attlee, Eden and Lyttleton were there. Fortunately they were at last siding with us against him. This infuriated him more than ever and he became ruder and ruder. He finished by falling out with Attlee and having a real good row with him concerning the future of India. We withdrew under cover of this smoke-screen just on 2 a.m., having accomplished nothing beyond losing our tempers and valuable sleep."

"I remember that evening as if it was yesterday. Winston had driven me to the verge of losing my temper in several meetings when he had poured abuse on Alex's head in front of Ministers. Although I had explained to him the whole of the topography of the front on a raised model, he kept on attacking Alex's plans of attack, his lack of ideas, his continuing to bump his head on the same spot, the incurring of casualties for no results, his lack of vision and many more failings. As most of the ministers had little opportunity of judging for themselves and took all he said for gospel, there was every danger of their opinion of Alex being seriously affected."

"When the whole process was starting again this evening with reference to Monty, although there were only three ministers it was more than I could stand. I think what infuriated me most was that there had not been a single word of approval or gratitude for the excellent work Monty had done. I lost my temper and started one of the heaviest thunderstorms that we had had. He was infuriated, and throughout the evening kept showing his chin out, looking at me and fuming at the accusation that he ran down his generals."

"At one moment he turned to Eden to ask him if there was any foundation for such an accusation. I am glad to say that Eden agreed

with me and said that he thought that what worried me, was that Winston expressed views about generals that might be misinterpreted by ministers who were not fully acquainted with the facts. This did not calm Winston much, and the lightning and thunder continued to crash, and fortunately from my point of view finally settled on the unfortunate Attlee."

✦ "May 16th, 1945. A very rushed C.O.S. meeting between 10.45 and 11.30 a.m. when we went for a meeting with the P.M. and Eisenhower. We were there from 11.30 to 1.30 p.m. and did absolutely nothing! Winston wandered from the number of calories required by German prisoners to Clemmie's experiences in Russia, back to Tito's aspirations in Venezia Giulia, a dash rapidly off into questions of Inter-Allied Control of Germany, back to Clemmie's lunch party in Moscow when all the Moscow ladies had to be provided with dresses by the State, etc., etc."

"A series of good catch words such as — 'When the eagles are silent the parrots begin to jabber.' 'Let the Germans find all the mines they have buried and dig them up. Why should they not? Pigs are used to find olives.' We had to remind him that truffles were what pigs hunted for! We were then told that the children in Russia were taught a creed:

'I love Lenin,  
Lenin was poor, therefore I love poverty.  
Lenin went hungry, therefore I can go hungry.  
Lenin was often cold, therefore I shall not ask for warmth.'

'Christianity with a tomahawk,' said Winston."

✦ "June 11th. Winston gave a long and very gloomy review of the situation in Europe. The Russians were further west than they had ever been except once. They were all-powerful in Europe. At any time that it took their fancy they could march across the rest of Europe and drive us back into our island. They had a two-to-one superiority over our forces, and the Americans were returning home. The quicker they went home, the sooner they would be required back again. He finished by saying that never in his life had he been more worried by the European situation than he was at present." ★

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Top brass was out in full force at Casablanca. In foreground Eden, Alanbrooke, Churchill, Marshall, Eisenhower, Montgomery.







## C-I-L service to industry meets another need with a better kind of plant food

Finding answers for the problems of many industries is a vital part of the work done by C-I-L technical specialists and research laboratories.

For agriculture, the latest advance is an improved type of fertilizer . . . a granular product which is much easier to store and apply, as well as providing a uniform and balanced distribution of plant food.

Canadian Industries Limited also produces anhydrous ammonia and ammonia solutions for direct application of nitrogen to the soil. Among the other benefits of chemical research for the

farmer are piping and film made from polythene produced by C-I-L from natural gas at Edmonton, Alberta.

These new products and the assistance provided in using them effectively are representative of the way in which C-I-L works with many industries. To help Canadian development in this way, C-I-L has nearly doubled its manufacturing and servicing facilities in the last five years.

### CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED



*Serving Canadians Through Chemistry*

AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS • AMMUNITION • COATED FABRICS • INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS • COMMERCIAL EXPLOSIVES • PAINTS • PLASTICS • TEXTILE FIBRES

#### **Dustless, granular fertilizer cuts costs and increases productivity**

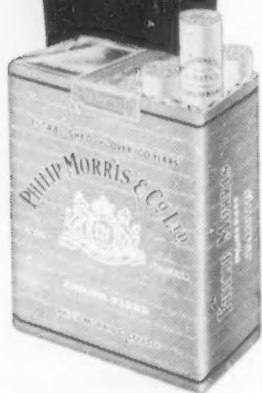
The new C-I-L method of manufacturing fertilizer results in granules of consistent size, each one a homogeneous blend of plant nutrients. It is dustless, free-flowing and non-caking. It is easy to apply and stores well.

With this granular fertilizer, called "Super-Flow", the farmer can depend upon an even distribution of plant food from start to finish. Thus the costs of crop feeding are reduced by saving time and producing better results.

This new product is made by continuous process equipment designed by C-I-L and installed in three plants this past year.



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LIGHT  
PLEASING  
TASTE  
YOU LIKE  
**Philip  
Morris**



## Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.



## DOOR?



QUICK! Get it moving and keep it running smoothly with dependable 3-IN-ONE. Lubricates, cleans, prevents rust. On sale everywhere.

**3-IN-ONE OIL**  
REGULAR - OIL SPRAY - ELECTRIC MOTOR

THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME continued



Potsdam Conference. Now we could say "If you insist on doing this or that, well, we can blot out Moscow, then Stalingrad."

## CHURCHILL AND THE BOMB

✦ "July 23. At 1.30 p.m. we went round to lunch with the P.M. He had seen the American reports of results of the new 'Tube Alloys' secret explosive which had just been carried out in the States. He had absorbed all the minor American exaggerations and, as a result, was completely carried away. It was now no longer necessary for the Russians to come into the Japanese war; the new explosive alone was sufficient to settle the matter. Furthermore, we now had something in our hands which would redress the balance with the Russians. The secret of this explosive and the power to use it would completely alter the diplomatic equilibrium which was adrift since the defeat of Germany. Now we had a new value which redressed our position (push-

ing out his chin and scowling); now we could say, 'If you insist on doing this or that, well, we can just blot out Moscow, then Stalingrad, then Kiev, then Kuibyshev' etc. And now where are the Russians!'

"I tried to crush his over-optimism, based on the result of one experiment, and was asked with contempt what reason I had for minimizing the results of these discoveries. I was trying to dispel his dreams and as usual he did not like it."

"It is interesting to note Winston's reactions and my counterreactions to the atomic bomb news. Winston's appreciation of its value in the future international balance of power

was far more accurate than mine. But what was worrying me was that, with his usual enthusiasm for anything new, he was letting himself be carried away by the very first and rather scanty reports of the first atomic explosion. He was already seeing himself capable of eliminating all the Russian centres of industry and population without taking into account any of the connected problems, such as delivery of the bomb, production of bombs, possibility of Russians also possessing such bombs, etc. He had at once painted a wonderful picture of himself as the sole possessor of these bombs and capable of dumping them where he wished, thus all-powerful and capable of dictating to Stalin!" ★



"Quite charming"



"Nothing but abuse"

## THE CHANGEABLE CLIMATE AROUND CHURCHILL

✦ "February 25th. I am quite exhausted after seven-and-a-half hours with Winston today, and most of that time engaged in heavy argument. First of all we discovered at the C.O.S. that the P.M. had never been informed that the Japanese main fleet had moved to Singapore, although we had known this fact for the last two days. This had to be rectified at once and entailed getting ticked off.

"Meanwhile P.M. called up and asked

me to dine. I thought it was to tell me that he couldn't stick my disagreements any longer and proposed to sack me. On the contrary, we had a tête-à-tête dinner at which he was quite charming, as if he meant to make up for some of the rough passages of the day. He has astonishing sides to his character. We discussed Randolph, my son Tom, his daughters, my daughters, the President's unpleasant attitude lately, the fact that we may have

to go to America soon, the Italian front, the air-raids, etc."

✦ "February 28th . . . Usual briefing for the Cabinet at 6 p.m. where Winston was in an impossible mood with nothing but abuse about everything the Army was doing. Every commander from 'Jumbo' Wilson to last company commander was useless, the organization was useless, the Americans hopeless, etc., etc. It was all I could do to contain my temper . . ." ★

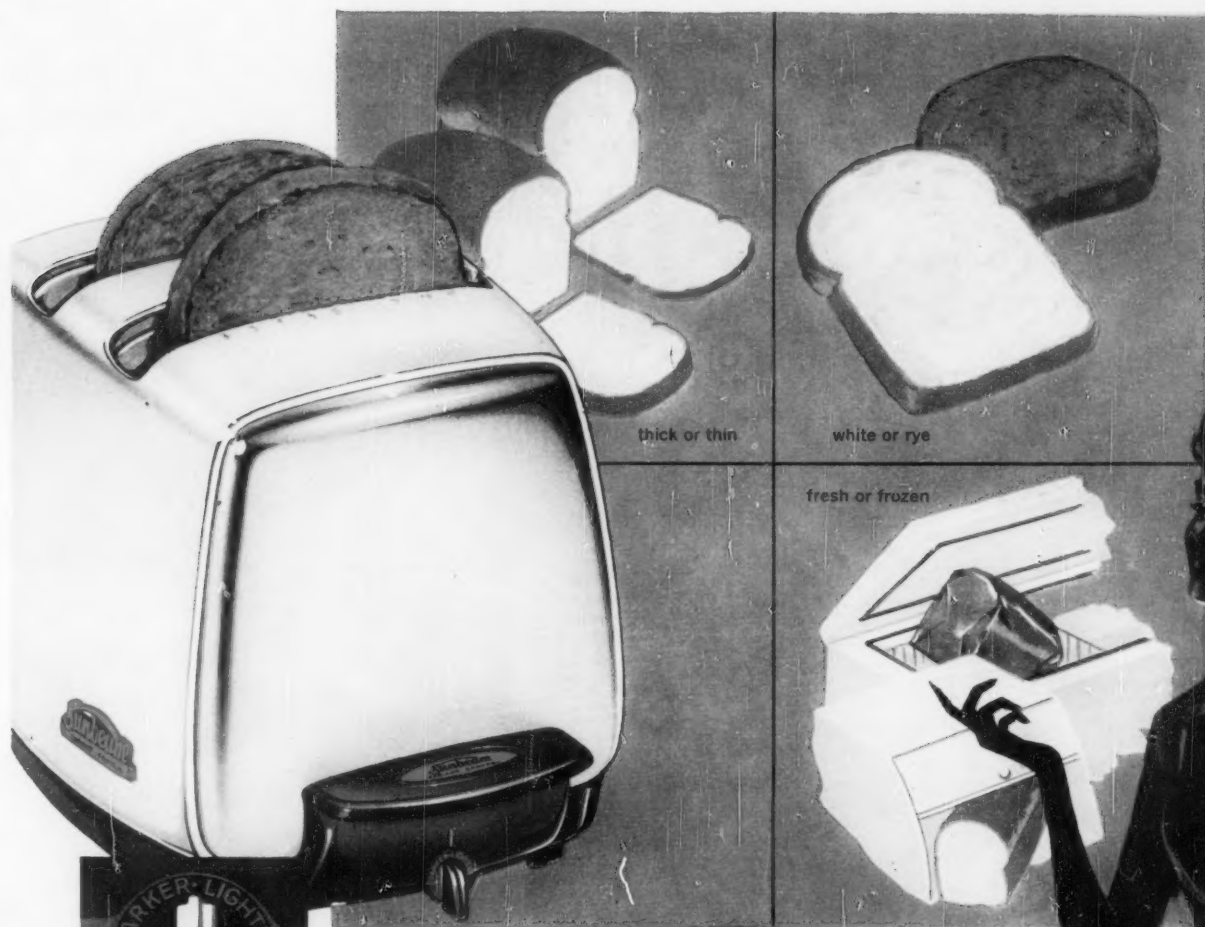
CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 7, 1959



Only a *Sunbeam* can give you and your family

**PERFECT TOAST—EVERY TIME!**



because only the

***Sunbeam*** **RADIANT CONTROL TOASTER**

**is completely automatic**

**YOU DROP IN THE BREAD  
IT DOES THE REST**

This is the toaster that's never been equalled for streamlined beauty and trouble-free efficiency. Sunbeam's patented Radiant Control even reheats toast without burning it. You just dial for the color of toast you prefer and drop in the bread—this wonder-working toaster does the rest. It lowers the bread automatically . . . toasts it as you like it, then silently raises the golden brown toast without clanging or banging. It will toast bread, waffles or crumpets—fresh or frozen—to absolute mouth-watering perfection. Beautiful chrome finish keeps its gleam for years! A hinged crumb tray makes it easy to clean. It's the ultimate in toasters! See it . . . compare it—at your Sunbeam dealer's. Model T-35, \$39.75\* also available Model T-10 Automatic Toaster \$28.25\*

\*Fair Retail Value

Enjoy  
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***Sunbeam*** **THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE**



**New style, new savings, new silence !**

## **New *Plymouth* ... solid for '60**

Here is a car with revolutionary new Unibody construction that eliminates body bolts, gives you a safer, more solid, more silent ride than you've ever experienced!

Here is a car with the most extensive rustproofing ever known to the automotive industry.

Here is a car that delivers up to 50 extra miles on every tank of gas—with a completely new kind of overhead-valve six-cylinder engine, angled like modern racing models!

Here is a car with a purposeful new kind of sculptured beauty and space to spare.

Here is Plymouth . . . built a new solid way to give you solid satisfaction.

### **Solid savings from a brand-new kind of Plymouth Six**

Just lift the hood on a Plymouth 30-D Economy Six. Here's an engine with a difference you can see.

Plymouth's completely new overhead-valve Six is inclined at an angle of 30°—just like modern racing engines! This design permits improved engine breathing and an individual-cylinder manifold system that feeds the right diet of fuel to each cylinder *independently*.

Result: While this amazing Plymouth Six delivers *more torque, more horsepower* than ever before—it still gives you up to 50 extra miles on every tank of gasoline!





**Plymouth's new overhead-valve Six borrows a secret from racing engines!**

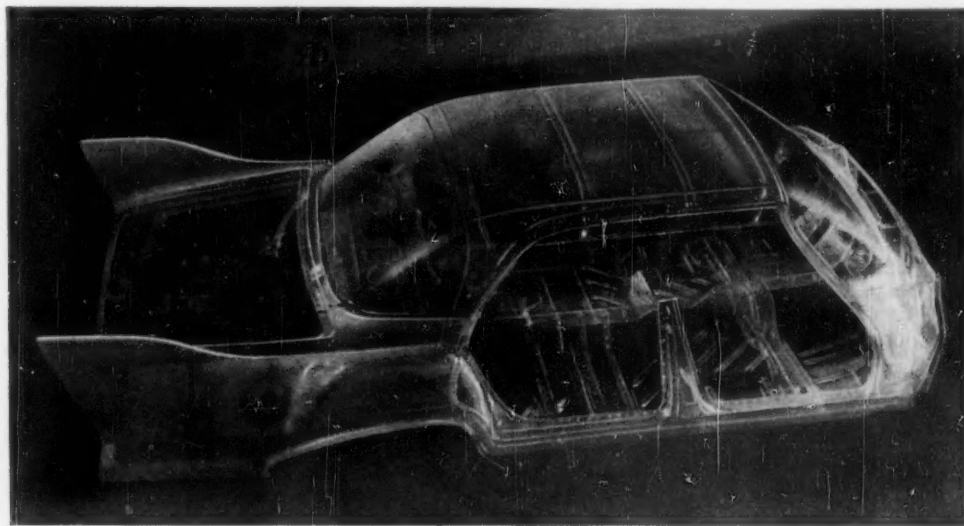
New Plymouth six-cylinder engine is inclined at an angle of 36° just like modern racing power plants . . . delivers greater horsepower, yet gives you up to 50 more miles on every tankful of regular gaso-

line! Revolutionary new mounting system absorbs both low- and high-frequency vibrations to virtually eliminate highway and engine noise. (New Plymouth V-8's are quiet money-savers, too!)

**Revolutionary Plymouth one-piece Unibody helps take rattle out of ride!**

Frame, body, crossmembers, exterior panels are all one solid piece of steel in Plymouth's revolutionary new Unibody as illustrated by this unique plastic model. In actual tests, Plymouth's Unibody stood up nearly *four times* as long as conventional

bodies. There is not a bolt in it to shake loose. Yet Unibody is just one of the many new features engineered into the 1960 Plymouth to give you the quietest ride you have ever experienced—and keep it that way.



**Not a bolt in the body to mar the quiet of your Plymouth ride**

Drive a Plymouth and you're at the wheel of the most silently solid automobile you've ever driven in your life!

Reason: Plymouth's revolutionary new Unibody construction.

Plymouth's Unibody is one and one-half times stronger, end to end, than the conventional bodies you'll find on other low-priced cars. It's *twice* as resistant to twist. *Four times* as durable (by actual test). And it contains *not a single bolt* to shake loose, rust through or disturb the solid silence of your Plymouth ride!

Then—as if that weren't enough—every Plymouth Unibody is *completely rustproofed*—dipped a full seven times to protect it (and your investment) for years to come!

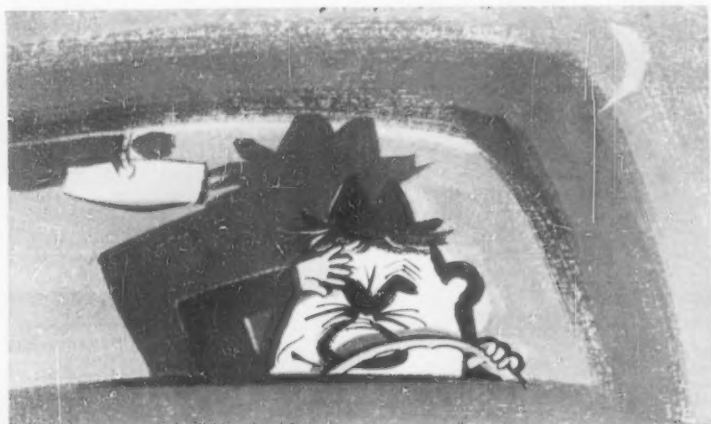
**Drive a Plymouth**

Make no mistake: There's much more to Plymouth than what you've read here. Like automatic door locks. High-back drivers' seats. Automatic swivel seats. Torsion-AIRE Ride. Push-button drive. Family-size space. And a look as fresh and imaginative as the car itself.

But then . . . seeing is believing. See this new beauty at your Plymouth dealer's today.

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**1960  
Plymouth**  
**Built a new solid  
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solid satisfaction**

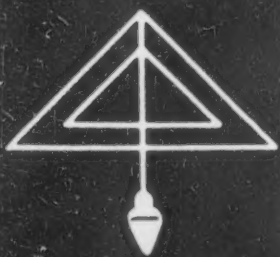


## Save his sight - dim your light!

In winter, wet or icy roads  
make night driving even more dangerous.  
Help reduce accidents: Dim your headlights  
500 feet from oncoming traffic.  
And remember that blinding headlights reflect  
in rear-view mirrors. Always dim as you  
approach a car from behind.

In cooperation with the Canadian Highway Safety  
Conference this message is presented as a part  
of **MACLEAN'S** Car Safety Service program in the  
interests of greater car care and safer driving.

**DRIVE  
SAFELY**



## Architecture

It has been said that everyone  
loves to create . . . to build. This  
impelling urge finds noteworthy  
expression in architecture, the  
symbol of which is the triangle  
and bob.

In the Clan Grant, the driving  
urge for five generations has  
been to produce superlative  
Scotch—build a reputation  
for Grant's that will "Stand  
Fast" (the motto of the Clan  
Grant) throughout the 134  
countries of the world where  
Grant's Stand Fast is available!

**Grant's**  
**STAND FAST**  
IN THE TALL TRIANGULAR BOTTLE  
**The Epitome of Scotch Whisky**

**P.S.** Symbol of Thoughtful Giving — Grant's Stand Fast

THE GIANTS OF OUR TIME continued

## IF CHURCHILL HAD BEEN HITLER



Feb. 23, 1944: "Winston in good form;  
said that if he were Hitler he would have  
himself flown over to this country, hand  
himself to the government stating that  
he alone was responsible for all the evils  
of Germany and was prepared to stand  
the racket. According to Winston this  
would face us with a difficult problem."



"I thank God that I was given an opportunity of working alongside such a man and  
having my eyes opened to the fact that occasionally such supermen exist on this earth."

## SOME FINAL THOUGHTS ON WAR AND WINSTON

"May 8th. V.E. Day. A day disorganized  
by victory. A form of disorganization  
that I can put up with.

"I remember the night Winston offered  
me the job of C.I.G.S. in the large smok-  
ing-room at Chequers, and when he went  
out of the room shortly afterwards I was  
so overcome that my natural impulse  
was, when left alone, to kneel and pray  
God for His assistance in my new task.  
I have often looked back, during the last  
three and half years, to that prayer. I am  
not a highly religious individual accord-  
ing to many people's outlook, I am, how-  
ever, convinced that there is a God, all-  
powerful, looking after the destiny of this  
world. I had little doubt about this be-  
fore the war started, but this war has  
convinced me more than ever of this  
truth. Again and again during the last  
six years I have seen His guiding hand  
guiding and controlling the destiny of  
this world towards that final and definite  
destiny which He had ordained.

"The suffering and agony of war must  
exist gradually to educate us up to the  
fundamental law of 'loving our neigh-  
bour as ourselves.' When that lesson has  
been learned, then war will cease to exist.  
We are, however, many centuries from  
such a state of affairs. Many more wars  
and much suffering is still required be-  
fore we finally learn our lesson. Human-

ity on this world is, however, still young;  
there are many millions of years to run  
during which perfection will be attained.  
For the present we can do no more than  
go on striving to improve more friendly  
relations towards those that surround us.

"There are few things that can bind  
two individuals more closely than to be  
intimately connected in a vast struggle  
against overwhelming odds and to  
emerge on top of all. There were times  
when I felt I could not stand a single  
more day, but running through all our  
difficulties a bond of steel had been  
formed uniting us. We had been so close-  
ly linked in this vast struggle that it  
would have been impossible for us to go  
on striving together unless a deep bond  
of friendship had existed; had this not  
been the case there would have been  
only one alternative, that of parting. No  
doubt Winston must frequently have felt  
that he could stand me no longer, and I  
marvel even now that as a result of some  
of our differences he did not decide to  
replace me. I shall always look back on  
the years I worked with him as some of  
the most difficult and trying ones in my  
life. For all that I thank God that I was  
given an opportunity of working along-  
side of such a man, and of having my  
eyes opened to the fact that occasionally  
such supermen exist on this earth." ★

Next issue: Montgomery, Eisenhower and more tribulations and triumphs.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 7, 1959





IN NEWFOUNDLAND

*Bowater's pulp and paper mill at Corner Brook, Newfoundland*

## ROADS ARE A VITAL PART OF THIS PICTURE

Canada's biggest industry—pulp and paper—evokes an image of rushing rivers and great mills. But roads, too, are a vital part of the picture.

In Newfoundland, for example, hundreds of thousands of cords of wood are hauled from harvesting areas to rail points, rivers and landings over some 1,300 miles of forest access roads.

Even more and better roads are needed

to keep the nation's paper mills rolling efficiently. All-weather roads will permit a better co-ordination of cutting and delivery of this precious resource. More forest access roads would also reduce the huge inventory of cut pulpwood now in Canada's forests.

It is a need that will be met. Year after year the pace of road-building is increasing across Canada, in step with its ex-

panding economy. For every province recognizes that there is no better investment in the future than better roads today. By benefiting every industry, big and small, they also benefit everyone.

### CATERPILLAR

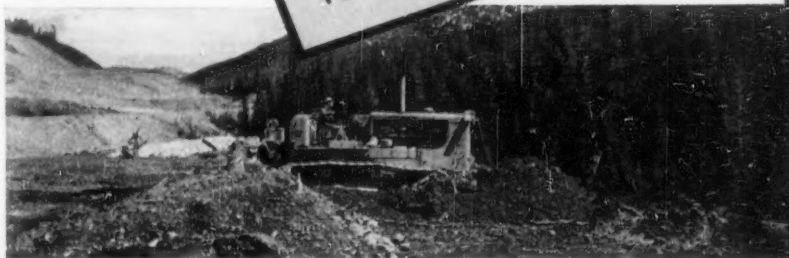
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*Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working  
on your roads you know that your  
province is getting its money's worth.*





## The Bradens continued from page 35

"We give the kids as few orders as possible and those few are obeyed without any sighs"

serious, was busy cleaning the Braden launch when I visited them. He and several of his friends had made a deal with Bernie to borrow the launch for a holiday on the Thames provided they cleaned and painted it. Unfortunately it sank

while the boys were working on it, which complicated the job.

The disaster caused a surprisingly small amount of consternation. "We try and run our family so that everyone will be happy," Barbara said.

Christopher, as the heir and a male, is expected to get a good formal education. "But I don't care so much about education for the girls," Barbara said. "If they go on and get married an elaborate university education is wasted on

them. One of the good things about England is that it has schools that specialize in what children are interested in. The only thing Kim is interested in is the ballet, so next year she goes to a boarding school, where in addition to her regular classes she will get three hours of ballet a day." Kelly wants to be a singer, and already goes to a school in London where she takes singing and acting lessons.

While the Braden children are individuals, with minds and personalities of their own, there's no question of who's boss.

"We've only two rules," Bernie explained, "one for the kids, and one for ourselves. The one for the kids is that they do exactly what they're told to do, when they're told, without any sighs or argument. The rule for ourselves is that we don't tell them what to do any oftener than necessary."

I asked Kelly if she really always did exactly as she was told. "Sometimes we don't," Kelly said, after thinking about it for a moment.

Bernie looked at her. He was born and reared in a manse and can look at a child in a way that suggests that the fires of Hell are very real and meant for those who don't tell the truth. "Tell us when you last didn't do what you were told to do," Bernie said. Kelly tried. Kelly couldn't.

"We're very strict," Barbara said, "more so than most parents. The rules worked — up to a certain age, until the kids began to feel their oats. Lately we've changed them a bit by explaining why we want things done in a certain way."

"It takes a lot of explaining, sometimes," Bernie said ruefully.

"Take Kelly and the problem of make-up," Barbara said. "Most girls start using make-up early these days, but I explained to Kelly that I didn't want her to use it until her complexion was strong enough and clear enough that make-up would enhance it."

I asked Kelly if it made any difference. "It's a hardship," she said.

"You can have make-up and high heels and adult things when you can accept the adult responsibility that goes with them," her mother said. "Like taking care of your room . . ."

"And fending off fellows," Bernie chimed in, laughing.

"I find we have to be careful always to ask ourselves what our motives are in making rules," Barbara said. "You have to know whether you're following your own prejudice, or what's good for the kids. We've always been stern as far as manners were concerned. I've found that good manners and strict rules make for more peace in the home."

With peace maintained Bernie has managed to survive forty-three years, the last ten primarily as a comedian, without noticeable loss of hair and with only enough added weight to soften those originally "hatchet-faced" features. Barbara, who married Bernie when she was seventeen, is an attractive woman—striking rather than beautiful—with a smile that is radiant in the exact sense of the word.

Their home when I visited them was what might be described as "comfortable Canadian," with the emphasis on comfort. There is a tendency these days for



A BOAC tunic . . . a cheong sam . . . a sari

## All over the world BOAC takes good care of you

Here you see some of the uniforms worn by BOAC Stewardesses in different parts of the world.

For instance, if you're flying by BOAC from Montreal to London your stewardess will be wearing regulation BOAC dress . . . from Beirut to Singapore, via Calcutta or Ceylon, a "sari" . . . from Singapore to Tokyo, via Hong Kong, a slit-skirt "cheong sam".

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course takes from two to three months. She works hard . . . learns to perform her duties well.

We hope you'll meet her soon. She is one of the most important reasons why all over the world BOAC cabin service is supreme in the skies!

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actors' homes to be stylish — very modern, or very French provincial, or very nothing-at-all — but stylish in a way no more expressive of the owner's personality than a paper bag is of the groceries it contains. The Bradens home feels as if they live in it; its comforts are utilitarian; the chairs are deep, the rugs keep the floors warm, and the ornaments are personal.

Bernie, for example, showed off a small Rodin sculpture. "It's about the only really good thing we have," he said, "and I find it compelling, even if it is a little grotesque. It's called *Main Crispée*; it's the hand of a child who was burned to death." As he turned it around I understood just what he means by compelling, for it's almost impossible to take your eyes from it.

It is remarkable just how Canadian the Bradens remain. After ten years away they retain that loose casualness that is so typically Canadian, their love of informality, and their accents. This last trait is no accident, for their Canadian accents are, to a large degree, their fortune.

"The trans-Atlantic accent is a big asset — or was, until so many Canadians came over," Barbara said. "It's almost impossible in this country for a native to get across the class barrier—the minute he opens his mouth he's typed. People could accept us because they couldn't categorize us as to class."

But while they are superficially as Canadian as they ever were, the Bradens have been away from Canada too long to retain more than a neighborly interest in what goes on there. Bernie tends to parry questions about what he thinks about this or that in Canada with a disarming smile and the remark: "I don't really know any more—we've been away too long."

#### "Canadians, go home"

Even the long-held position that they would one day return to Canada has now crumbled. "I don't think we'll go back now," Bernie told me. He didn't say it in anger, or despair, or with any bitterness, but in a quite matter-of-fact way. There have been rumors that he has received attractive offers to return to Vancouver if and when a new commercial television station opens there. Presumably if the money is big enough he will consider it seriously. Meanwhile, a permanent return to Canada seems unlikely.

For the Bradens are caught in the old dilemma of the successful Canadian expatriate entertainer or artist. What sends him from Canada in the first place is not only gold, but glory. There is a certain amount of gold in Canada, particularly for the good actor who can never hope to be a star. But there's very little glory. It is presumably the latter that lures platoons of hopeful young Canadians to London each year.

Barbara doesn't really approve of their coming. "The thing that helped us most is that we were here first," she said. "We came prepared to spend a year without doing any work at all — fortunately we didn't have to. In addition to that we had a lot of experience. Now kids are flooding over here without experience or money. And I say, 'Canadians, Go Home!'"

They won't, of course, unless they fail. About the only Canadian Barbara Kelly knows well who intends to go home is her own son.

"I'll end up in Canada," Christopher said. "I went back last summer — it's wonderful there. There's no future for

me here — England's so overpopulated. I'm going to study history (Christopher hopes to go to Oxford) and with a degree like that about the only thing I can do in England is teach. There's much more opportunity in Canada. England's for the English."

Christopher has always had a mind of his own. Once, when asked whether he liked watching his parents work he said, "I'd rather watch a good western."

The remark was in character for television is, naturally, a big subject in the Braden household. All the Braden chil-

dren enjoy it; Kim likes Popeye; Christopher has graduated from westerns to Sergeant Bilko; Kelly likes everything. But like most families, the Bradens have rules. "In school term the kids can watch two hours a week after their homework is done," Barbara said. "The rules are relaxed in the holidays because it's easier for us. But the way the dinner conversation is dominated by TV programs is terrifying. I'd chuck the thing out if I had my way."

"It's hard to remember what we used to do before television," Bernie said.

While Barbara may not approve watching it, she loves working on it. "She has the quality of never being aware she's on," Bernie explained, with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur. "She's just — herself, I hate it. It scares the hell out of me, and it shows. In that last series of mine I was behind the camera — in my mind — as much as I was in front of it. I kept thinking: what are they doing to me now?"

They were, in fact, doing quite a bit to him. The show, called *Early to Braden*, attracted a small but enthusiastic audi-

## ROYALCOTE CHERRY...

A NEW **MASONITE**® WOODGRAIN

True wood beauty plus do-it-yourself ease



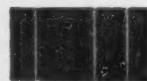
ROYALCOTE MASONITE CHERRY WOODGRAIN is the modern panelling material that combines the deep grain appearance of true wood with ease of application and last-a-lifetime economy. Plank-grooved at random, Masonite Woodgrain comes in big 4' x 8' panels that go up in a breeze. And it's pre-laquered... no further finishing.

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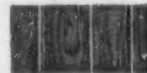
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Bernie talks to his daughters Kim (left) and Kelly. When the Bradens are in a road show, they always try to spend each weekend with the children.

ence. It was, Bernie said, a truly experimental program and represented his most ambitious attempt to break through what he feels is the deadening and destroying effect of television's frantic search for a mass audience. Braden believes there is a place in television for "minority" programs, and this was such a program. "Most people want their comedy served up to them on a platter," Bernie said. On Early to Braden the comedy came in chafing-dishes, under glass, à la mode, and even straight.

This item from Early to Braden may illustrate what he did:

One program opened with an American tourist ordering breakfast in a patio restaurant on the French Riviera. Behind him stretches a magnificent panorama,

including the bay dotted with small boats, yachts, even one large battleship. A waiter brings coffee which is served, French-style, in one of those machines with the plunger on top. The American protests, insists on a cup of plain American coffee. The waiter, adamant, explains that in France one does as the French, and that in any case the machine makes superlative coffee. The American, in despair, finally gives in, plunges the plunger, whereupon the battleship in the bay blows up and sinks.

Braden tried to inject as much satire into Early to Braden as he could. As always it got him into trouble. At the end of one program he announced, "This has been a party political broadcast," and was told not to do it again. On another



Barbara and Kelly tend house plants. Barbara says Christopher will get a conventional education but she thinks it would be wasted on the girls.



program he did a particularly acid take-off on an advertisement for a hair oil dispenser, and after protests from the commercial TV network was ordered not to parody ads again.

"That sort of thing got us publicity," he said. "Not that we needed it." While publicity is as essential to the modern entertainer as his blood, Bernie feels it often gets out of hand.

The public loved Barbara on What's My Line? "My function was to enjoy myself," she said. One of her trademarks was the fresh pair of earrings she wore on each program. One evening she endeared herself to millions of viewers — and got space in every morning paper — by giving the ones she was wearing to a woman contestant who admired them. "After a year away I'm still getting earrings sent me," she said. "About three pairs a week come in the mail. There have been hundreds of pairs. I send them to a charity."

But that kind of publicity is not the problem. "I found I was being quoted on all sorts of things," Barbara said, "on spankings, child marriages, segregation. A judge in a county town said in a case that early marriages must be all right because Barbara Kelly had been married at seventeen and the next thing I knew all the papers were phoning. I found that I couldn't be honest — I had to say what was expected of me. I couldn't afford to make enemies. I found that I was being forced to express dishonest opinions."

"You have to look at it this way," Bernie said. "What do we represent to the British public? A little bit of entertainment in their lives. We can't afford to jeopardize that. If a political issue comes up — well, you know that about half the country's Conservative and about half is Labor. You have to be a little dishonest."

"Sometimes you get a break, something you can cash in on. Sometimes it works. Sometimes it doesn't. A few years ago I said something facetious about Labor in a broadcast and this was picked up by a Labor politician named Victor Feather who claimed I was trying to take the mickey out of the government."

Feather also said: "Braden has playfully suggested that politicians shouldn't use jokes in their speeches because they might put him out of a job. Politicians' jokes are usually very old chestnuts. Mr. Braden ought to be able to stand the competition. I know one man who's had insomnia for twenty years, but Bedtime With Braden cures him."

"Feather distributed his speech to the press twenty-four hours before he was to deliver it and naturally the papers phoned me for some comment. 'Well,' I said . . ."

"Wait till I phone my writers," Barbara added.

"Yeah. So we worked out a few things to say to the papers and some stuff for the program."

"I like this man Feather's gags," Braden told the papers. "I'd be happy to hire him." On his program he played a song titled I Feel Like a Feather In The Breeze, after elaborately announcing that by playing it they didn't mean to offend any people whose name happened to be Breeze.

"We got a lot of publicity out of that," Bernie said. "It did us a lot of good. But it doesn't always work out that way. The British are funny: they don't mind you making a lot of money as long as it isn't apparent you're making a lot of money. One day a man came to the house and asked to see our television license. I assumed we had one. I thought the secretary got it. She thought the gardener got

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it. Actually, we didn't have one. It came up in court and the inspector who'd come to see me said in the stand things like: 'Mr. Braden said his gardener . . . ' His gardener! I paid a five-pound fine, and of course it got in all the papers, so we decided to make a little routine for the show out of it. We pretended no one in the cast would speak to me — I'd gone fishing, but I didn't have a fishing license. When I was about to drive home it turned out I didn't have a driver's license. To top it off I said, 'You'll have to excuse me, there's something I want to check with Barbara.' The whole routine backfired. No one thought it was funny. We were ridiculing the law. Still, we get along well with the papers."

The Bradens have never hired a public relations man. "They do you more harm than good," Barbara said.

"Yeah," Bernie said. "Just a few weeks ago we were on the set of *Jet Stream* and a PR man came along to get some information. I decided to play it straight. When he asked me how we'd gotten in to the picture I told him. I said we'd met the director in Spain, who, after five nights of heavy drinking, decided we were just right for the part. The next thing I know I'm reading *that* in the papers."

The Bradens are not quite sure where they go from here. They would like to make more films, particularly in the

United States, but the American market is difficult to break into, unless you are known. "We are not known," Bernie said. They would like to star in a serious successful play in London. "We hold Open House to good new plays," Bernie said. While they have a standing offer in Britain to do a domestic TV comedy show Bernie is not enthusiastic about it. "There isn't a big enough budget available," he said. "Any show like that is automatically in competition with *I Love Lucy*, and unless you have the best resources, the best writers, unless you can do a show that's as good or better than *Lucy*, what's the point?"

"I'd like to be able to give up television," he added. "The great danger seems to be that you'll wear yourself out. Where a man could last twenty years on radio, he's only good for a few seasons on TV. TV seems to bring out the avarice in the viewer. You can almost hear him: 'Who's next on the block?'"

He thought for a moment. "Television's in a state of transition," he said. "We're waiting it out."

The comedian, as always, is searching for his audience. Braden once explained the way it felt: "I used to think it was *me* people didn't like. I thought maybe it was my face, or my hair, or the way I walked. When I found out it was only my sense of humor they objected to I felt much better about things." ★



## The girl who can do everything

Continued from page 21

**One critic raved: "Too good for pre-schoolers; needs a show for older children like, say, me"**

Allen show; by Monday she'd been grabbed for four appearances on the Steve Lawrence-Eydie Gorme show. In the seventeen months since then she's been a guest on twenty-three top network programs — including the Chevy show, the Arthur Murray Dance Party and the Andy Williams show — and has done GE Showtime and Long Shot in Canada. Since the start of this epidemic her fee has jumped from \$500 to \$5,000 per spot. Robert Maxwell, whose title is executive vice-president and production chief of Trans-Video, is another victim of instant Shari Lewis infection. Maxwell tuned in to Miss Lewis' show one day on the advice of his attorney; he conceived the Shariland series and went after her forthwith.

Miss Lewis is already featured as a star wherever she appears, but those who work with her claim, with astonishing unanimity, that she's going farther still. Maxwell says, "She's got talent she hasn't even begun to explore." Canadian cartoonist George Feyer, who has been hired to invent Shariland's scenery and props, says moderately, "She's a pretty impressive girl." Trans-Video's art director, John La Sandra, says immoderately, "She's fantastic."

Miss Lewis' personal manager, Lester Lewis (who is no relation) claims, "She's going to be great. A Judy Garland. A Dinah Shore. She's got it."

Whatever Miss Lewis has got, it is undoubtedly assisted by her foot-and-a-half of red hair in a pony tail, big brown eyes, and the kind of winsome, wrinklenosed cuteness that caused TV critic

John Crosby, in a review of her New York morning show, to say, "She's altogether too good for your pre-school children and should have a show aimed at older children like, say, me." Miss Lewis attributes at least part of her particular on-camera intimacy to short-sightedness. "I can't see more than two feet without glasses," she says. "My husband says even if I'm pointed in the right direction I can't tell the camera from a person."

Her professional skills begin with a prodigious list of manual tricks that she's been assembling since she was eighteen months old. She can juggle, do magic, make shadow pictures, fold single sheets of paper into birds that beat their wings and manipulate every imaginable kind of puppet.

Her best-known puppets are four woolen socks (with appropriate felt, button and composition features) called Lamb Chop, Charley Horse, Hush Puppy and Wing Ding. With her fists inside, she grabbles her fingers so skilfully that deaf-mutes report they can lip-read the wool faces.

In addition Miss Lewis is so accomplished a ventriloquist that the operator of the mike-boom on the Shariland set still can't master his impulse to shift the boom from puppet to puppet as she voices their lines. "She is probably the finest ventriloquist in the world today," insists Maxwell. Miss Lewis herself says matter-of-factly, "The only movement you can see is a slight vibration over my Adam's apple." She wears high-throated frocks to conceal this.

Miss Lewis can also mime, act Meth-



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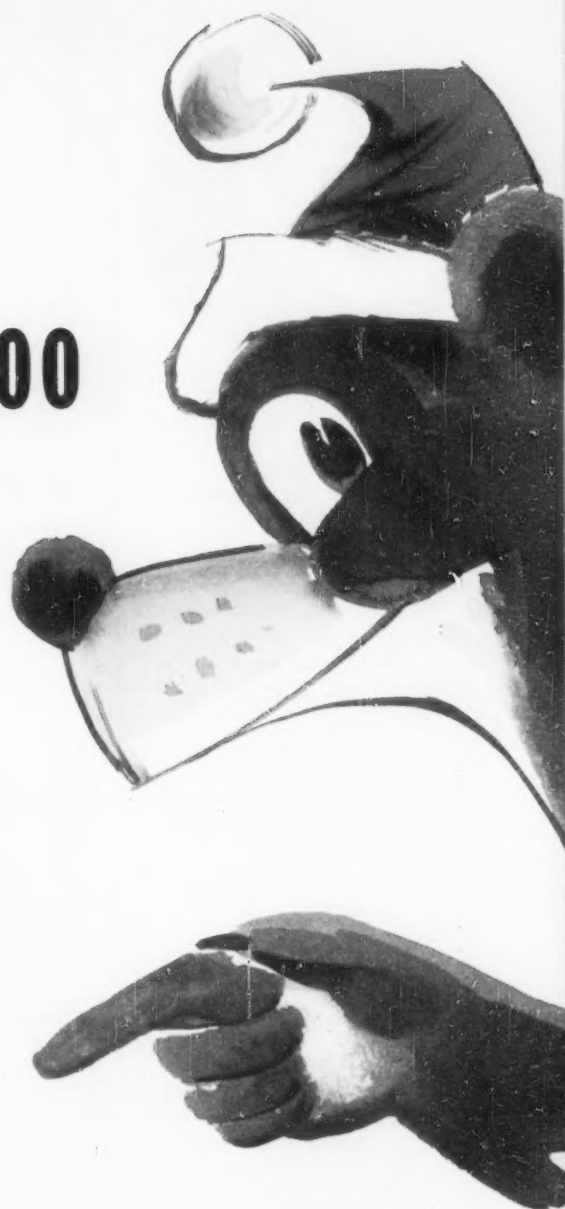
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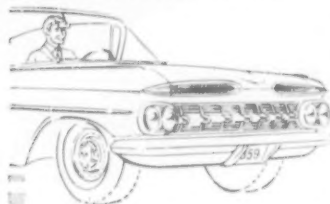
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od-style, do ballet, modern and Hawaiian dancing, play seven instruments and negotiate a twelve-note range in a light, catchy alto. She has recorded one album, *Fun in Shariland*, and several singles; she has written *The Shari Lewis Puppet Book*; and she can make a doll or a toy out of just about anything you'd care to name including a wash cloth, a paper bag or a carrot.

Such skills may guarantee a job on the Chautauqua Circuit, or in a kindergarten classroom; they do not necessarily guarantee star-quality. They also do not necessarily stop the show at the London Palladium, a feat Miss Lewis accomplished last fall, or keep Sammy Davis Jr. up all night, a tribute Miss Lewis unwittingly exacted by doing her daily New York program from nine to ten in the morning.

At least one colleague, her young head writer and composer, Lan O'Kun, thinks Miss Lewis' greatest asset is experience. "It's flying hours, that's what it is," he said recently. "She's logged more TV airtime than any other girl except maybe Arlene Francis."

Miss Lewis, who has been performing most of her life and doing television for the last eight years, put in six hours a week on local New York TV during the 1957-58 season—five on *Hi Mom*, a daily morning show, and the sixth on a weekly show called *Shariland*. She won two Emmys for this stint.

As a consequence she has the quick footwork that comes with exposure. If a magic trick fails to work she says, "Whoops," and starts again; if she forgets her lyrics, she's capable of ad libbing new ones; and once, when she lost her voice just before a show, she improvised her way through it with printed cards and pantomime.

On the other hand Alan Cullimore, the English-born director of the *Shariland* film series, is most impressed by her capacity for sheer hard work. "She's terrifying," he reported recently.

"We shot seven complete production numbers in two days in the August heat. I pride myself on my energy, but it drove me right into the ground. Yet even when I was satisfied with a take she'd insist we do it again if she thought it wasn't right."

Her working day, during shooting, may run from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., but she refuses a stand-in; she also supervises each detail of production, even insisting on being present when composer O'Kun records background music.

Her pace is just as relentless back home in New York. She pores endlessly over the material turned out by her two writers, O'Kun and Stan Taylor, and sometimes requires fifteen to twenty re-writes of a single half-hour script.

She fits in lessons in voice, mime and dancing. She makes guest appearances, works on her new book and consults with Madame Alexander, custom toymaker, who switched last year from Sonja Henie dolls to Shari Lewis dolls and is now about to launch plush *Lamb Chop* and *Hush Puppy* toys.

She tries out new puppets, groping for distinctive personalities and voices for them by ad libbing with her staff, or with friends, or with her husband, Jeremy Tarcher, a young freelance TV producer. And before every show she spends three or four hours a day in front of a mirror with her regular puppets, intently practising the hand movements that give intricate life to four wool socks.

At least one incident suggests that she's in danger of doing this almost too successfully, and of playing straight-man to their crosstalk too demurely. The eight-year-old daughter of a script assis-

tant on the *Shariland* series was allowed to watch the rushes of an early episode. She was utterly absorbed. Afterwards her mother asked, "What did you think of the lady?" The little girl looked puzzled: "What lady?" she asked.

Most adults, thus far, are not so easily distracted from Miss Lewis herself. In fact, Lester Lewis, her manager, thinks this is her trump: "She's not just a performer," he says. "She's a Personality."

Miss Lewis is not, at first glance, the classic "star personality." She has a temper, and has been known to reduce writer O'Kun, a Russian-American, to tears; but she has never walked off a set or thrown a tantrum during a take. She makes no specialty of heavy glamour and, in fact, says she prefers her face scrubbed clean of makeup. Except for the black patent hat-box that holds the puppets, she turns herself out like a neat subdeb. "I don't like frills, but I like a sort of baby-doll look," she explains. She and Tarcher, who is her second husband, dislike nightclubs and spend most free evenings quietly in their six-and-a-half-room apartment on Manhattan's west side. She has never walked a cheetah down Fifth Avenue.

Nevertheless her personal impact is

## Blithely broke

Money isn't everything.  
From what our daughter knows of it,  
It brings so little happiness,  
She hastens to dispose of it!

MAY RICHSTONE

strong enough to provoke her colleagues to orgies of discussion and analysis.

People on the *Shariland* set seem fascinated, for example, by her relationship to the puppets. "She has a phobia about the puppets," says Maxwell crisply. "No one else must handle them or touch them." Miss Lewis takes them with her almost everywhere she goes, including dinner-parties. *Lamb Chop*, the hopeful little-girl lamb that is her favorite, was tucked in Tarcher's pocket during their wedding, and went on their honeymoon in the bride's pocketbook. And when *Hush Puppy*, the bumbling Southern hound, was needed in Toronto for a retake, Miss Lewis padded him and sewed up the hand-opening before she shipped him from New York, so no one in the studio could tamper with him.

"That's just common sense," says Stan Taylor, her second writer. "The puppets are broken in to her hands. If one of them got stretched out of shape, or if anything happened to it, why it's her livelihood." Miss Lewis keeps one emergency set of puppets in a New York bank vault, and a second in a Toronto bank vault, but she never uses them.

O'Kun claims that Miss Lewis actively dislikes *Wing Ding*, her beatnik crow. He also likes to theorize about the reasons. "Lamb Chop's everything Shari would like to be if she were a child, *Wing Ding's* me. Way out," O'Kun, who is an ex-beau as well as Miss Lewis' head writer, invented *Wing Ding* and likes him best. Cullimore agrees that Miss Lewis dislikes *Wing Ding*: "She'll find any excuse to cut him out of a script," he says. "But she keeps him around all the same."

Her co-workers find food for speculation in other facets of her personality. Al Ward, the six-footer who is working producer of the series, says, "She's a child-woman. If you tangle with her you feel like you're beating an infant child. She kind of shrinks into her little pina-

fore." Miss Lewis is five-foot-zero and weighs about ninety-four pounds after a day's filming. But George Feyer warns, "To push her around is not so easy;" and Cullimore says, "Underneath, that girl is like steel." Maxwell says tartly, "She likes nothing better than to sit cross-legged on a big couch in conference with six or eight large men."

Taylor insists, "It's just, she has to get things right. She's out there alone. She's the one who stands or falls by what goes into that camera." Taylor finds her an easy and generous boss, and reports that she raised his salary five times the first year he was on her payroll; she recently gave him a car for his birthday.

Whatever his colleagues' conclusions, Cullimore says, "I've been in this business twenty-two years and I've never known anyone to exert such a disturbing influence on an operation."

Miss Lewis was being taught to exploit the positive almost before she could walk. She is the elder daughter of two educators; (her sister, Bobbie, is seven years younger.) Her mother is a music supervisor in the New York public school system. Her father, Abraham Hurwitz, is a child guidance expert and director of student activities at Yeshiva University, in the Bronx, as well as an accomplished spare-time magician and showman. Both parents made a point of passing on their skills: "It's almost as if my mother and dad had spent their lives accruing material I can utilize," Miss Lewis says. "I almost feel guilty about it."

Hurwitz, a warmhearted, vivacious little man, is thoroughly dedicated to the notion of "creative education," which may be described as teaching by smuggling lessons into hobbies and games. He took up magic and other vaudeville arts as teaching devices; he found, for example, that he could lure reluctant students into the workshop by piquing their interest in the construction of the trick box used for sawing a man in half.

Hurwitz naturally practised creative education at home, introducing Shari to magic and other tricks, smuggling work into the fun, and spurring her to fresh efforts by encouraging her to perform for audiences. At four she was joining him onstage at children's shows to pull rabbits out of hats. "Kids must have satisfaction from showing-off," he said recently. "I motivated my Shari to practise piano," he expanded, "by working up a little mind-reading act with her, where I went into the audience with a list of thirty pieces she had learned, and she played the one they pointed out to me." Hurwitz also motivated his Shari to tackle six other instruments and to learn dancing and handicrafts. What with the creative education and the motivated play, Miss Lewis was never idle for a minute. "The only thing is, I read almost nothing," she says a bit ruefully. "My dad kept taking novels away from me and saying, 'Why don't you do something constructive?'"

When a broken leg in adolescence interrupted her plans to become a professional dancer, her father, pausing only to confiscate the novel she was reading, spent the hospital visiting hours teaching her puppetry and ventriloquism. She promptly won an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts contest. When German measles sent her to bed again less than a year later, her father, pausing only to confiscate the novel she was reading, urged her to try putting together a TV show. It became her first program, *Facts 'n Fun*. "It was frighteningly easy," she recalls with a sigh.

She's been on TV ever since.

Miss Lewis is now getting bids from



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Hollywood and this year was offered three Broadway musicals. "When it's right, I'll do it," she says. "But this isn't my year for a musical." It is, it seems, her year for a network TV series. Maxwell comments, "She regards Shariland as just a stepping-stone, but she's smart enough not to rush it."

Shariland, which Maxwell calls "a kidult" because it's aimed at all age groups, is the first musical variety series ever to be filmed in Canada, and it will be the first Canadian-made series ever to be shown on a U.S. network. It will

undoubtedly be carried on CBC-TV as well, though the time-slot has not yet been determined.

It will have dancing and magic tricks and hand arts and lots of the kind of songs that O'Kun, their composer, calls "happy-happies." It will have cartooned sets and madcap props from the surrealist curiosity shop of George Feyer's imagination. Lamb Chop will giggle and go "foof" and be cute. Charley Horse will enlist her in little projects and adventures. Wing Ding, the crow, will make occasional off-beatnik comments and in-

vent devices like cars with big rear wheels and small front ones. "So they'll be going downhill all the time, man." Hush Puppy will trip over his Southern drawl and the English language: "What ah mean to say is ah am completely uncauliflowered to speak either as a pert or an expert."

And Miss Lewis will peer impishly at them each in turn, and encourage them, and mother them, and tease them a little and listen to them—and never let on to anyone that doesn't know better that she's the star of the show. ★



London Letter continued from page 14

"It is a libel on Attila to call the Kaiser a Hun. He's a Thug"

tenancy of a ditch known as a trench. That is the paradox of war.

Now, before we come to the editorial pages of *The Bystander* let us glance at two or three other advertisements. Here we have the illustrated announcement of a picturesque tea frock which shows an awful lot of neck but hides the feet completely. There are also two hideous female hats which quite rightly were marked "Exclusive." Just to add to the variety of it all the hats could be purchased in sand, egg-blue, purple, ivory, navy, mole, wine, tomato, copper, drake, jade and black.

But for sheer horror on the feminine front there is a pictorial announcement from "Maison Française, Camille de Paris Ltd., Couturier," which shows a young woman in a quite dreadful jacket and skirt, with a man's tie and the square hat of a night watchman in the 16th century.

Just one more comment on the advertisements: Under the heading "Venn's Verses" we read,

'Dear Maud,  
It's Venn's—you know their lingerie?  
I showed you those entrancing garters?  
Seven boxes of their dinkiest undies!'

But on the serious side there are also pictures of land girls working long hours in all weathers, and there were the nurses soothing the wounded and giving comfort to the dying.

A regular feature of the magazine at that time was "In England Now" written by "Blanche" to an imaginary cousin. Here is an example:

Dear Cousin:

The type of person who wants to "leave the world a little better than he found it"—you know the sceptic blighters—is distinctly in the foreground. I notice, amongst the at-all-costs-let's-have-peace crowd which is, unfortunately somewhat prominent in England now, and one remarks, too that the creatures belong mostly, if not entirely, to that all-too-numerous multitude which has itself done little or nothing to forward peace by the ancient and only sound method of *parare bellum!*

That must be one of the longest sentences ever published in a popular publication. It also bears out Rudyard Kipling's contention that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

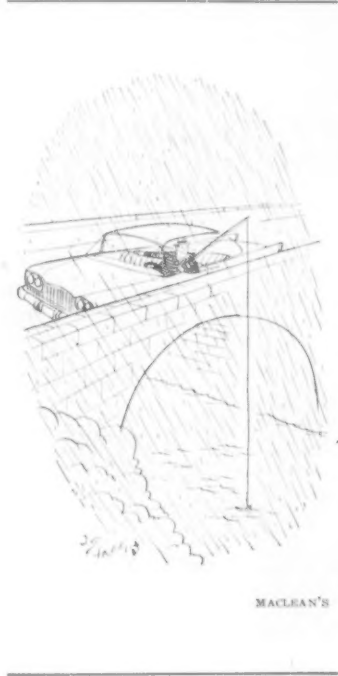
But in war the mood changes swiftly from anger to laughter and on the page following the outpourings of Blanche we are about to roar with laughter at a

comic drawing at the expense of the sergeant major when suddenly one is gripped with the tragic heroism of the artist who drew it.

The drawing is headed: "Worse than shell-shock," followed by the official words "Passed by censor." The joke is that the soldiers of the platoon are seen collapsing in all directions because the sergeant said "Please."

Well, what of it? The joke is topical and the drawing is vigorous but why should it suddenly clutch the heart-strings and hush the laughter to silence? Read the caption beneath the drawing and you will understand: "This drawing is a most remarkable example of what pluck and determination can do for a man. The artist, Lance-Corporal H. Earnshaw, well-known for his black-and-white work before the war, has had his right arm blown off. He drew this picture entirely with his left hand, less than three weeks after leaving hospital."

There is a page of the magazine devoted to "Shrapnel Paragraphs" which are a combination of laughter, pathos and sheer hatred. In the whole history of vituperation it would be hard to find anything more raucous or belligerent than these:



"The German troops," wails the Munich Nachrichten, "have lived during the last fortnight in Hell." Never mind: they'll get used to it in time—or at any rate in Eternity.

"It is a libel on Attila," says Mr. Frederick Harrison, "to call the Kaiser a Hun. He is a Thug." What's the poor old Thug done?

It is to be hoped that people will take Lloyd George's advice to keep both eyes on the war. Some, as he said, keep only *one* eye on it; but it is the obvious duty of every patriot to avoid this (S)quintescence of folly.

Perhaps after three years of war even the professional jesters were showing signs of strain.

On the same page there is an illustrated joke which in style is the very essence of English humor even to this day. Under the heading "Kindly Meant" we see an officer seated at his desk looking at a report which the Sergeant has just handed to him.

The Officer: "Your reports are not quite clear, Sergeant. You should make them out so that the most stupid person could understand them."

Sergeant: Is there anything I can explain to you, Sir?

Humor is an exact science, which is probably why so many jesters are dull dogs. But this particular jest in *The Bystander* has as its basis that element of class or rank distinction which is almost essential to the English joke.

We are fortunate today that the pun has disappeared from the armory of English humor but in those far off days it was much respected. Here in *The Bystander* is an example which almost draws a groan despite the passing of the years. Nor can it be excused on the plea that there was a war on.

"You cannot make jam out of conclusions," profoundly remarks Mr. Gulland, the Abingdon Street philosopher. Quite so; the nearest you can get to it is to preserve your own opinions.

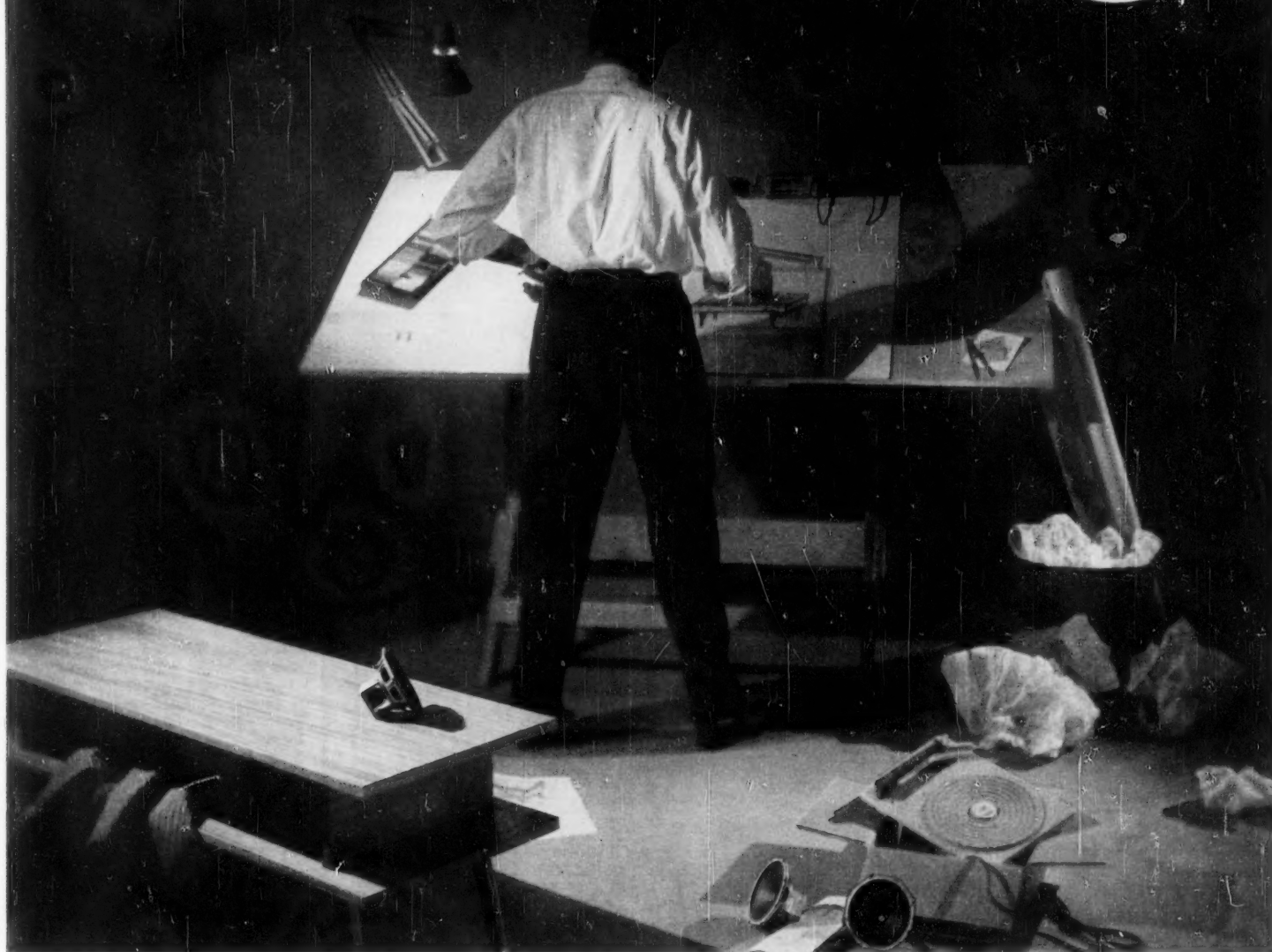
I can almost feel the groan of Maclean's readers right across the Atlantic. Humor without spontaneity is a sad thing even in this copy of *The Bystander*, which is forty-two years old.

Yet as I put the magazine away on the shelves of my library I feel that in its own curious way it shows the British at their own strange best. ★



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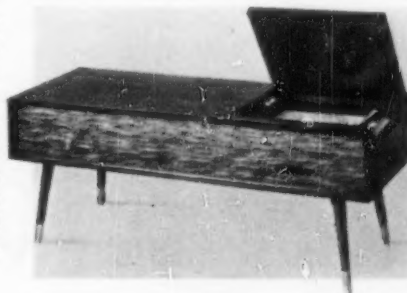
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**What we are really doing in the north** continued from page 18

**"Even with the pace doubled, mapping of northern waters is 100 years behind southern standards."**

of people expect that he will deliver. "We went to the people with a certain kind of mandate. Now we've got to implement it," one of the Tories top Ottawa strategists told me. "Ours was a development mandate and we could rise

or fall on how well we carry it out."

The vision's main financial expression has been the doubling by the Tories of the expenditures allotted to the federal Department of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources. The Conservatives

have also tripled expenditures on northern airport construction, harbor development and ship building. The Department of Transport is gradually assuming responsibility for handling DEW line supplies and operating most of the

seventy airfields built by the Americans. The pace of northern mapping has been doubled, but even at the accelerated rate it will take more than a hundred years to bring the charts of northern Canadian waters up to southern standards.

Despite these attempts to open the north, the vision can succeed only if Canadians become more willing to settle on the inhospitable land above the tree-line, or if their rewards for doing so are large enough to offset discomforts. Even the Department of Northern Affairs has found that it cannot staff its Arctic outposts without paying the men and women it transfers north bonuses of up to two thousand dollars a year. The number of permanent residents of the Yukon and Northwest Territories has doubled since 1941, but at 32,721—almost equally divided into whites, Eskimos and Indians—it remains less than a fifth of one percent of Canada's population. "It is useless to fool oneself," Most Rev. Marc Lacroix, O.M.I., the apostolic vicar of Hudson Bay, said recently. "The Canadian of European origin inhabits and will inhabit no more than a few isolated places in the north . . . artificial oases which cost millions for imitation comfort."

#### **\$200,000 for northern roads**

Including pay and supplies, it now costs a hundred dollars a day to maintain one semi-skilled laborer in the north. He requires sixteen tons of supplies—most of it fuel—for one season. Providing him with a place to live can be incredibly expensive. It is as costly to transport the building materials for a small house from Edmonton to Inuvik, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, as it is to purchase the completed house in Edmonton. The Department of Northern Affairs recently paid \$48,000 to put up a small, roughly finished three-bedroom house at Cape Dorset, on Baffin Island.

Transportation, not climate, is the limiting factor of the vision. The massive lead-zinc orebody near Pine Point, on the south shore of Great Slave Lake, provides a good example. The deposit was discovered by the sordoughs tramping toward the Klondike in 1898. Exploration by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company later confirmed it was one of the world's great base metal formations. Yet Pine Point production can't proceed until a railroad connects the find with the company's smelter at Trail, B.C. The nearest railheads are at Waterways and Grimshaw, Alta., four hundred miles to the south. The government has promised to subsidize a joint CPR-CNR extension of steel into Pine Point, and a royal commission has been appointed to recommend the railway's route. Once the railway is built, Pine Point could become the largest community in the Canadian north.

Diefenbaker ranks this rail venture as a major expression of his vision, but he emphasizes much more frequently the "roads to resources" program—a major plank of his 1958 election platform. The Tories will spend approximately two hundred million dollars in the next seven-to-ten years for six thousand miles of new highways in the Yukon and the Territories, and through cost-sharing ar-

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CAN'T BE  
VAGUE**



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rangements, in the northern sectors of all the provinces except Quebec which refuses to sign the agreement. Two hundred miles of northern development roads were completed this summer, with most of the work done around the west end of Great Slave Lake and on a highway from Flat Creek in the Yukon into the Eagle Plain oil drilling area. Location surveys for another four hundred and twenty-five miles of road have been finished.

Behind this construction lies simply the hope that if roads are provided, private firms will use them to discover and exploit new resources. "It's an act of faith that if you build a road, you'll find wealth," Northern Affairs Minister Hamilton told me. "If one of those roads produces another Porcupine or a Sudbury, it will pay for them all. And I predict there won't be one find. There'll be a dozen."

Despite such optimism and the political fanfare that surrounds the "roads to resources" program, many of the northern experts I interviewed seriously questioned its economic justification. "I've studied the routes of the twelve proposed northern roads," says one highly placed Canadian geologist, "and there's no guarantee in my mind that any sizable development will take place along any of them, except the Eagle Plain highway. The oil there, if it can be sold, will move out by pipeline."

J. J. Byrne, the board chairman of Consolidated Discovery Yellowknife, a gold mine fifty miles north of Yellowknife which has been developed and is supplied almost entirely by aircraft, has urged that instead of spending vast sums on road building, the government should plant small landing fields at strategic points selected by geological survey. "This is the air age," he says. "Our company does not yet have a road; all the freight is delivered at the mine by Bristol aircraft at competitive rates. This could be accomplished anywhere in the Territories."

While they debate the usefulness of roads, nearly all economists who have studied the north agree that highways or any other methods used to open up the country will fail, unless searchers strike inordinately rich mineral or petroleum deposits. No other northern resource is worth developing.

Ottawa agricultural experts have estimated that the arable land of the Yukon and Northwest Territories totals nearly four million acres, but the short growing season plus the fact that most of the north gets as little annual rainfall as the Sahara Desert, rules out agriculture as a major industry. The forest resources are valuable chiefly as a habitat for fur-bearing animals. Only three small sawmills and one plywood plant are operating in the entire Northwest Territories.

Although the north was initially opened up by the fur trade, and white fox still provides the chief cash income of the Indians and Eskimos, changes in women's styles and the rise of synthetic furs has depressed the industry to a minor and declining role. Commercial fishing in the Yukon and the Territories is limited to a small whitefish and lake trout operation on Great Slave Lake and the arctic char caught for the Montreal gourmet market around Frobisher Bay. No one seriously suggests that the Canadian north will ever be able to attract a significant flow of tourists, but to capitalize on the summer arctic char fishing season, a small lodge was opened this year at Cape Dorset, in southwestern Baffin Island. Rex Clibbery, the former

bush pilot who runs the establishment, charges \$1,500 a week, including the flight from Montreal. Guests are housed in plastic igloos, served Baked Alaska and a choice of wines and liqueurs for dinner.

The unpalatable facts about the lack of agricultural, forest, tourist and game resources are often included even in some of the most glowing speeches about the anatomy of the vision, but offset by references to "the vast mineral storehouse of the north." Flying over the Arctic I was continually reminded of

the area's mineral potential by the innumerable lakes that glow with the green of copper and the rust of iron ore.

But Dr. A. H. Lang, the chief of the Mineral Deposits Division for the Geological Survey of Canada, estimates that the chances of a northern mineral discovery becoming a producing mine are as low as one in a thousand. "In general," he says, "the known deposits are of a kind that can be matched in more accessible and better serviced parts of the country."

William Wonders, a University of Al-

berta geography professor, has calculated that climate and distance from markets make the extraction of a northern gold orebody economical only if it assays at least .45 ounces per ton. Ontario mines can turn a profit by working deposits that contain .15 ounces of gold per ton of ore.

The "mineral storehouse" of the political speeches certainly exists, but transportation problems make it a rocky larder with a stubbornly small yield. Over the entire Yukon and Territories nine mines scratch out ore worth \$40,-



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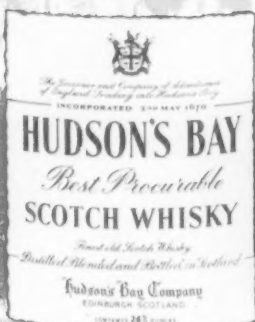
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000,000 a year—a bare two percent of the value annually recovered by the Canadian mining industry. The area's two uranium mines—Eldorado on Great Bear Lake and Rayrock in the Marian River area—are both due to be closed next year.

Nearly two thousand mineral claims in the Yukon and Territories have been recorded with the federal government so far this year, but only two small gold fields near Yellowknife are being opened up by new shafts. Currently the big thing is oil exploration.

That there is oil in the Canadian north has been suspected since 1789, when Alexander Mackenzie discovered pieces of yellow waxy material he called "petroleum" along the banks of the river that bears his name. More than sixty exploratory wells have been drilled in the Mackenzie River delta since 1919, but aside from the Norman Wells field found in 1920, the only significant strike was made this summer a hundred and fifty miles northeast of Whitehorse by Western Minerals' Chance No. 1 which found light gravity oil 5,500 feet down. Sixty aircraft and five hundred men representing many of the world's largest petroleum corporations have spent the past few months in the northern oil hunt. Exploration permits which bind the firms to spend three dollars per acre on development activities during the next nine years have been taken out over more than 90,000,000 acres on the northern mainland, and as much land again is under survey in the Arctic islands. The total area being prospected is two-and-a-half times as large as the oil-producing region under disposition in Alberta.

W. B. Dingle, a western division manager of Imperial Oil Limited, has estimated the theoretical potential of the area being explored at thirty-three billion barrels of oil—nearly ten times Canada's established reserves. But even if this proves correct, there is no guarantee that the oil will be worth moving to market. The free world is glutted with unsaleable oil. Spare well capacity now totals five million barrels a day; Canadian wells are turning out less than half their potential.

Why have the petroleum firms rushed into northern Canada when even now they can sell only half of their output? Dingle says they want to protect reserves for the future. "This action is typical of the industry," he points out. "You can't afford to be blocked out of an oil play."

"The companies are not applying for exploration permits for their amusement," says Gordon Robertson, the deputy minister of northern affairs. "They're doing so because the indications are strong that oil is there and because, if it is, they believe it can be developed, marketed and used." To encourage the exploitation of the northern petroleum, Robertson's department is currently drawing up a radically new set of drilling and production laws.

Under Alberta petroleum legislation, designed to assure a large investment in the province, oil companies must drill at least one well every forty acres. At Leduc, for instance, there are 1,230 oil-producing wells, although petroleum engineers estimate that only 300 are needed to drain the field adequately. To justify its drilling law, the Alberta government insists that every field's production be equally divided among all its wells. If, for example, eighty wells are sunk into a pool whose production and sales po-

tential is eight thousand barrels a day, no well is allowed to turn out more than a hundred daily barrels, irrespective of its actual capacity.

Northern Affairs Minister Hamilton's new laws, expected to be proclaimed later this year, will grant oil companies almost unrestricted freedom to drill and use only the wells required to drain the northern oil pools. "In this way," Hamilton insists, "northern oil will be made cheap enough to compete in world markets with crude from the Middle East."

Petroleum experts agree that under the revised regulations oil at the wellhead will be less expensive, but many are skeptical that under today's surplus supply conditions it will be cheap enough to absorb the huge cost of bringing it to market. Mainland petroleum, if it is proved, would require a six-hundred-mile pipeline from the Eagle Plain area of the Yukon to tidewater at Skagway, Alaska, in order to reach potential sales areas such as Japan. The Arctic islands, where geologists predict that the most significant oil pools will eventually be discovered, are closer to the huge European petroleum market than the fields of the Middle East, but there is no known way to transport the oil there cheaply. Hamilton mentions the possibility of the oil being pumped through plastic pipelines into the holds of atomic cargo submarines lying offshore, under the ice-cap. They'd emerge again at the terminal of another pipeline off Europe. The engineering drawings for such a vessel have already been completed by the Mitchell Group, in England. But the ship is expected to cost fifty-four million dollars, not an economic price for an oil tanker.

The only nuclear ship currently operating in the Arctic is the new Russian icebreaker Lenin, a 16,000-ton mammoth able to punch her way through ice six feet thick at two knots. Canada's fleet of six small icebreakers will be strengthened next summer by the 3,380-ton, diesel-powered Sir John A. Macdonald, able to travel within five hundred miles

of the North Pole. The ship will accelerate Canada's Arctic research, but not nearly fast enough to catch up with the Russians. "The U.S.S.R.," says Dr. A. H. Zimmerman, the chairman of the Defence Research Board, "is twenty-five years ahead of Canada in developing and exploring the Polar basin." The Russians now spend on northern development four percent of their total government budget. Less than one percent of the Canadian government's 1959 budget was earmarked for the north.

"The U.S.S.R. has hydrographically charted and scientifically investigated over two million square miles of ice-covered ocean and plotted minor detail within thirty miles of Canada's Arctic islands," says Michael Marsden, Montreal director of The Arctic Institute of North America. "Canadian hydrographic charts are, by comparison, almost completely blank within and without these islands."

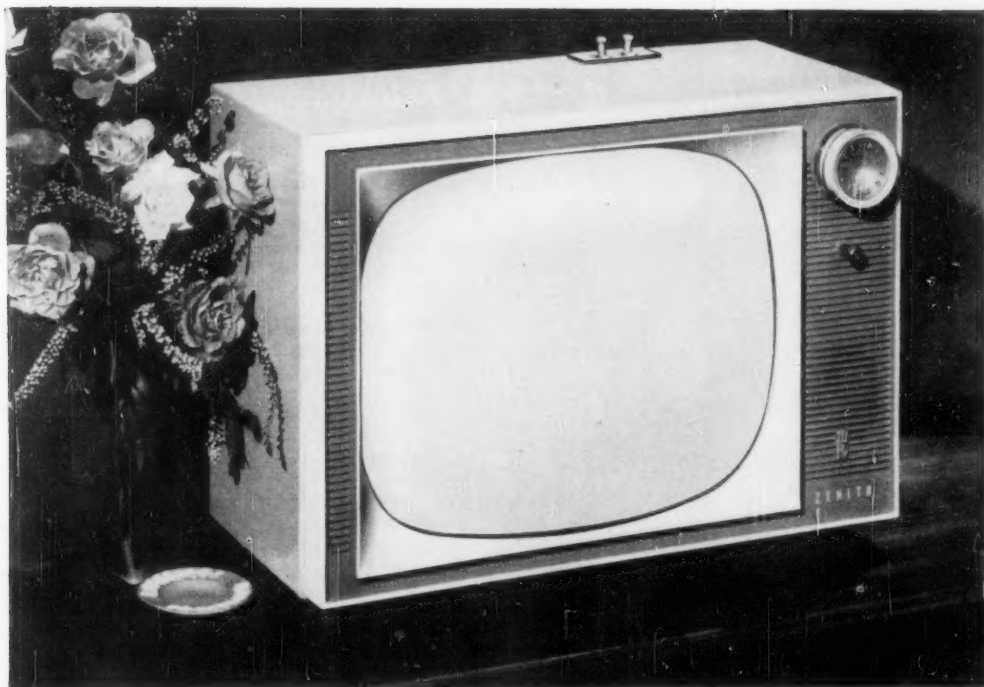
Frobisher Bay and Inuvik are the only Canadian communities north of the Arctic Circle with more than two hundred permanent settlers; Russia has a dozen cities of fifty thousand inhabitants in the same latitudes. The only railway in the Canadian north is the 110-mile narrow-gauge White Pass and Yukon built fifty years ago to link Whitehorse with Skagway; as well as the Trans-Siberian Railway four smaller railroads traverse parts of the Russian north. Canada has about a thousand acres under cultivation north of the sixtieth parallel; the Soviet Union has a million acres under cultivation.

The major communist Arctic achievement has been turning the Northeast Passage into a regular transportation artery. Last winter two million tons of freight passed through the five-thousand-mile route between Murmansk, near Finland, to Vladivostok, on the Pacific. *Glavsevmorput* (Russia's northern sea route administration) has 35,000 employees operating a hundred weather stations, a hundred and fifty ice reconnaissance aircraft and a hundred and fifty ocean-





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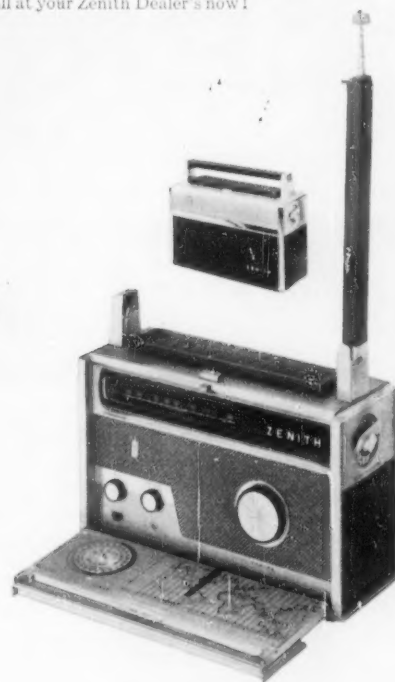
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## We asked...

*Does Canada need the sort of social critics known in England as the*

## *Angry Young Men?*

## They answered...



**Dr. J. Gordin Kaplan**, professor of physiology, Dalhousie University: "We need them desperately. Our failure to produce even a small group of loud, angry intellectuals to challenge the basic assumptions, injustices, stupidities and hypocrisies of our time is one of the strongest indictments of our educational system, which is really, from kindergarten to university, a systematic indoctrination in the virtues of conformity. When I see that today's university students already share the prejudice and superstition of their fathers, I wonder what the hell they will become when they're middle-aged. How fossilized can you get?"



**James Bannerman**, radio and television personality: "A country always needs vigorous and intelligent criticism. Most of England's angry young men seem to me to be merely petulant, and neither vigorous nor particularly intelligent. We have quite a few critics of that sort in Canada — as unnecessary to us as their counterparts are to the English, and fortunately just as futile. The rest of us might well consider being more critical ourselves and ignoring them altogether."



**John Gray**, playwright and author: "Though intolerable to respectable citizens, such persons are as essential now, in Canada and elsewhere, as they ever were. The need may be glimpsed in the following exhibits: 1. The U.S., where they have been caged for a generation; 2. Honest John Diefenbaker and his plain prairie cult of personality; 3. Billy Graham, God's very successful public-relations man, who has seen fit to announce the Second Coming; 4. My own generation—middle class by faith, middle-aged by twenty-five, smug, self-centred, selfish and dull. Having known nothing but war and prosperity, this generation takes its jobs for granted, considers progress inevitable, believes conspicuous waste a condition of progress and continues to honor the dogma that anyone can become chairman of the board. The one thing this generation really fears is life and the decisions it demands. This is a spectacle not for derision but for tears."

A five-dollar bill goes to Mrs. W. R. Graham, Toronto, for submitting this question. Have you a light, controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay \$5 for each question accepted.



going freighters. Canada's Northwest Passage has not yet been used commercially.

Much of Siberia's population is still believed to be slave labor, but the Russians encourage volunteers to go north by offering skilled laborers three times the normal wages. Each year that a Russian works in the Arctic counts as two, in computing his pension; ten years counts as twenty-five toward retirement. These inducements aside, the extensive development of the Soviet north is linked to the fact that the influence of the Gulf Stream keeps much of Russia's eastern Arctic free of permafrost. In most of Canada the climate keeps the treeline well south of the Arctic Circle; the Russian treeline is north of the Circle everywhere but in the limited area of the Kolyma Mountains. The Russians also possess the geographic advantage of having three rivers the size but not the shallowness of the Mackenzie, crossing their north. They were settled and used by 1600 — nearly two hundred years before the Mackenzie was discovered.

The Russians appear even to have licked the problem of integrating their Eskimo population. The thirteen hundred Eskimos of the Russian Arctic live on the extreme northeast coast of Siberia, lodged in houses eighty percent paid for by the government. They work beside Russian miners and fishermen, and while they have managed to cling to some of their ancestral habits, they are completely literate in Russian. In contrast, sixty-four percent of Eskimo children in Canada still have no access to schools. Except in the Mackenzie River delta, where they have advanced a little farther, less than five percent of Canadian Eskimos can read or write. Only sixteen out of the current Eskimo teenager population of twenty-five hundred are enrolled in high school.

The United Nations World Health Organization estimates that Canada spends twenty-three million dollars a year for health and welfare services to the Eskimos, yet a quarter of all Eskimo babies born alive die within the first year, and the average life expectancy of the Canadian Eskimo is only twenty-nine. These figures compare with an infant death rate of three percent for southern Canada and a male life expectancy of 66.33 years.

Of the four thousand federal employees concerned with the Canadian north, a quarter are occupied in some way with the Eskimos — that's a ratio of one civil servant for every ten Eskimos. "Perhaps no other group of people has had lavished on it so much thought, so much attention, so much money," says R. A. J. Phillips, assistant director of the government's northern administration branch. "But the effort has to be large to catch up with the mistakes and neglect of generations."

Our increasing health and welfare measures are expected to double the Eskimo population by the end of the century. This will greatly multiply the pressure to fit the Eskimo into suitable jobs. Only 450 of the North's 10,000 Eskimos currently support themselves and their families in wage employments. B. G. Sivertz, director of Ottawa's northern administration branch, warns that the Eskimo must be fitted into the highest possible level of the white man's culture before he drifts low on the social scale in the eyes of his employer and of himself.

Government efforts are now aimed at drastically altering the Eskimo's way of life from his former dependence on nature to competition with the white man.

Eskimo experts like Dr. Carpenter, the anthropologist, support this goal. "All across Canada," he says, "there are little old ladies determined to keep the Eskimos in igloos, to keep them in a deep freeze as reassuring proof that minorities can survive a mass culture. It's doubtful how eager they themselves would be to spend a night in an igloo. But I have, and it's the worst habitat known to me. No Eskimo wants to live in one after experiencing even shack life. Bad as it may be, the new life is better."

Carpenter and other students of the

Eskimo acknowledge that government action has saved the race from extinction, but they condemn the fact that so little effort is being made to record the Eskimo heritage. "We have walked through their culture the way a man walks through a cobweb — without even noticing it," Carpenter charges.

The most vivid impression I have brought back from my own northern tour is that at a time when the government in Ottawa has proclaimed a costly new vision for the north, most Eskimos and their families are facing life with the

gnawing insecurity of a hungry wolf pack. This is the ironic condition of a remarkable people who for thousands of years before we came managed to live with only primitive instruments in a land where the white man, with all his technical skills, can scarcely exist.

I am convinced that the Diefenbaker vision will produce some patches of economic significance within the merciless environment of our north. But I am equally convinced that nearly all of that endless land will be left as always, to stare in futile emptiness at the stars. ★



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## Mailbag

- ✓ Will Duddy Kravitz make the best-seller list?
- ✓ Why Englishmen don't need automobiles

**THE SITUATIONS** and characters in *The World of Duddy Kravitz* (Sept. 26 and Oct. 10) are by no means original, for they can be found all around us in our day-to-day life. However, never before have these characters been immortalized in print in such a human and heart-warming manner. Richler truly has satirical qualities and a wonderful insight into human nature. He should be congratulated for this great success, for the book will undoubtedly become a best seller. Maclean's should also be congratulated for its insight in presenting such a story instead of the usual fictional tripe. Bravo!!—JACK A. PERLES, WINNIPEG.

✓ As a name-dropping college acquaintance of Mordecai Richler's, may I ask if Mordy posed for the main illustration of his story?—JOE COLUCCI, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

No.

### Simple British life

Regarding *Are the British Better Off Than We Are?* (Sept. 12): With street-cars and trains running every few minutes the average working-class Englishman doesn't need a car or a telephone. —MRS. JOAN GRAY, HINES CREEK, ALTA.

### How DO horses swim?

*We Were Trapped by a Forest Fire* (Sept. 26) seems like serious business until they get to where they swim with their horses, then, it is to laugh, and that illustration is a blooper. To swim, a horse turns on its side, and all the balancing and horsemanship on earth



couldn't make it otherwise. If the rider wants to go along he slides off the rear and hangs onto the tail.—W. N. WILLTON, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

*Who's right? A man who used to swim horses across the Saskatchewan says they swim erect, as in our illustration (and in all good westerns).*

### Barbecue taboo

Our August 1 copy, coming by slow boat, just reached us today, but we hasten to send back our reaction to a Background item. Under the boastful heading, *Propaganda—Our Style*, you mention Canada's "quiet counterplay" to Communist youth festivals. All very commendable for the Junior Red Cross to invite 225 foreign youngsters to spend a week with a Canadian family. But we take exception to the "typical program" item: a 15-year-old from India . . . will take in a 4-H fair and a beef barbecue. For the average 15-year-old of India to be even remotely associated with the

slaughter of a member of the sacred cow family is unthinkable . . . Typical program? Let's hope not!—TOM & LEOTA RASH, KULPAHAR, U.P., INDIA.

### Resigning from the human race

Buying a copy of Maclean's (Oct. 10) made me resolve, once and for all, to divorce myself from human society forever. Reading the articles, *Is Our Youth Equipped To Face The Future?* and *The People Who Were Murdered For Fun*, made me curse again the memory of that Republican who said Americans should



fight so that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." I say, pray to God that it may!—JOHN WILSON, WESTVILLE, N.S.

### Inventors, Inc.

Thank you for your mention of me in *Backstage with Inventors* (Sept. 12). The caricature was very cleverly done. It is regrettable that the Canadian Research and Development Foundation was not mentioned as most of the inventors mentioned in the article were from this organization.—R. E. SOUTHER, TORONTO.

### Psychiatrists off base?

In Maclean's Sept. 26 issue the article *Is Our System of Child Adoption Good Enough?* conveys the impression that the psychiatrists are qualified, as psychiatrists, to suggest the proper procedure to be followed in placing children for adoption. While, as individuals, they are entitled to their opinions, their psychiatric training does not qualify them as experts in the field of adoption any more than social-work training qualifies social workers as psychiatrists.—B. W. HEISE, TORONTO.

✓ Thank you for bringing to light the sad plight of rejected parents. With no avenue of appeal through the Children's Aid, it would appear that these would-be fathers and mothers unquestionably need the support of an awakened public. Your article has given them a voice to speak with.—MRS. M. L. SMITH, TORONTO.

✓ Social workers regret that they are unable to find homes for thousands of Catholic children, while three out of four Protestant families must be turned down. They seem to think that nothing can be done about this imbalance because it's one of the laws of God that a childhood spent in an institution is preferable to adoption by a Protestant. The implications about the character of a God who'd make a rule of this kind seem to pass unnoticed.—MRS. G. BAKER, REXDALE, ONT. ★



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## Arthritis Pain?

Pays to get best help like this lucky woman. This letter from Mrs. L.G., Toronto, gives good advice which may help you. She writes: "I injured my knee in a bad fall. Arthritis set in and pain was terrific, even worse at night. When I tried to sleep, the pain was like ice picks pushed in my knees and it swelled up like a balloon. Nothing helped me for 10 long weeks. Then I took a friend's advice and got DOLCIN tablets. I got a little relief the first day. In a few days I was feeling pretty good, getting a good night's rest, so kept right on with DOLCIN. When I hear of anyone suffering the pains of arthritis, rheumatism or sciatica, I can hardly wait to tell them about what DOLCIN did for me." Letters from grateful users offer positive proof of the quick relief from the misery of arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, bursitis or muscular pains. Ask your druggist for DOLCIN Tablets today. 39-3







## What the north really looks like

Continued from page 19

upon an abandoned mine that bristled with object lessons. It was a uranium mine, evidently begun when uranium stocks were the hottest thing on the Toronto market, and discontinued when the uranium boom ended three years ago. The crew must have left in a hurry at the end—a cherry pie with one piece cut out was still sitting on the cookhouse table, hard as a rock but with no trace of mold on it. We lifted some excellent canned goods from the pantry, and salvaged an expensive surveying instrument from an open bunkhouse.

But the most prominent feature of the landscape, visible for miles, was a gleaming Bristol aircraft sitting on blocks beside the shore. New, it must have cost \$200,000 at least. It had been damaged slightly, but only slightly, in the crash that brought it down in 1956. Apparently, though, it hadn't been worth anyone's while either to move it out by sled, or fly in the parts to repair it.

That derelict aircraft was visible proof, if we needed any, how valuable a commodity must be—per pound—to be worth taking out of the north. This is the unemphasized footnote to all the talk about the undiscovered resources. It is indeed probable, almost certain, that the resources are there—the geological evidence is favorable. The catch is that every find must be richer, not just slightly, but vastly richer, than the same thing would have to be in an easier location, in order to be worth exploiting.

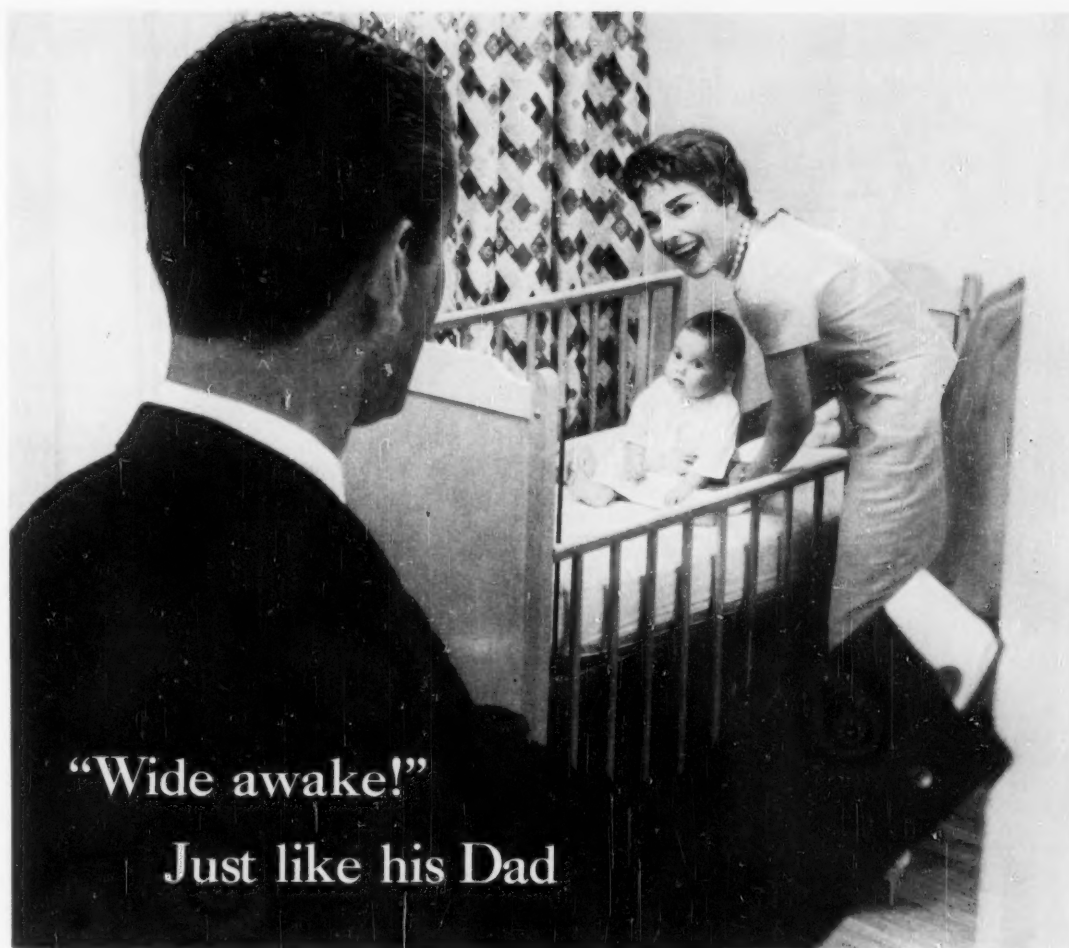
### The Banana Belt

We found the north a harsh country, a land of little grace and less mercy. For the fourteen days we spent at the east end of Great Bear Lake, in near-barren terrain just southwest of the tree line, we were always cold, often wet, and occasionally as miserable as men can be without any serious trouble. We found out why the Mackenzie Valley, with its real soil and its real trees and its fairly warm summer days, is known in the north as the Banana Belt.

But never, even at our coldest and wettest, did any of us for a moment regret having come. What drew us were the things that draw so many men, and a few women, to the north—the challenge, the sense of contact with the historic past and with eternal reality, that you find in all of Canada's wilderness.

Old-timers make fun of this sentimental mysticism. Angus Sherwood, the postmaster of Norman Wells, who has been knocking about the north country for forty years and knows it as well as any man living, has erected a plaque with the following inscription by a boulder outside his house on the bank of the Mackenzie River:

"Upon this stone on August 2nd, 1789, sat Alexander Mackenzie whilst fighting mosquitoes and planning this present (Imperial Oil Company) refinery. Since that date this stone has been a saluting point for dogs, foxes, and wolves, in honor of the man who led the mission-



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It's a patio party  
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It's a formal party, and you want to  
serve a wine that's special;  
It's an intimate party, and  
quick, easy service is important;  
It's a long-planned party,  
and the wine and everything  
must be perfect;  
It's a spontaneous party,  
just the two of you, and you  
want it to be gay;

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"In spite of the real sourdough's mockery, the  
peculiar charm of the wilderness does exist"

aries, fur traders, tuberculosis and tin  
cans down this great river to the Polar  
Sea.

"Lacking matches, cigarettes, radio,  
Esso gasoline, rubber boots and tissue  
paper, Mackenzie made the round trip  
from Lake Athabaska to the Frozen  
Ocean in 102 days, in a bark canoe pow-  
ered by internal combustion Indians.  
Modern pioneers complain if the toast  
is cold or the mail plane is late.

"This plaque erected by the Bureau  
of Sights and Sites. Contractors: Sher-  
wood & Associates. History Made and/or  
Repaired."

Of one well-known writer, whose  
books fairly vibrate with the thrill of the  
northern wild, Angus Sherwood remark-  
ed: "He's the most helpless man in the  
bush that I ever saw." Sherwood told  
us of one downriver journey, described  
in a book in terms of high adventure,  
which he himself had made about the  
same time in a twenty-two-foot freight  
canoe accompanied by thirteen unruly  
sled dogs, twelve Indian adults and chil-  
dren, and all of their gear.

But in spite of the mockery of the  
real sourdough, this peculiar charm of  
the wilderness does exist. Our little  
group of amateur voyageurs had been  
seeking and finding it along the northern  
edges of settlement in Canada ever since  
1951. In eight annual and innumerable  
week-end canoe trips, some of our mem-  
bers had covered about three thousand  
miles on the old fur trade routes that  
ran between Lake Athabaska and Mont-  
real.

One trip, five years ago, retraced  
Pierre de la Verendrye's way from Lake  
Superior over the Grand Portage and  
westward to the head of Rainy River.  
Another, from Reindeer Lake in nor-  
thern Saskatchewan to Fond du Lac at  
the eastern end of Lake Athabaska,  
went past Thompson Falls where the  
great explorer and surveyor, "Mr. As-  
tronomer" David Thompson, lost his  
clothing and gear and very nearly lost  
his life in 1796. In other summers the  
party came down the Churchill River  
from Ile à la Crosse and over to Cum-

berland House on the Saskatchewan, the  
trading post founded by the great Samuel  
Hearne for the Hudson's Bay Company  
in 1774; down the Hayes River and  
through the maze of streams and lakes  
that once carried voyageurs from Nor-  
way House to York Factory; upstream  
from Ile à la Crosse and over the famous  
Methy Portage to the Clearwater and  
the Athabaska. Alexander Mackenzie's  
route to the Arctic Coast.

Only one man has been on every trip  
—Eric Morse, national director of the  
association of Canadian Clubs, a fanat-  
ical outdoorsman who makes a hobby of  
keeping himself in good physical shape,  
and a life work of seeing Canada by  
canoe. But all of us had had a fair  
amount of experience out of doors, and  
all but one had been on three or more of  
our own voyageur expeditions.

He makes all our decisions

The leader of our group is Sigurd F.  
Olson of Ely, Minnesota, president of  
the National Parks Association, a man  
who has the skill of a professional in  
the woods. Sig is known to us as The  
Bourgeois, because the voyageurs of fur-  
trading days used that term for the com-  
pany officials who accompanied and  
directed canoe parties. The word as we  
use it is historically inaccurate. The Bour-  
geois of old did no work at all. Our  
Bourgeois does more work than anyone  
else, including all the cooking. He also  
makes all decisions for the group—  
when we start and stop, where we camp,  
whether or not we risk a crossing of  
open water in a high wind or swell,  
whether we portage or run a rapid.

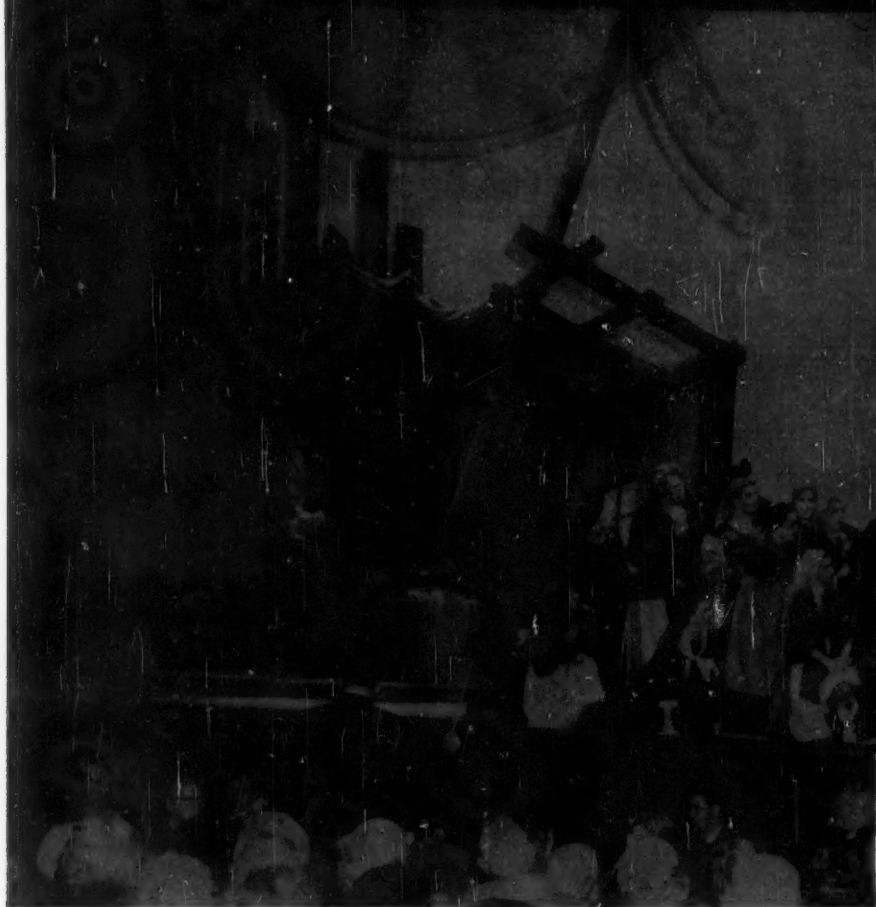
Sig's canoe partner is a fellow Ameri-  
can, Tyler Thompson, United States  
Minister to Canada, who has been a  
regular voyageur since 1956. Chief assis-  
tant to the Bourgeois, though, is Major  
General Elliot Rodger, who was vice-  
chief of the general staff when he retired  
from the army a few years ago, and is  
now director of the Manitoba Heart  
Foundation. Elliot Rodger is the most  
usefully unselfish man I've ever known.



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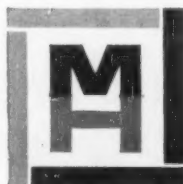
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 7, 1959

I've met a few, not many, who were as willing as he to help other people, but none so competent at actually doing it.

Physician and surgeon to the party is Dr. Omond Solandt, formerly chairman of the Defence Research Board, now vice-president for research and development of Canadian National Railways. Because he has spent his whole career in non-medical research, many people assume that Dr. Solandt is a Ph.D. in physics or chemistry. In fact he is a doctor of medicine, but he has never practised ex-

cept on these canoe trips. This is just as well, for his bedside manner is something less than soothing to the patient. His most memorable prescription was given on the Churchill River trip in 1955, when Denis Coolican had an infected finger:

"Just soak it in hot water. Dish water will do."

Coolican, who is president of the Canadian Bank Note Company Limited in Ottawa, has no specialty of skill or experience in woodcraft, but is as strong as a bull moose and indestructibly cheer-

ful. He and I are the unskilled labor of the party. The one remaining "regular," a charter member from 1951 until he left Canada in 1957, is the inimitable, irreplaceable Tony Lovink—A. H. J. Lovink, former Netherlands Ambassador to Canada, now representing his country in Australia.

Tony's paddle was taken this year by Harry Fast, one of Omond Solandt's colleagues in the CNR, a newcomer to our group but the only one of the eight of us who'd had much experience in the north. Most of us had been in the North-

west Territories on occasional airborne visits, but that was all. Harry, as a student at Saskatchewan University in the Thirties, had spent twelve months prospecting and surveying in the country north of Lake Athabasca, and had worked at a war job in Yellowknife for a year and a half.

It was Harry Fast who cocked a gloomy eye at the weather on our first night out, as we were flown in from Yellowknife to a small lake just over the height of land between Great Bear and Great Slave Lake. When the first half of the group arrived in mid-afternoon it was calm, bright and almost warm—a perfect northern day. By seven o'clock a strong north wind had got up, the swell was pounding at the rock where we were camped, and the temperature had dropped to the low forties.

Harry's recollection was that when the wind came up at the end of the day like this, it usually meant a three-day blow. He was too right. In the fortnight to come there were only two or three days when we weren't fighting a head wind, working our way from island to headland to island again, and sometimes wind-bound altogether for a few hours. On most days, the wind carried fitful showers of rain. The subArctic is listed in geography books as semiarid country, with only ten to fifteen inches of precipitation a year, but the small rain is well distributed from day to day.

#### "You need women for the work"

On the third night out, as we sat around the fire shivering in damp jackets and jeans, Sig Olson quoted to us the advice given to Samuel Hearne by his Indian guide Matonabee. Hearne's first two attempts to reach the Coppermine River had failed, Matonabee said, because he had neglected to take any women in his party.

"For," said Matonabee (as recorded in Hearne's journal), "when all the men are heavy laden, they can neither hunt nor travel any distance. And in case they should meet with some success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labor? Women are made for labor. One of them can carry or haul as much as two men. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothes, and keep us warm at night."

We were certainly cold at night, and most of the time we were cold all day as well. When we got to Port Radium on the fifteenth day we learned that during our fortnight of travel, the highest recorded temperature had been 52 degrees Fahrenheit and the lowest 34. On the inland lakes where we were paddling it was probably warmer than that on the few fine days; it was certainly colder at night, for twice we woke to find ice on the rocks outside our tents.

We dressed as if for a ski trip—flannel shirts, sweaters, wind-proof jackets. Some brought long underwear, the rest of us bought it at Port Radium. Those who failed to bring warm gloves regretted the omission.

We are not a particularly fastidious lot, but we had trouble keeping clean enough to be comfortable. Bathing in ice water is no great feat when the air is warm and still, but when the air and the water are both below 40 degrees and a sharp breeze is blowing, nobody bathes for pleasure. These conditions were normal throughout the trip. The cold water is more than a mere discomfort, it's a hazard, for no man can live in it for long. This thought made us more than usually cautious about shooting rapids.

Our route in this first fortnight was



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**"Arctic dwellings are over-heated; the menaces to public health are heat stroke and alcoholism"**

the course of the Camsell River, from its headwater, Sarah Lake, to its outlet in Conjuror Bay on Great Bear Lake — 140 miles as the crow flies, maybe twice that far by the tortuous canoe route. The river is named for Dr. Charles Camsell, the former deputy minister of mines and resources and internationally famous authority on Canada's northland, who died in Ottawa last winter. All of us had known him, and it was partly on his advice that we chose this area for our journey.

Charlie Camsell's experience was a reminder how very new, how raw and how wild this north country is. When his name was given to this meandering river, Camsell was not an eminent civil servant but a quite unknown young college student, aged twenty-three. He was assistant to the late Dr. J. Mackintosh Bell, who, though only a year older, was in charge of an expedition for the Canadian Geological Survey. The two boys, with three canoeists, spent the summer of 1900 mapping the shores and hinterland of Great Bear Lake.

They nearly starved. Conditions in the area had not changed since the lake was named after an arctic grizzly seen by Sir John Richardson when he went through with Sir John Franklin's party in 1825. Others had explored it in the meantime—Richardson himself had come through again in 1848, in command of a search for the lost Franklin; so had Dr. John Rae, and P. W. Dease, and others whose names survive in lakes and rivers and bays and islands there. Father Emile Petitot, a French Oblate missionary who spent most of his adult life in the region, explored it thoroughly in the 1860's and left minute descriptions that can still be used. But nobody came after these lone interlopers, to settle or to change the cold wilderness.

Camsell and Bell started up the Camsell River (as they decided it should be called) in late August, 1900. Winter was approaching, and they knew they hadn't much time; they also had no food and no guides, and only an approximate notion where they were. But they had the luck to kill a cow moose in Conjuror Bay, where the Camsell River empties into Great Bear Lake, and this good omen encouraged them to set off in search of the canoe route to Great Slave.

Two weeks later they were desperate. Their meat was gone, the leaves had fallen, the cold rain was turning to snow, the portages no longer showed any sign of recent use, and they had constant trouble finding their way. It sounds easy to paddle up a river, portage over the height of land and come down the other side, but the typical "stream" in this flat country is a chain of shallow lakes, connected by short rapids that may run in any direction. Even with a map, the outlet of each lake is hard to find. Without one, the traveler must patiently work his way all round the shore, exploring false bays. When Camsell and Bell emerged on September 11 into Hottah Lake, which looks tiny on the map of Canada but is large enough to show an open water horizon to a man in a canoe, they came very near despair.

What saved them was a party of Dog Rib Indians, who guided them out to Fort Rae on Great Slave Lake. Reading the accounts of this adventure, written by Camsell and Bell years later, you feel yourself carried back to the days of Samuel Hearne and John Franklin. There is no perceptible difference, though the Camsell journey was less than one life-

time ago. And even today, the difference is smaller than you might think.

Mackintosh Bell's report for the Geological Survey that year contained a famous sentence: "East of McTavish Bay (in Great Bear Lake) the steep rocky shores are often stained with cobalt bloom and copper green." That was the note that caught Gilbert LaBine's eye thirty years later, and led to the dis-

covery of radium and the establishment of Eldorado mine, which has been since 1944 a famous source of uranium under Canadian government control. Port Radium, the mining town, has about two hundred year-round citizens including several families, and all the comforts of home.

Snug comfort is the outstanding quality of all the permanent settlements up

north. Eldorado guest house at Port Radium has the amenities of a first-class hotel, plus the warmth and charm of northern hospitality. The residence of Jim McMillan, who is in charge of the Imperial Oil refinery at Norman Wells, could be set down without alteration in Toronto's Forest Hill Village or Ottawa's Rockcliffe Park — only the magnificent view of the Mackenzie River from its

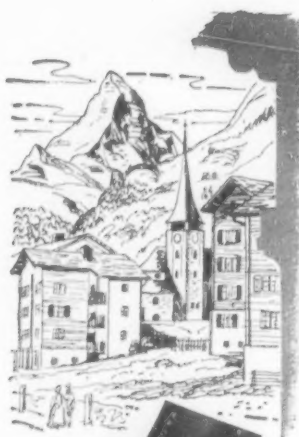
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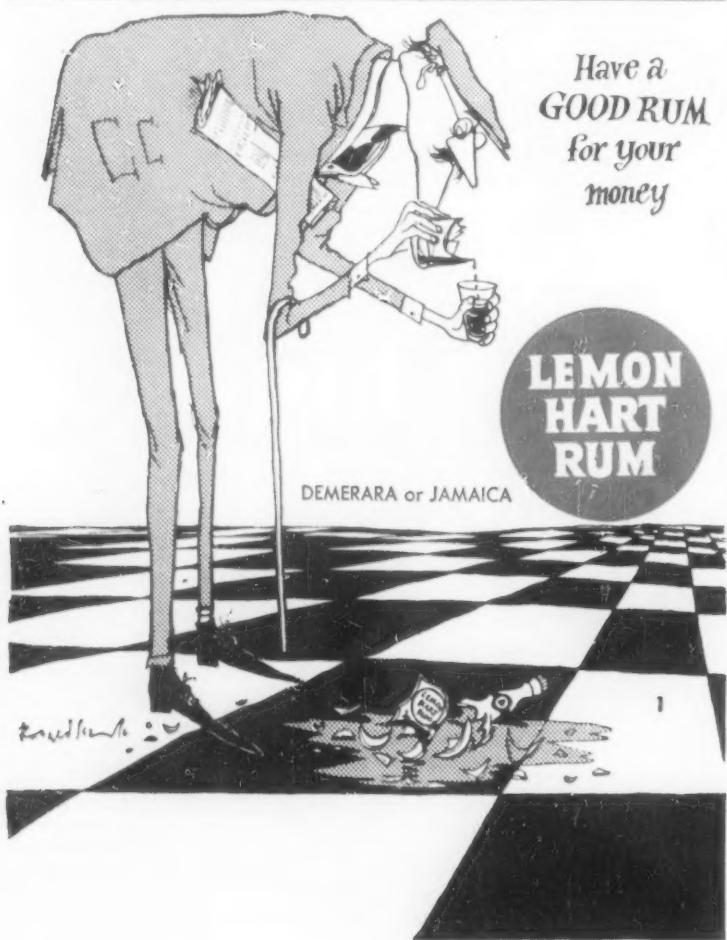
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living room picture window makes it unique. All the houses that the government builds for senior civil servants, or Imperial Oil for its executives, would be good homes anywhere in Canada. The Hudson's Bay Company station at Fort Norman, the 150-year-old trading post at the junction of the Great Bear River and the Mackenzie, is a well-stocked country store that would do credit to any village.

In all northern buildings the element of discomfort, insofar as it exists, is not the cold but the heat. Steam radiators, turned on all the year round, keep indoor temperature high. Omond Solandt quoted the sardonic remark of an arctic medical officer:

"The menaces to public health up here are heat stroke and alcoholism."

The trouble with this urban luxury is that it seems to have no economic foundation. The enterprises now operating north of Great Slave Lake are mostly either temporary or artificial, or both.

Eldorado mine is a case in point. It has been a going concern now for more than twenty years, and is the heart of all economic activity around Great Bear Lake. Thousands of tons of uranium have gone out from its refining mills—the fine concentrate flown out, as return cargo for the aircraft that bring in supplies; the coarse concentrate taken out by barge. The waterborne traffic has a very brief season—this year, the ice went out of Great Bear Lake on July 23 and was expected back in October—and cargoes are unloaded and reloaded twice to pass the shallows of the Great Bear River. But it's still cheaper than air freight.

The Eldorado operation is almost finished. One more year, or two at most, will see the last of its uranium extracted. The barge service then will be abandoned, and again the Great Bear Lake region will have no means of transport between aircraft at one extreme and dog teams at the other.

Norman Wells is the local source of diesel and bunker fuel. The oil field there covers 4,000 acres, has proven reserves of thirty-six million barrels, and during the war had sixty-seven wells pumping crude oil through the Canol pipeline. Now, only about a dozen wells are in operation. It is sufficient for all the fuel needs of the region. If the U.S. were to discontinue operation of its DEW line, Norman Wells' market would

be further reduced. This makes the local oil engineers somewhat skeptical about the exploration now being carried on, in the Mackenzie Valley and the Yukon, by other oil companies.

Meanwhile, the real established industry of the country is still what it was in Samuel Hearne's day, hunting, and trapping. It still provides, as it always did, a meagre subsistence to the scattered handful of truly indigenous people. For centuries it has kept them from complete extinction and that much it still could do. But it never has kept them, and would not keep them now, from starving in large numbers from time to time.

For the past ten years, and especially in the last five, the government has been making a sincere and energetic attempt to bring the northern Indians and the Eskimo into the twentieth century. Large sums are being spent on education, public health, vocational training and general rehabilitation. At Fort Norman, the Indian band will soon be completely rehoused in neat, snug cottages that cost the government as much as \$2,800 and are sold to the Indian for \$300, payable if necessary in labor or in kind. The young Indian agent, Ken Stowell, and his wife have the greatest, most sympathetic interest in their charges; their relations with the band of Indians are obviously cordial.

Only one thing is missing: The Indians still have nothing much to live on.

Their numbers, no longer kept in check by starvation and epidemic disease, are already a little too great for the local resources of game and fur. Those who cannot obtain enough food for themselves get "destitute rations," and living even on this sparse dole is easier than living by hunt and trap line. So fewer and fewer of the young men take the trouble to learn the skills by which their fathers lived.

Everyone—missionary, trader, government official—agrees that this situation is bad. Nobody knows how to cure it. Meanwhile, outside the little settlements, the vast barren country lies as desolate as of old, if anything even emptier of human and animal life.

Land of tomorrow? Perhaps. Land of yesterday? Maybe—though even in the wilderness, history doesn't repeat itself verbatim. But one thing about the north is absolutely certain. Whatever else it may be, it is not the land of today. ★





## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

**"Just looking at pictures must be nice easy work"**



Photo editor Olsen collected 700 pictures to get the 58 shots in this issue.

**How do you** get pictures that show a pretty Vancouver brunette becoming a blond? How, the very day you decide you need it, do you get a revealing camera study of a hockey coach directing his team? How, when the only picture of a famous field marshal and his wife is in England, do you get it to Canada in an hour?

As photo editor of Maclean's Jack Olsen is constantly groping for the answers to questions like that. Generally, he manages to find them. When he couldn't locate a Vancouver brunette who was willing to pose while a hairdresser turned her into a blond, he came up with a blond model who agreed to be changed into a brunette, then changed back to a blond (see page 28).

The atmospheric shot of the hockey coach, Toronto's Punch Imlach, was taken at Peterborough, where the Maple Leafs happened to be playing the Black Hawks. Olsen loaned his own car to Kryn Taconis, a talented Dutch photographer who has lately settled in Toronto, so Taconis could reach Peterborough before the game (see page 36).

The picture of the famous field marshal and his wife — Viscount and Lady Alanbrooke — appeared in the Oct. 24 issue of Maclean's. Olsen got it from England to Canada in an hour by telephoto.

Stubby and boyish-looking, with twinkling blue eyes, Olsen was a professional artist in Toronto, then an observer in the RCAF during the war. After the war he wrote, directed and produced films for

the National Film Board for several years, and also gained a reputation as an amateur actor. He next spent two years in Egypt with the United Nations education service. The Suez trouble came along and Olsen, his wife and a young daughter were evacuated by the U.S. Navy. They stayed in France and England for a while, then returned to Toronto, where Olsen since 1957 has been Maclean's photo editor and the right hand man of his old friend, Gene Allman, Maclean's art director.

Olsen works at a table piled high with photographs from various parts of the world and may have two dozen long-distance calls, including trans-Atlantic calls, in a single morning. He gathers more than ten pictures for each one that is finally selected and used in the magazine. The seventy-three photographs in the Oct. 24 issue were culled from nearly eight hundred, and the sixty-three in this issue from roughly seven hundred.

His toughest problem is obtaining photos in which people seem to be really doing something, not posing. To this end he instructs photographers on assignments for Maclean's to use small cameras (35 mm) and not to use flash equipment, the idea being that this encourages a subject to act more naturally — to sort of half-forget he is being photographed.

Olsen's second-toughest problem is being polite to individuals who say, when they hear he is photo editor of Maclean's, "Just looking at pictures must be nice easy work."

## Do men FEAR women?



Why can't men see women as they really are? And why do they feel insecure when women enter their world? Be sure you read this fascinating study of the age-old mystery of the sexes by the world famous psychologist, Florida Scott-Maxwell.

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■ Are they too sheltered? Do they have too much freedom too soon? No matter what the reason today's unwed mothers are younger than ever before, often barely out of school. Don't miss the facts behind this alarming trend, and see what can be done to check the situation.

### PRAIRIE WOMAN

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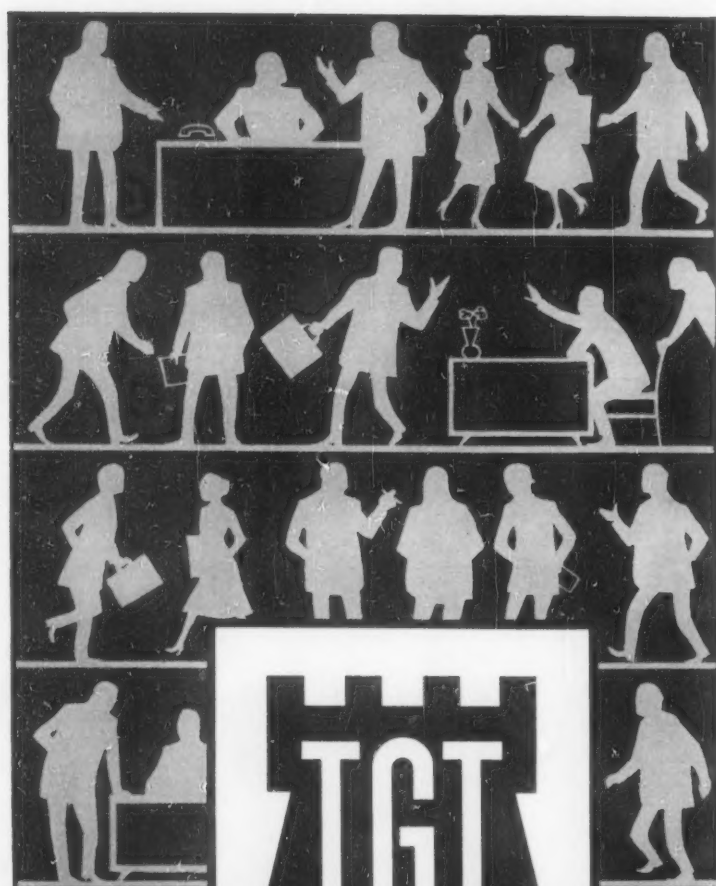
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# Parade

## Tabu, My Sin and now—Le Nettoyeur

A new saleslady at a posh perfume counter at Mount Royal, Quebec's big shopping centre, was asked to do a little dusting and cleaning. She set down a spray bottle of glass cleaner for just a moment, and, when she looked for it again, was horrified to find a dignified customer calmly spraying herself with the stuff. Sniffing as critically as any connoisseur, the woman smiled her appreciation of the free squirt from what she evidently took to be a demonstration bottle of perfume and drifted happily off about her shopping.

\* \* \*

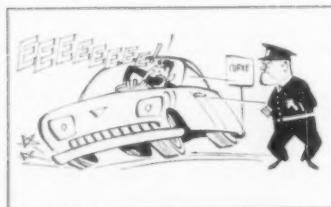
Just before Stratford packed it up again for another season an official of the International Film Festival who happened to be standing in the lobby at the Avon theatre as a matinee crowd filed in was approached by an anxious-looking woman. "Did you see two ladies go upstairs?" she asked eagerly.

Wearily he replied, "Madam, eight hundred women have gone upstairs this afternoon."

Brightly the woman turned to a companion and announced, "Good, they've gone on up."

\* \* \*

A stranger to Montreal who recently escaped safely from a drive around the precipitous curves of suburban Westmount, reports the tortuous inclines are well posted with warning signs. But he got the impression the authorities are more concerned with the peace and



quiet of Westmount's sumptuous homes than with his neck. One sign said simply: "Slow. Avoid tire squeal on corners."

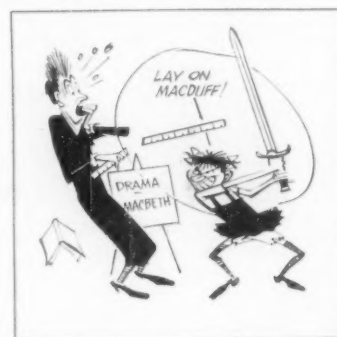
\* \* \*

Transferred from Halifax to Victoria, a navy petty officer drove his family through the U.S., including Nevada, where they had a memorable lunch in the famous gambling city of Las Vegas. Finishing first, the petty officer's nine-year-old son asked for a dime and wandered off. Then the fun began. Junior's excited shouts brought both parents running to the lobby where they found a slot machine gushing dimes at him. Then an agitated manager arrived to explain, while casting worried glances out the window, that it was highly illegal for

minors to play slot machines, even in Nevada. The navy man offered to return the money but the manager pleaded, "Just take the money and leave!" Which they did, hearing imaginary police sirens all the way to California.

\* \* \*

One of Parade's medals for frankness goes forward to Hamilton's Strathallan School for Girls which advertises its



qualifications in this fashion: "Highly strained staff—small classes—Art, Athletics, Dramatics . . ."

\* \* \*

Vancouver's Kingsway is a veritable midway of used car lots, each trying to outdo the others in aggressive sales techniques. You get the feeling there's nothing they won't do to lure customers in. One dealer recently advertised: "Small, timid salesman on duty."

\* \* \*

Calgary prides itself on having one of those block systems of numbering houses and streets that make it a cinch to find your way around—but not so to the poor guy who ran this ad: "Rented room in East Calgary. Couldn't find way back. Could landlord please phone AV 9-9586 and ask for Jake . . ."

\* \* \*

A couple in Richmond Hill, Ont., travel about a good deal on weekends. If you think their cat slows them down at all, you're not up-to-date. They slip pussy a quarter of a tranquillizing pill and a pet that used to hate leaving home goes along like the most blasé traveler.

\* \* \*

The problem of a bright street light just outside your bedroom window is probably one that no suffering citizen has ever really licked but a fellow in Hull, Que., sure tried. He climbed up the pole with a can of black paint and painted the near side of the globe. This worked fine until police caught up with him. The city ordered him to climb back up and clean the paint off or pay an expert.

PARADE PAYS \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

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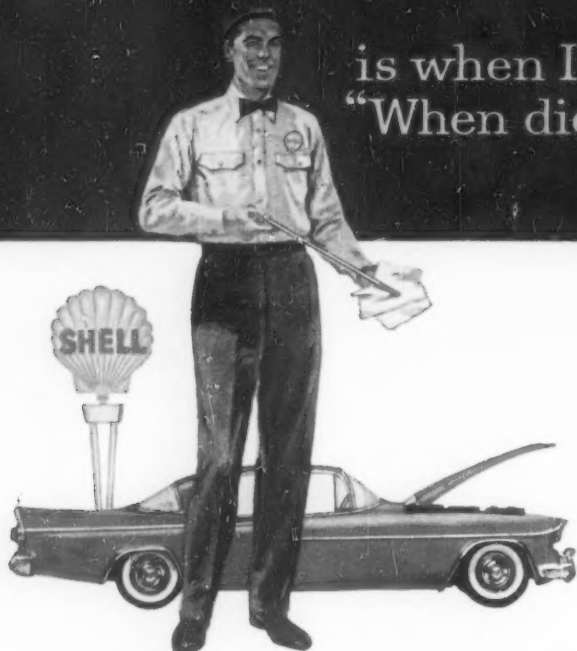
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